The Boston Weekly Globe.

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FOR BUTLER.

An Harmonious and Enthusiastic Convention.

Exposition of Democratic Doctrine by Chairman Plympton.

Review of General Butler's Great Services to State and Party.

Delegates and Platform---Prognostications of Victory.

WORCESTER, April 30.—The morning trains brought in scores of delegates from all directions to swell the number already in town, and as the hour of 11 a. m. approached the streets leading to Mechanics' Hall were thronged. As soon as the doors were opened the crowd, which from curiosity or interest had come to see the proceedings of the convention, rushed in and filled the galleries. The delegates assumed the front seats on the floor. Shortly after 11 o'clock Hon. Edward Avery, Colonel Plympton, Levi Woodbury, Colonel Coveney and Hon. E. F. Pilsbury came upon the platform. At 11.15 Colonel Plympton called the convention to order, and said:

CHAIRMAN PLYMPTON'S SPEECH.

He Defines the Issues of the Hour, and Points Out the Weakness of the Present State Administration.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION—In pursuance of a vote passed at your previous session at Springfield, by which you adjourned subject to call of the State Central Committee, you are again convened for the purpose of choosing four delegates at large and four alternates to represent the Democracy of Massachusetts in the coming National Convention—and, in calling you to order, it may not be inappropriate for me to trespass briefly upon your time and patience with a few words upon the political situation.

Four years ago the Democracy of Massachusetts, forgetting and forgiving all past differences and dissensions, stood shoulder to shoulder in the presidential contest, and, as the result of united and harmonious endeavor, cast 112,000 votes for the gallant Hancock, the largest vote ever polled in Massachusetts for a Democratic candidate for the presidency. In the shadow of a great national sorrow and disgrace in 1881—a sorrow in which we shared, but a disgrace in which we had no part, for let it always be remembered that the party which furnished the victim also produced the assassin—an event which called a truce in political warfare, except inside the Republican party, we rested on our arms and let the election go by default. But none of the restraints of ordinary decency controlled the action of the Republican party during this period of humiliation. As in 1876 they disregarded every instinct of patriotism and justice, and established a precedent fraught with untold danger and disaster in the future of the Republic, by nullifying the will of the people as recorded by the ballot, and defrauded President Tilden of his office; so in 1881, when the President of their choice, pierced by a Republican bullet, lay dying in Washington, the great leaders of the Republican party were engaged in a struggle for supremacy and disregarded every instinct of sympathy and self-respect. The details of that struggle at Albany are yet fresh in the memory of the people. The Vice-President was a participant, together with the most prominent officials and leaders of his party. In the strange and horrible medley of events in which Vice-President, senators and Federal officials were engaged, bribery, lust and drunkenness bore a conspicuous part. The spectacle of grave and honored Republican officials struggling in hot and eager haste in the corridor of the Delevan House for a turn to mount a ladder and peer through the transom at a wanton exhibition, in which a United States senator and a common prostitute took part, was but one of a series of incidents in which these leaders of the "better element," the party of "God and morality" were engaged; and this at a time when all over the country the masses of the people were bowed in solemn prayer to Almighty God for the recovery of the President. Let those Republican papers which take especial delight in portraying in the most vivid colors the little infelicities of a Democratic caucus remember the scriptural injunction to first remove the beam from their own eyes before attempting to remove the mote which is in their brother's. In 1882, we renewed the struggle, and again, with unity and harmony within our ranks, we increased our vote to 134,000, and elected

Our Great Leader, General Butler,

governor of this good old Commonwealth. For one short year we held partial power, checked and thwarted by a hostile Legislature and a hostile Executive Council; but in spite of their opposition—an opposition as unreasoning as it was unreasonable—we accomplished many reforms in the State administration, and rescued several of the more important official positions from the grasp of the Republican party, and gave the people in so far as we had power and opportunity an exhibition of Democratic rule.

Under that rule the State prison, which for many years had been in a state of chronic insubordination and demoralization, was restored to its proper and legal condition, and from the day when Warden Usher took control of its government it has ceased to occupy public attention. Judiciously and efficiently governed, as it now is, neither the people outside its walls or those inside have cause or inclination to trouble themselves about it. The matrons and philosophers of historic Concord sleep sweetly, their dreams and mystical speculations undisturbed, with the prison under Democratic rule, and requisitions for ball cartridges with which to quell a probable outbreak no longer swell the archives of the adjutant-general's office. The insurance department was purged of the dry rot of official incompetency and inefficiency, which made it possible for the Charter Oak, the Knickerbocker, and a score of other bankrupt and dishonest companies to rob the people of millions of dollars, without timely notice from a department which was created and paid to warn and protect.

Companies like these, and their paid retainers, may and do criticise and condemn the rigorous and effective administration of Commissioner Tarbox, but the people, remembering the past, will, without regard to party lines, sustain and commend him for observing and enforcing the laws which were enacted for their protection. Solvent and honorable companies have nothing to fear, and welcome the clear sunlight of publicity in all their concerns. It is only those who have something to cover up and conceal that complain or seek to evade the proper and legal investigation. In the military department a radical change was made, and in Adjutant-General Dalton was found an official who had not only the ability but the inclination to fulfil the duties of his office.

Economy and energy have taken the place of waste and slothfulness, and no State in the Union can boast of a better equipped and organized militia than Massachusetts at so small an expenditure. For the first time in the history of Massachusetts, an Irish-born citizen and a Catholic holds place in her judiciary, and is honored and esteemed of all men as the peer of his associates. In the appointment of Judge McCafferty Governor Butler not only did honor to the office but he performed a simple act of justice, too long deferred, which his predecessor, Governor Long, although having greater opportunities than did ever any previous executive, utterly ignored and refused to perform. And by this appointment Governor Butler vindicated and redeemed the Old Bay State from the charge, well sustained under Republican rule, that within her borders alone of all the States the bitter and malignant spirit of Know-nothingism and sectarian prejudice still maintained its power.

For the first time in the history of a Northern State a colored man, a representative of a race, poor and despised, down-trodden and enslaved for generations, was elevated to the judicial bench of Massachusetts. When President and cabinet, senator and representative,

Stood Dazed and Bewildered,

in the early days of the civil war, over the problem, What should be the status of the negro slave? a Massachusetts general solved it in a single word. When the Republic staggered under the burdens of the war, and the enthusiasm of the volunteer had given place to the stolid despondency of the conscript, and the order to draft had been met by riot and bloodshed in the streets of Boston, a Massachusetts general armed the negro! And when, long years after the war was over, that general was elected governor of Massachusetts by the Democracy, true to the vow he made as he rode among the dead on a Virginia battlefield, where their upturned faces bore mute testimony to the loyalty and heroism of his negro soldiers, Governor Butler vindicated the manhood of the negro and his rights as a citizen by his appointment.

The great charitable institutions of the State, which, under Republican rule, had for years been a scandal and reproach to the generous and sympathetic citizens of Massachusetts were renovated and restored to the high position they were originally intended to occupy. Poverty and affliction have been robbed of half their terrors. Under the pressure of an enlightened public opinion and a quickened public conscience, both smarting under the mortification of an exposure as necessary as it was horrifying and repugnant to our feelings and our pride, these institutions no longer cast a shadow over the good name of our Commonwealth. The death-bed agony of the poor and unfortunate has been sweetened and relieved by the knowledge that no longer a sham burial preliminary to a midnight ride in the "Manning death cart" to the human shambles there to be sold, and hacked and carved amid the heartless jest and ribald talk of the dissecting room; and finally the poor maimed and disfigured remnants of humanity, mixed and mingled in an indistinguishable mass, scooped up like carrion and consigned to an unknown grave—no longer in Christian Massachusetts, thank God! does such a vision vex and fret their last troubled hours. All of this and its accompanying horrors have given place to a peaceful death and a Christian burial. The State tax was diminished $500,000, in spite of the doleful warnings and predictions of the Republican papers, and Republican speakers in the Legislature, that before the year rolled around proud old Massachusetts would be seen as a mendicant, with outstretched arm, hat in hand, begging the charity of her creditors.

With such a record of one year of partial power we went to the people for their verdict, and in spite of slander, misrepresentation and abuse, such as was never known before in a political campaign, 150,000 of the honest and unpurchasable voters of this good old Commonwealth recorded their votes in favor of a continuation of this policy. We were defeated in a total vote, unprecedented and unexpected by either side, by the narrow margin of 5000 votes. Defeated, did I say? Not so! Repulsed is the truer and more appropriate word. The Republican party and "all others," for we have heard the confession since election from Governor Robinson and Chairman Lodge, that it was not a Republican victory, prevailed only by promising better things. And what have they done? So far, except as an echo of Governor Butler's administration,

The Administration of Governor Robinson,

like that of Hayes, has been so weak and colorless that it has failed to excite the hostility of its enemies or retain the friendship of its friends, and only monopolizes their most cordial and united indifference and disgust.

In the Legislature, nothing of importance except the passage of legislation which we had initiated and demanded in previous years.

The free text-book bill, for the approval of which the Republican papers have challenged the admiration and gratitude of the people, was originated by a Democrat, championed by Democrats, and forced to its final passage by Democrats.

The demand of the Governor in his message for the passage of a weekly payment bill, a bill which has been for years demanded by Democrats, has, under the pressure of the great corporations which control the Republican party, been suppressed, and his excellency's conscience keeper, who, it was announced with a flourish of trumpets had initiated this system in his own manufactory and would appear before the legislative committee to champion the measure, has preserved a judicious silence, while the bill itself, emasculated and made practically worthless and inoperative, it is quietly announced in Republican manufacturing circles, will be killed in the Senate. The only other forcible recommendation in Governor Robinson's message was for the enactment of legislation looking towards the extermination of dogs.

This courageous and important recommendation our cautious and politic Governor has also managed to qualify, by public announcement, that he only meant that vagrant and worthless dogs should be placed under the ban of the law. So that, as a matter of fact, all that is left operative in the recommendations for the passage of additional legislation, made by a Governor who, in the language of adulation adopted by the Republican press, combined all the masterly power of a Webster and the enthusiasm and eloquence of an Andrew, and is a worthy successor of the long line of illustrious men who have graced and honored the governorship of Massachusetts; is the recommendation of his excellency in favor of abolishing the "yaller dorg." Truly "the mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse." Every legislative act, in the interest of the people, passed or contemplated by the present Legislature, or recommended by the Governor, has had a Democratic origin. And as in 1879 the ghost of a defeated Butler dominated and overshadowed the administration of Governor Talbot, so in 1884 does the influence of one year of Butler dominate and overshadow the administration of Governor Robinson. Earle, Marsh and Clarke still cry aloud for vindication; but the Governor and his managers are deaf to their cries. Does anybody doubt what Governor Butler would have done if, upon assuming the duties and authority of his office, he had found that a friend or supporter of his had been unjustly removed by his predecessor? Not at all! Before the ink had dried with which he subscribed his name to the official oath, steps would have been taken to

Remove the Interloper,

and reinstate the wronged and unjustly-removed official. By every hour of neglect to reappoint these men, Governor Robinson indorses the acts of Governor Butler in removing them, and he and his managers confess judgment in every case. Too well they realize that any attempt to reverse the honest and faithful administrations of the officers appointed by Governor Butler and the restoration of the old regime would meet with just and merciless condemnation at the next election, and they dare not force the issue. So much for the local situation, and now a word concerning the national outlook. The delegates you will choose today will not go to Chicago, as have previous delegates to our National Convention, as the representatives of a minority so lean and meagre as to excite pity if not derision. They will go clothed in power and authority, as the representatives of a party which in the last four years has made a greater increase in Massachusetts than in any other State in the Union.

Let us see if I am not correct in this assertion. In 1880, New York cast 534,511 votes for Hancock, in '82, 535,318 for Cleveland, and in '83, 447,199 for the highest candidate on the State ticket. In 1880, Ohio gave 340,821 for Hancock, in '82 she cast 316,874 and in '83 elected Hoadly by a vote of 359,793. Indiana gave Hancock in 1880 225,522, cast 220,918 in '82, with no election in '83.

And so I might go on with the comparison through the entire State records, with results even more favorable to Massachusetts.

She alone of all the States shows a steady increase in her vote, and stands alone in the list of former Republican States, with the record of a Democratic vote in '83 exceeding a majority of the total vote cast in the last presidential election.

With such a record, am I not correct in saying your delegates will have a right to speak with power and influence second to none from other States in the National Convention? And what has brought about this mighty change in a State which in former years has given Republican presidential majorities of from 50,000 to 100,000? The answer is not difficult to find. In our platform of 1882 we boldly affirmed we would take a new departure. We met the demand of the people for a readjustment and reduction in the war tariff by a resolution as good today as it was then, and which the voters indorsed, which reads as follows:

"We call upon Congress so to reform the present war taxes that hundreds of millions may not be as now needlessly extracted from the earnings of our people, to lie in the treasury as a temptation to wicked and reckless appropriations for public buildings, and useless and wasteful river and harbor bills. That no taxes shall be levied upon the necessaries of life or upon the raw material which is found in this country. That the tariff shall be so judiciously adjusted that American commerce shall be fostered, and, above all, that American labor shall be elevated and amply rewarded. We affirm that all these results can be fully realized under a tariff limited in amount to a sum necessary and adequate for revenue."

In thus placing our party abreast with public sentiment upon this question, we reaffirmed the good old Democratic doctrine as enunciated by Andrew Jackson in his farewell address to the people in March, 1837, wherein he said:

"There is, perhaps, no one of the powers of the general government so liable to abuse as the taxing power. The productive and convenient sources of revenue were necessarily given to it that it might be able to perform the important duties imposed upon it; and the taxes which it lays upon commerce being concealed from the real payer in the price of the article, they do not so readily attract the attention of the people, as smaller sums seem demanded from them directly by the tax-gatherer. But the tax imposed upon goods enhances by so much the price of the commodity to the consumer. And as many of these duties are imposed on articles of necessity, which are daily used by the great body of the people, the money raised by these imposts is drawn from their pockets. Congress has no right, under the Constitution, to take money from the people unless it is required to execute some one of the specific powers intrusted to the government; and if they raise more than is necessary it is an abuse of the power of taxation, and unjust and oppressive. It may indeed happen that the revenue will sometimes exceed the amount anticipated when

Continued on the Eighth Page.

FREE SHIPS.

Senator Vest's Strong Plea in Favor of the Bill.

He Calls Henry C. Carey the Brigham Young of Protection.

Passage of the Bill Amendatory of the Anti-Chinese Act.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The Senate, after working on the calendar until 2 o'clock, resumed consideration of the shipping bill. Mr. Frye continued his speech of yesterday against the proposed free ship amendment. He argued that the logical and inevitable result of an amendment would be the entering wedge for the destruction of the coastwise trade. It would ultimately control and destroy it, as England controlled and destroyed our foreign merchant marine. He then described the respective provisions of the bill, urging that they are all necessary for the revival of our merchant marine. The section relating to advance wages was an attempt to remedy a long-established abuse. "I have never seen," exclaimed Mr. Frye, "any power in the world equal to that of sailors' boarding-house keepers. No one gets the benefit of advance wages save the boarding-house keeper and the low groggeries of a port. England has tried for years to stop that evil, but without avail. This is our first attempt to check it by legislation, and I suppose no one will object to the trial." In answer to Mr. Beck the senator from Maine said it was the opinion of the commerce committee that no relief could be given for the tonnage tax, except it equally affected foreign shipowners.

Mr. Vest followed with a strong speech in support of free ships and free material. He reviewed at length the navigation laws of the United States and Great Britain, and contended that English supremacy on the ocean was directly attributable to the wise statesmanship which permitted shipowners to buy their vessels where they could get them cheapest. The remedy for the revival of the American merchant marine proposed by the bill and advocated by the senator from Maine was full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. That remedy was a high protective tariff, a policy which would keep down the merchant marine rather than hoist flags on American ships manned by American sailors. Our present tariff was productive of trade troubles and socialistic harangues, and ought to be amended so as to encourage in a healthful way not only the shipping, but every interest of the country. Even China had stricken out her navigation laws, and today had a better merchant marine, so far as iron vessels are concerned, than the United States. The senator from Maine belonged to the school of Henry C. Carey of Philadelphia, who was to the protective school what Brigham Young was to Mormonism. That high priest of protection wanted an ocean of protection between the United States and Europe so that there could be no commerce between them.

"Well," broke in Mr. Frye, "if I believed in that, and there was an ocean of fire, there would be no Democratic party."

"There would be no ships," retorted Mr. Vest, smiling. "The Democratic party has withstood fire and flood for a long time (laughter), and I think will continue to survive them, even if there is anything in the fire in the hottest part of that country which Mr. Ingersoll says does not exist." Referring to a statement by Mr. Frye that the repeal of the navigation laws would result in the purchase by this country of all the rotten vessels of England, Mr. Vest ridiculed the idea that any foreigner can get the best of a Yankee in a trade. This part of his speech evoked considerable laughter, during which Mr. Cockrell said there should be an adjournment as a matter of convenience to his colleague.

A motion to adjourn until Monday, at the suggestion of Mr. Hoar, was lost, and the Senate at 4.50 p. m. adjourned until tomorrow.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—In the Senate today the shipping bill came up as unfinished business. Mr. Vest continued his speech in favor of free ships and free material. He said he wanted the question discussed from a patriotic standpoint. We needed absolute freedom in the buying and building of ships. "Ships," exclaimed Mr. Vest, "are the children and not the parent of commerce. We are suffering now from over-production. Free ships will extend our commerce."

A short colloquy occurred between Messrs. Plumb, Frye and Vest as to what the policy of free ships would result in.

Mr. Plumb said it would tend to build up English shipyards.

Mr. Vest said it would build up American shipyards. The treasury register showed that under the present protective system we are yearly building less iron ships, John Roach to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Frye argued that Germany did not like her free ship laws, and had abrogated them.

"Does not the senator," demanded Mr. Vest, "say that Germany can buy ships where she pleases?"

"I know that," said Mr. Frye, "but her citizens will not buy them outside of Germany."

"Well," retorted Mr. Vest, "Germany had the same system which you advocate today, but she could not build up a merchant marine until she got the privilege of buying her ships from Great Britain."

This talk was kept up for some time, neither of the disputants giving up his position. Mr. Vest then went on with his speech. He classed the navigation laws as relics of the barbarous ages, and urged with great eloquence that absolute freedom was wanted in the laws governing navigation, or we would never regain our position on the ocean.

Mr. Hale supported the bill, which, he said, removed most of the burdensome, irksome restrictions that had afflicted our merchant marine. The measure might not do everything; it might not put into our hands the commerce of the world; but it was a step in the right direction.

At 3.30 p. m. the Senate went into executive session and shortly afterwards adjourned until Monday.

IN FAVOR OF FREE SHIPS.

The Senate Likely to Adopt the Pending Amendment.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—It is probable that the Senate will agree to the free ship amendment to the House bill to remove certain burdens on the American merchant marine and for other purposes. This amendment allows American citizens to purchase ships of not less than 4000 tons burden abroad, which ships shall not be used in the American coast-wise trade. It was expected that Senators McPherson and Bayard would oppose this amendment, but it is reported, on the authority of Mr. Beck, that they will vote for it. The champions of free ships also expect to receive the assistance of Senator Van Wyck of Nebraska, both the Kansas senators, and possibly one or two other Republican votes. The representatives of the shipbuilding industries of the United States are here to do whatever they can to prevent the passage of the House bill. They claim that the free ship clause will ruin their business. American shipbuilders are just beginning to compete with the British shipbuilders in the construction of vessels of heavy tonnage—ships that this bill will make free. They say that it will be impossible to continue in business if their operations are restricted to the construction of coastwise vessels simply.

LAND TITLES.

Informing Foreign Capitalists as to the Validity of Their Claims Upon Western Ranches.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—Commissioner McFarland of the general land office has sent to the public lands committee of the Senate a letter received by him from Messrs. Tait, Denman & Co., cattle ranch and land brokers of Edinburgh, Scotland, together with his reply thereto, relative to the inquiry directed by the Senate into the manner by which large quantities of public lands become transferred or possessed by foreign corporations or syndicates, and what legislation is advisable to prevent such transfer or possession. Tait, Denman & Co. state that not less than $25,000,000 has been invested by Scotch capitalists alone in American cattle ranches. They express anxiety in regard to the future course of legislation in the matter, particularly in respect to public land "possessed," but not owned by the investors of such capital. The commissioner says in his reply that such lands are not generally subject to direct purchase, especially in the States and Territories west of the Mississippi river, where the business of cattle raising on a large scale is carried on. These lands as a rule can only be lawfully obtained by actual settlers in limited quantities. Lands are obtainable in quantities from the grantees of railroad and other public grants and the owners of confirmed private land claims; but it is not possible, the commissioner states, for any person or company, American or foreign, to derive a title direct from the United States to large bodies of land. Where a title is derived indirectly the validity of the transfers depends upon the validity of the original title. The commissioner says that large numbers of pre-emption homesteads and entries of land within the grazing districts have been fraudulently made upon false affidavits of settlement and improvement, and that the claimed titles to such lands have been conveyed, both before and after patent, to home and foreign capitalists and corporations. He advises his foreign correspondent that possessory right to public lands, other than as authorized by the settlement and improvement laws, are not recognized, and that mere possession, occupation or enclosure gives no color of right, title or claim to any large quantities of lands of the United States than the quantity authorized by law. In reference to the future purchase desired by the foreign capitalists of land appropriated by them in the manner stated, the commissioner says: "It is contrary to national policy, and would be antagonistic to the sentiment of the country to permit the appropriation of public land in large quantities by individuals or corporations, whether native or foreign. It is, in my opinion, probable that the restrictions upon the alienation of lands of the public domain will be so removed as to allow the acquisition of little beyond existing limitations.

PLUGGING UP THE LEAKS.

The House Passes the Bill Amendatory of the Anti-Chinese Act.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—In the House today, on motion of Mr. Morrison, the order for a session tonight was vacated. Mr. Lamb of Indiana moved to go into committee of the whole under a special order to consider the bill to amend the act of May, 1882, to execute certain treaty stipulations relating to the Chinese. Agreed to. The object of the bill is to enforce more stringently the general provisions of the former act, and by defining the meaning of certain clauses in that act to more effectually exclude Chinese immigrants. The bill is also made applicable to the Chinese as a race without regard to any other nationality they may have assumed.

Mr. Henley of California addressed the committee in support of the bill, and argued that the exclusion of Chinese was very important to American laborers.

Mr George of Oregon appealed to his Republican colleagues to stand by the bill and receive the united thanks of the people of the Pacific coast.

Mr. Rice of Massachusetts said that, very singularly, it devolved upon the minority to explain the features of the bill. He denied that the bill was demanded by the people of the Pacific coast, or that it added a single barrier to Chinese immigration. It was mere clap-trap and surplusage from beginning to end. He read statistics to show that the act of 1883 had done its work, and that the present bill was unnecessary.

Mr. Glasscock of California was amazed at the misapprehension of the Chinese character which prevailed in the Eastern States. He defended the provisions of the bill, and said it was based on sound reasoning, and was demanded by the exigencies of the situation. Had the gentleman from Massachusetts been stationed within the precincts of Chinatown, in San Francisco, for two or three years, he would not have been so strong an opponent of this bill.

Mr. Sumner (California) defended the bill, which he said was to make more practicable the operation of the bill of 1882.

Mr. Hitt (Illinois) opposed the bill as repugnant to every American sentiment. It was entitled a bill to carry out treaty stipulations, and was full of breaches of the obligations of our treaty. He insisted that there was no necessity and no excuse for it.

The bill was reported to the House and passed: Yeas, 184; nays, 13. Those voting against the bill were Messrs. Adams (Illinois), Brewer (New York), Browne (Indiana), Everhart (Pennsylvania), Henderson (Illinois), Hitt (Illinois), Kean (New Jersey), Lyman (Massachusetts), Price (Wisconsin), Rice (Massachusetts), Skinner (New York), Smalls (South Carolina), Spooner (Rhode Island). Quite a number of pairs on this bill were announced. At 6 o'clock the House adjourned.

ELLA WHEELER A BRIDE.

Unexpected Marriage of the Poetess of Passion—Strange Conduct of the Bridegroom.

MILWAUKEE, May 1.—It was a genuine surprise to the citizens of this city when the marriage of Miss Ella Wheeler, the well-known Wisconsin poetess, to Robert M. Wilcox of the Meriden Silver Plating Company, Meriden, Conn., was announced this evening. Preparations for the event were conducted with great secresy. The couple met one year ago, and it was a case of love at first sight. The wedding took place today, and the bridegroom left for Meriden tonight. Mr. Wilcox is said to be very wealthy, and is 40 years old. His bride is 32, and has been writing poetry since she was 12 years old.

"I AM NOT FOOLING."

The Last Words of a Danvers Doctor as He Fell Dead in a Ball-Room.

DANVERS, May 5.—The sudden death of Dr. Edgar O. Fowler Thursday in the ball room at Porters Hall has deeply affected the entire town. Dr. Fowler has been here about ten years, and leaves a widow and one child of 9 months, who were in New Hampshire. He was unusually lively last night. He was dancing with Mrs. G. A. Beckford, and suddenly exclaimed:

"I am going."

"What?" was the terrified interrogation.

"I am not fooling," were his last words, as he fell a corpse at her feet. He was at one time acting surgeon of the Second Corps of Cadets in place of Dr. Coggin, and was highly respected.

FUSION IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Republicans and Greenbackers to Go Halves on the State Ticket.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 4.—The results of a secret conference held last night have just leaked out. Three members of the Republican State Committee, headed by Marshal Atkinson, met six or seven prominent Greenbackers and arranged for a fusion campaign this fall. This proposition has been under discussion for some time past, but halted on account of a disagreement as to which party should get the government. It is now arranged that the Republicans shall have the governor and the Greenbackers the majority of the asylum, penitentiary and public works boards. The Republican Convention will be held in Parkersburg on July 30, and will fill out its share of the ticket, leaving the Greenbackers to fill the blanks. The electoral vote of six has been evenly divided.

HE BEAT HIS WAY.

A Twelve-Year-Old Connecticut Boy Travels 900 Miles on Cheek.

WATERBURY, Conn., May 5.—Eddie Schalk of Bristol, 12 years old, who went from home three months ago without the knowledge of his parents, and was not heard from till a letter was received from Indiana concerning him, has returned in accordance with arrangements made by his father. He says he jumped on to a freight train near home and made a continuous through trip to Fishkill Landing, where he worked a week at the Flannering Hotel, and then proceeded by freight to Low Point, up the Hudson. Here he worked two weeks on a farm. Setting out from here, he spent two days in Albany, viewing the city, and made Buffalo via freight on the Nickel Plate road, working for his board and lodging on the train, sharing with the boys their cooked dinners in the car, where he made himself useful in all departments. Buffalo was explored six days, and his next point of destination was South Whiteyville, Ind., where he spent nearly a month, having travelled about 900 miles from home. He has had enough of wandering.

TWO GEORGIA MARRIAGES.

One Couple United in a Street Car—A Mother Who Wanted to Consent.

ATLANTA, Ga., May 5.—The Rev. Virgil Norcross, a Baptist clergyman of this city, Thursday boarded a street-car for Jamestown, where he was to perform a marriage ceremony. He found in the car John Stewart, a prominent butcher, accompanied by Miss Dora Ward.

"Here you are, Mr. Norcross," said Stewart. "I have been looking for you all day."

"Well, what's wanted," asked the clergyman.

"I want to get married," was the answer, "to this young lady. Can you marry us right here on the car?"

Upon the minister assenting, the other passengers were greatly astonished by the couple standing up, clinging to the car straps to keep from falling, and repeating the vows which made them one. The apparently happy couple then left the car, after receiving the congratulations of their fellow-passengers.

At Jamestown, where he was to unite in marriage Mr. Dawson Blaine to Miss Annie Sesterlie, at the residence of the bride's mother, Rev. Mr. Norcross found a large company present, anxiously awaiting his arrival. The couple soon entered the room and began repeating the marriage vows. When the minister reached that part of the ceremony in which he asked if any one present knew of any reason why the couple should not be joined in marriage, the bride's mother arose and said: "I object to the wedding. She is my daughter, and my consent has not been asked." This declaration threw the company into great excitement, and Mr. Norcross was about returning the marriage license to the groom; but before his hold upon it had been relinquished the mother said: "Well, I guess it's all right. Let the wedding go on." Mr. Norcross completed the ceremony, and the mother seemed as happy as any one present.

They Will Go to Chicago at Their Peril.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The Civil Service Reform Association, of which George William Curtis is president, today sent notices to national and State officials who have been elected delegates to the Republican National Convention, that, if they attended, it would be at the peril of having charges preferred against them.

DANGEROUS FOREST FIRES.

Pennsylvania and Indiana Swept by Flames.

Hundreds of People on the Blue Mountains Trying to Stop Their Progress.

Railway Trains Feeling Their Way Through Blinding Smoke.

EASTON, Penn., May 2.—The mountain fires are assuming dangerous proportions, and hundreds of people are out fighting them on the north side of Blue mountains. Near Wind Gap and on the Pocomo mountains the flames are making great headway. This afternoon a fire broke out in the woods near Pen Argyle, and is still burning, though all the quarry men are out fighting it, and have been for the past three hours. The woods are very dry, and the leaves laying thick in the low stubble give the flames abundant material to feed on. This fire is a quarter of a mile west of Pen Argyle, and is burning toward the town. The smoke in all this section is terrible and people can hardly breathe. They go about with handkerchiefs over their eyes and faces. Such dense smoke has never been known here before. Lights are scarcely visible half a block off. The Pocomo mountains are on fire in many places, and the flames are raging fiercely. The track of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad is surrounded for a distance of four or five miles and the passengers experience the greatest inconvenience. The engineers are half blinded, and trains are run on slow time. Much valuable timber is being destroyed. Reports from Whitehaven say there were five houses burned there today.

GAINESVILLE IN ASHES.

Two Hotels Among the Buildings Burned—Inhabitants of a Florida Town Fairly Crazed with Excitement.

GAINESVILLE, Fla., May 3.—Fire broke out in the Varnum Hotel at 3 this morning, and when discovered it had enveloped the upper and rear end of the building. The lodgers had a narrow escape from death, many of them rushing through the smoke out on the balcony and jumping into the street. Several seminary cadets dropped from the balcony to the sidewalk. Bucket brigades were formed, but were unable to save the adjoining building, and the entire west side of the square was soon levelled. The greatest excitement prevailed. Men, women and children hurried to and fro, removing goods and furniture to the square. The flames swept away building after building. Only a light wind prevailed, and the Arlington House was temporarily saved after a desperate fight. At 5 o'clock every building on that side of the square was in ashes. All around the square, merchants removed their goods from the stores, believing that the entire business centre would be burned. The origin of the fire is unknown. At 8 o'clock, as the guests were going to breakfast, the Arlington Hotel was discovered to be on fire. The flames burst from the kitchen roof. The fire made such rapid headway that attention only was turned to saving the furniture, and saturating the buildings on the opposite corners with water. Nothing remains of the hotel, the loss on which is $25,000; insurance, $14,000. The loss on the Varnum Hotel is $10,000; insurance, $2000. Endel Brothers & Bernheim, clothiers, lose very heavily. The Florida Southern railroad office and freight houses were burned. P. Martinez, cigar dealer, loses $6000; insured for $3000. Several other business people lose from $1000 to $8000. The total loss is estimated at about $140,000. About thirty-five buildings in all were destroyed.

PRAIRIE CITY VISITED.

Twelve Buildings, Including a Newspaper Office, Burned in a City Without a Fire Department.

PRAIRIE CITY, Ia., May 3.—Fire today destroyed twelve business establishments in this town, including the News office and Adkin's bakery, where the flames started. At one time it seemed certain that the entire centre of the city was doomed. There is no fire department here, and no insurance on the property burned. Loss over $50,000.

IN THE FIRE-FIEND'S PATH.

The Picturesque Village of Gilman Wiped Out—Railroad Travel Checked Near Port Jervis.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., May 3.—The fire which broke out in the forest near Gilman's depot is still burning fiercely, despite the efforts of citizens. The flames are rapidly spreading east and south. Grave fears are entertained that before they can be checked other villages and towns in their path will be destroyed. Nearly a thousand acres of valuable timber lands have already been laid waste. The extensive tannery and saw mill of W. W. Gilman, after whom the place is named, have been burned to the ground. The villagers lost nearly everything, the flames spreading so rapidly as to drive them from their homes without being able to take with them any of their household effects. The fire has already destroyed two railroad bridges, entirely blocking railroad travel. Appeals for help have been sent to the neighboring towns, and large numbers of citizens have responded. Hardly a vestige of the picturesque little village of Gilman remains, and there is great suffering among the villagers, who have lost everything and are without food and covering. The wind is very high, and unless it changes or abates there is no telling what the consequences may be. The damage already done will foot up several hundred thousand dollars.

Fierce Forest Fires Raging in the Middle and New England States.

BABYLON, L. I., May 3.—Forest and meadow fires are raging today at various points at the east end of Long Island, causing widespread destruction of property and much alarm among the inhabitants of the districts where the fires are located for the safety of their homes. Upwards of 1000 acres of valuable timber have been destroyed near the towns of Brookhaven, Islip, Huntington and East Hampton since Monday. Farmers are abandoning their spring work to fight fire. Miles of brush and scrub oak are burning fiercely. At Flushing last night several hundred acres of meadows were burned over. The fire department and people turned out to fight the flames. Apprehensions exist for the safety of the village. The smoke is so dense that horses driven along the streets were overcome by it. The damage done to the forest by fires in Suffolk county amounts to many thousands of dollars.

Houses, Horses and Bridges Burned.

WHITEHAVEN, Penn., May 3.—The fires are still raging in this vicinity. Seven farm houses on the outskirts of the town were burned during the night and all buildings near the woods are still in danger. The fires at California and Meadow Run are under control. Eleven dwellings were burned between these places. A large barn was also burned and seven horses perished in the flames. On account of the three bridges of the Bear Creek branch of the Lehigh Valley railroad having been burned, travel on that line is stopped today. All danger at Penargyle and Wind Gap is passed. At one time last night fire raged so furiously on Broad Mountain that it was feared the long trestling on the switchback a short distance from Mauch Chunk would be burned.

A Village Narrowly Escapes Destruction.

EMPORIUM, Penn., May 2.—Forest fires are raging all through this section. The season has been unusually dry, and the wind is blowing a perfect gale from the west, sweeping the fire through the forests with great velocity and destroying a large amount of property. At Sterling Run, nine miles from here, several buildings belonging to the tannery company were burned today. The village was in imminent danger, and was only saved by getting aid from Renova. Two families are reported lost, and it is feared the loss of life will be great. At Swissmont, fifteen miles from Emporium, two mills, with a large amount of lumber, were destroyed.

Five Thousand Cords of Charcoal Burned.

MOUNT CARMEL, Penn., May 2.—Early this morning a heavy wind strom visited this county, and still continues, forcing the forest fires. At intervals large shafts of flame shoot heavenward. Miles of valuable timber were burning all day. This and neighboring towns have been befogged by the smoke, and on either side of the railroad the woods are ablaze and the trains plunge through thick, blinding smoke. Five thousand cords of charcoal belonging to the Charwood company were burned.

The Sun Obscured in Virginia.

PITTSBURG, Va., May 3.—Information is received here that forest fires are raging in Isle of Wight county, about forty miles distant, caused it is said, by the burning of a saw mill. Details as to the extent of the conflagration have not been received. The condition of the atmosphere in this city all day was very peculiar, the sun being obscured, supposed to have been produced by immense volumes of smoke from the fires.

LAW OFFICERS LYNCHED.

Murder and Robbery in Unexpected Quarters—How One of Billy the Kid's Gang Became Marshal of a Western City.

CALDWELL, Kansas, May 4.—The news of the shooting and lynching of City Marshal Henry Newton Brown and Deputy Marshal Benjamin Wheeler of this place, for participation in the Medicine Lodge Bank robbery and murder, was received here at first with incredulity, and later, when the report was confirmed, with positive dismay. Both men had since their residence here been good citizens and the best officers the city has ever had. Brown was the only man who had ever held the office of marshal here that the cowboys feared, and consequently the town has been exceptionally quiet. That they should leave their positions here, which paid them $1600 and $1000 respectively, to engage in burglary was the wonder of all. They had just been elected to their offices for the third time. Brown was known to have led a wild life before he came here, but to what extent only a few persons knew. He was born in Rolla, Phelps county, Mo., and when only a boy he left home for the West, going first to Colorado and then to Texas. His first shooting exploit was in one of the cow camps in Texas, where, after three shots, he killed his man. He then, it now appears, joined the band of the celebrated "Billy the Kid." While with this gang he participated in most of their acts of lawlessness, and in the famous Lincoln county outrages. He was with the party that fired on the posse of officers at Tuscorse, Tex., and killed Sheriff Brady and others, and he with a party of his companions was granted a pardon by the governor of that State. He then went to New Mexico for a few months, and was boss of a cow camp there. When he returned to Texas he was appointed deputy sheriff of Oldham county. After serving for a few months he started out again as a cowboy, and killed one or two men. He finally drifted up to Dodge City, Kan., and from there he came here. At that time Batt Carr was marshal of this city, and having known Brown in Texas appointed him as his deputy. This was in the spring of 1881. His first act here was to conquer the gamblers, who had before that been the ruling element of the town. Since that time they have been a most orderly set. Only a month ago he was married to a Miss Livergood, a young lady of high position. He has numerous relatives in Missouri and a sister in Iowa. He was about 26 years of age, and the last person to be suspected of entering into a plot to rob and murder. He had the confidence of the people and officials of the city. He left here last Sunday evening ostensibly to arrest a murderer in the Indian Territory.

Ben Robertson, alias Ben Burton, alias Ben Wheeler, by which latter name he was known in this city, was a native of Rockdale, Tex., where two of his brothers and a sister live. Wheeler came to the city about two years ago, and was soon appointed by Brown as his deputy. Since being on the force he has killed two men, both in self-defence, while attempting to arrest them. He had the reputation of being a cooler-headed man than his chief. In Texas he was deputy sheriff for some time. The bodies of the four robbers and murderers were buried yesterday in one grave just south of the town of Medicine Lodge. There were no religious ceremonies.

$5000 FOR A GRAVEYARD CHARM.

Mrs. Wagner's Testimony in the Divorce Case of Sharon Against Sharon.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 26.—Everybody is laughing over the entertainment furnished this week by the divorce case of Sharon against Sharon. Mrs. Wagner, the author of the now celebrated graveyard charm, told her story in a clear, straightforward way. She said: Miss Hill wanted me to make charms to use on Sharon, but I told her I could not give her any. She then showed me some she had. One was a pigeon's heart, into which she had stuck nine pins and nine needles, and another was a bullfrog that had been killed with needles. She had them done up in red silk, and wore them in her dress. She used to come and see me nearly every day, and sometimes two or three times a day. I talked with her about Sharon at least 500 times. I told my girl several times to tell her that I was not at home, but she called the girl a liar and insisted on searching the house. I hid in a closet. Finally I told her about the graveyard charm, and she said she would give me $5000 for it. I told her that my grandfather and father had worked it very successfully. I said she must take a shirt, a pair of socks and a collar, and put them into a new-made grave at midnight. Then, as the body decayed in the grave, the man whose garments were under it would either die a lingering death or marry her. I told her she must first wear the clothes nine days and she did so. I said I did not think she was brave enough to carry it out, but she said she was desperate enough to do anything for money, and she didn't care whether he died or married her. Either would do. She carried out my orders to the letter, and I am responsible for her performances in the cemetery.

TERRIFIC LANDSLIDE.

The Boston & Maine's New Bridge and Works at Dover Swept Into the Cocheco.

DOVER, May 1.—The Boston & Maine railroad, nine months ago, determined to put an iron bridge across the Cocheco river. A temporary wooden one was built to continue travel. Since that time workmen have been driving spiles in coffer dams, and otherwise laying a foundation for the new bridge. Twice lately there have been small land slides, which have delayed the work, but today at 12.10 the climax came. On the east side of the river nearest the depot the bank was about eighty feet high, and ran down at an angle of about thirty-five degrees. It is sandy soil. Just after the workmen left for dinner, and immediately after the noon freight came in from Boston, another slide occurred which swept all before it. The coffer-dam and the whole river is filled with debris, derricks, engines, etc., and about thirty feet of the temporary bridge was carried away, so that direct travel will be impeded for some time. Passengers and baggage will have to be carried about half a mile to get through either way. The only man there at the time of the accident was the engineer of one of the donkey engines. He was carried eighty feet into the river, but was unhurt and swam to the shore. Had the slide occurred when the men were all on duty, there would have been great loss of life.

Still later.—Ten feet more of the bank gave way. It is impossible to state the amount of damage, but it must be very large.

Still Another Land Slide at Dover.

DOVER, N. H., May 5.—Another land slide of about six feet occurred today at 10.30 at the Boston & Maine railroad bridge. The new trestles have been carried five feet out of perpendicular and the track has dropped about three feet. The spiles which had been driven are of no use, being carried so far out of position, and the condition of the road is nearly as bad as at the first slide.

He Will be Preaching Then.

TROY, N. Y., April 30.—The Rev. Mr. Delo, for four years pastor of the Lutheran Church at Centre Brunswick, has recently had trouble with his congregation. The announcement that he intended to preach his farewell sermon on Sunday drew a large congregation. Mr. Delo's discourse was devoted to a scathing arraignment of the officers of the church. In the course of his remarks, he said: "I shall be preaching the gospel when a majority of this congregation is in hell." The words created a sensation. Some stalwart farmers are so indignant at the reverend gentleman's language that they threaten to tar and feather him. The church has had several pastors within the past twelve years, every one of whom had a quarrel with the congregation. Notwithstanding this the church is the richest and most prosperous in the town.

Leasing 128,000 Acres at Three Cents an Acre.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 4.—An Indian Territory special says: Bennett and Durham, the largest stockmen in the territory, have secured a lease from the Pawnee Indians of 128,000 acres of their lands for grazing purposes. The term of the lease is for five years, with the privilege of ten, at the rate of three cents per acre per year. The lessees will divide the lands into ranges and stock them with cattle.

Twenty-five Buildings Burned at Williamston, N. Y.

UTICA, N. Y., May 4.—At 7 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the Selden House at Williamston, a small village about forty miles north of here. The entire business portion of the place, including about twenty-five buildings, was destroyed. Loss, about $40,000.

ASLEEP FOR SIX WEEKS.

Astounding Assertions of a Cincinnati Medical Student.

He Declares Hibernation of Humans Possible and Brings to Life a Drowned Kitten.

Something About Healthful Sleep and How to Obtain It.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"I've had no sleep for thirty-six hours. That's what I came to see you about. What shall I take—opium?"

"No; not at all. You don't want drugs of any kind. Take a bath first—hold on; where are you going? Don't get mad about it. I did not mean the remark in an invidious sense at all. The bath is not meant for purposes of cleanliness, but merely to equalize the distribution of blood in the various parts of the body, particularly to draw it from the vessels in the head. Give your body a brisk application of friction after the bath by means of a coarse towel or flesh brush, and continued for ten or fifteen minutes. Then, perhaps, you had best swallow a few drops of spirits of camphor in a wine-glass of water, and my word for it you will sleep if your room is dark and quiet. Very often the application of a damp cloth to the base of the brain is all that is required to stop a man's brain from working and to send him to sleep. By all means avoid opiates until every other means of inducing sleep have been fruitlessly tried.

"The idea is altogether too common that when a man wants to go to sleep all he needs to do is swallow a dose of opium or belladonna, or inject a little morphine into his veins. I tell you every drug that induces artificial sleep is a poison which leaves behind effects from which the user sometimes never recovers."

The reporter knew the orator to be thoroughly posted on the subject in hand, and meekly made a note to the foregoing effect.

"See here; this is one of my experiments in the study of the phenomena of sleep," continued the talker—one of the 500 medical students in Cincinnati, who is making a specialty of this subject—producing from a closet in the rear of the room an ordinary water-bucket. Pushing back his coat sleeve and cuff, he plunged his hand into the water and brought out a dripping tortoiseshell kitten, with a five-pound rod-iron attached to a strap about its neck.

"This kitten has been

Under Water for Seven Hours,

but I will bet you a nickel to a copper that he is not dead."

The little animal was perfectly limp and motionless. The most careful examination failed to show any action of the heart, any vital heat or other evidence of life. Contrary to what might have been expected, however, its abdomen was not distended with the usual volume of water swallowed by drowning animals; but this fact was explained by the student withdrawing cotton plugs from its ears and nostrils and disengaging a linen bandage from about its head, which had been so placed as to prevent the opening of the animal's mouth.

"If it has been under water for seven hours that kitten is certainly dead."

"Not at all. In the course of time I will guarantee to take you and to drown you under the same conditions, and ten hours after you have stopped breathing I will pump wind into you and start your lungs again; and a cat has eight more lives than you have."

"Never mind. I will take your word for it."

"That feat would be nothing. Let me tell you what I saw in India, about three years ago—and there are a dozen boys about the college now who have seen things that will seem even more incredible to you—I saw a Hindoo buried alive. His grave was watched day and night, part of the time by myself, and at the end of six weeks he was dug up and brought back to life by some of his friends. He went into the grave voluntarily, you understand, having prepared himself for it beforehand, and slept there for six weeks, much as a bear sleeps through the winter. We gave him sixty rupees—that is $30—for his trouble, and he considered himself well paid."

As Allan Ingalls remarked to one of his interviewers, a short time after he was arrested for burking the Taylor family, "These medical students are a powerful queer lot o' men."

"From that date I have given this study particular attention; but this experiment with the kitten is the only pleasure that I have got out of it, as yet. I am

Always on the Eve of a Discovery,

but I never quite strike it."

The body of the kitten was placed on the fender, before the open fire burning in the grate, and for several minutes the student rubbed it with a soft Turkish towel. With a table-knife he pried open the tightly clenched jaws and poured a spoonful of brandy into its mouth, confident that some of the liquor would find its way down the feline throat. After ten minutes' manipulation there were no signs of life, beyond an increasing degree of heat, which was, of course, due to the fire.

The rubbings were continued, and the throat was carefully stroked for the purpose of assisting the brandy in finding its level. Presently the muscles of the lower jaw began to twitch, and the student left his work long enough to cut a pigeon-wing.

"What did I tell you?" said he. "This cat was not drowned; life was only suspended for seven hours, and in thirty minutes more it will be crying for a saucer of milk."

Even while he was speaking one of the rigid limbs began to curl up in a natural manner, and the pupils in both wide-open eyes gradually contracted. In thirty minutes, as had been promised, the drowned kitten was seated composedly before the fire making its toilet.

"There will be some astonishing discoveries made in the subject of suspended animation before many years, and I wonder that the whole medical fraternity are not working on it. Every boy knows that flies which have been floating in a basin of water, apparently dead, for hours, will come to life when placed in the sun, and their resuscitation is just as wonderful as would be the

Bringing Back to Life of a Human Being.

"Fish taken from the water and at once exposed to extreme cold will grow stiff and brittle as dry clay. They may be kept out of their native element in this condition for a week, and when replaced in the water their faculties will return to them.

"Bears curl up in their dens at the beginning of winter, and remain, to all intents and purposes, dead until the following spring opens. In the course of time man will be able to do this."

"But what will be the advantages? Who wants to sleep half his life away?"

"The thing will have a great many advantages. Suppose you have an income of $100 a quarter—"

"That is about the size of it, sure enough."

"I say, suppose you have an income of $100 a quarter; you draw it, and before the first month is up your money is gone, and no more will come for two months. In the mean time you must live; but if you are able to sleep for any desired length of time your living need cost you nothing. You curl yourself up in an attic, and there you are until the next day of payment draws near."

The student gracefully parted his coat tails and took his place on the hearthrug beside the cat.

"That is all gammon. How am I, for instance, to go to sleep for two months at a stretch when I can't, by any possibility, manage to keep my eyes closed for two hours."

"Do as I told you at the beginning of our talk and you will sleep. But I don't want you to take my word for the fact that men have been in hibernation for as much as six weeks at a time. Sir Claude Wade, an attache of the British Government in India, witnessed the burial alive of a man who was taken out of his grave after forty days and restored to consciousness. I can show you his own testimony."

He produced, from the same cupboard that had sheltered the bucket in which was the drowned kitten, a copy of Scribner's Monthly for December, 1880, and pointed to a paragraph in page 250. It read:

"I was present at the court of Runjit Singh, at Lahore, when a fakir was buried alive for six weeks, and, though I arrived a few hours after he was interred, I had the testimony of Runjit Singh and others, the most credible witnesses at his court, to the truth of the fakir having been buried before them; and from having been present myself when he was disinterred and restored to a state of perfect vitality, in a position so close to him as to render deception impossible, it is my firm belief that there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact that I have related.

"There, you see, the voluntary hibernation of human beings is already an accomplished fact; and when the civilized world becomes as highly educated in the mysteries as these heathen Hindoos have been for fifty years, perhaps you will believe it."

AROUND THE FARM.

Edited by **ANDREW H. WARD.**

MONEY IN FARMING.

HOW TO GROW CROPS PROFITABLY.

ARTICLE NO. X.

FRUITS OF THE VINE.

Pumpkins, Squash, Melons and Cucumbers are All Planted and Cultivated in Almost the Same Way.

Melons, squashes and the like succeed best on a warm, light, but rich soil. A light sandy soil well enriched is, perhaps, all things considered, the best. Sandy soils are rich in mineral constituents, and fail to give good crops in time of drought only on account of their inability to retain moisture. Peat which has been composted furnishes, at a low price, the organic matter which retains moisture, and is serviceable in case of drought; it is not as liable to breed worms as barn manure is to destroy the vines; and, by the addition of fine-ground phosphate, with potash salts and nitrate of soda, the yield will be as large and of better quality than if planted on heavier land and with barn manure. These vines are rank feeders, and as their roots do not run deep, but wide, the manure applied should be well incorporated with the surface soil.

200 pounds fine ground phosphate,
300 pounds muriate of potash,
150 pounds nitrate of soda,

well mixed, and applied to an acre, and costing, at present wholesale market prices, about $12, would be sufficient, with a favorable season, to ensure a profitable yield.

The pumpkin is generally grown in connection with corn, occasionally with potatoes, and rarely or never alone. Two or three seeds are planted with the corn in the hill or row, and thinned out to one afterwards, the plants being left from six to eight feet apart.

Squashes.

To procure squashes in perfection it is important that good seed be procured. These are planted in hills, about 8x8 feet, an inch deep, with five seeds in a hill. When the plants are up and producing their rough leaves they must be thinned to two in each hill; draw earth from time to time around the hills and as high about the plants as the seed leaves; when the right size top them. This should be done when the plants have two rough leaves and when the second is about an inch broad, having the first runner-bud rising at its base; the sooner this is detached the sooner the plants acquire strength and put out fruitful runners. It is to be done in the following manner: You will see arising in the centre of the plant, at the bottom of the second rough leaf, the end of the first runner, like a small bud, which bud or runner, being the advancing top of the plant, is now to be taken off close, and may be done either with the point of a penknife or small scissors, or pinched off carefully with the finger and thumb; but whichever way you take it off be careful not to go so close as to wound the joint from whence it proceeds. The ground should be kept perfectly free from weeds by frequent hoeings. If the branches are vigorous and long stretch them carefully over a level surface, and bury every fourth or fifth joint. The objects of pinching or shortening the stem are thus completely fulfilled without any of the risk which attends that operation, and with advantages peculiar to this method, as wherever the plant is buried new roots are formed for the better nutrition of the stem and the fruit. The squash bears male and female blossoms distinctly on the same plant. The latter only produce the fruit, which appears first in miniature, close under the base, even before the flower expands. There is never any in the males, but these are placed in the vicinity of the females, and are absolutely necessary, by the dispersion of their farina, to impregnate the female blossom, the fruit of which will not otherwise swell to its full size, and the seeds will be abortive. As the fruit increases in size place a flat tile or slate under each, to protect it from the damp of the ground. This will also assist the fruit to ripen by reflecting the rays of the sun. If allowed to remain on the vine after they are ripe they will lose much of their flavor. They should be cut, therefore, as soon as they begin to change, or, rather, as soon as they begin to smell ripe.

Melons of every kind, and cucumbers, may be cultivated as directed for squashes. They should be sown at the same time and at similar distances.

VALUATION OF FERTILIZERS.

For the Careful Consideration of Every Farmer.

The Massachusetts State Agricultural Experiment Station bulletin, No. 8, for April, has been issued. The portion of it relating to the valuation of fertilizers should have the careful consideration of every farmer, and is as follows:

Prices of Nitrogen, Phosphoric Acid and Potash.

The prices to be used in computing values of commercial fertilizers for the year 1884 are given in this bulletin. They are approved at the experiment stations of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey, and furnish a uniform basis for comparisons of cost and commercial values of different brands offered in market, when their analyses are known.

TRADE VALUES OF FERTILIZING INGREDIENTS IN RAW MATERIALS AND CHEMICALS.

	Cents per pound. 1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.
Nitrogen in ammonia salts	22½	29	26	22
Nitrogen in nitrates	26	26	20	18
Nitrogen in dried and fine-ground fish	20	24	23	20
Organic nitrogen in guano and fine-ground blood and meat	20	24	23	18
Organic nitrogen in cotton-seed, linseed-meal and in castor pomace	16	18	18	18
Organic nitrogen in fine-ground bone	15	17	17	18
Organic nitrogen in fine medium bone	14	15	15	16
Organic nitrogen in medium bone	13	14	14	14
Organic nitrogen in coarse medium bone	12	13	13	12
Organic nitrogen in coarse bone, horn shavings, hair and fish scraps	11	11	11	10
Phosphoric acid soluble in water	12½	12½	11	10
Phosphoric acid soluble in ammonia citrate*	9	9	8	8
Phosphoric acid insoluble in dry fine-ground fish and in fine bone	6	8	6	6
Phosphoric acid insoluble in fine medium bone	5½	5½	5½	6½
Phosphoric acid insoluble in medium bone	5	5	5	5
Phosphoric acid insoluble in coarse medium bone	4½	4½	4½	4½
Phosphoric acid insoluble in coarse bone	4	4	5	4
Phosphoric acid insoluble in fine-ground rock phosphate	3½	3	2¾	2¼
Potash as high-grade sulphate	7½	7	7	7¼
Potash as kainite	5½	5	4¼	4¼
Potash as muriate	4½	5	4¼	4¼

*Dissolved from two grams of phosphate, unground, by 100 C. C. neutral solution of ammonium citrate sp. gr. 1.09 in thirty minutes at 40° C., with agitation once in five minutes; commonly called "reverted" or "backgone" phosphoric acid.

The above trade values are the figures at which, on March 1, the respective ingredients could be bought at retail for cash in our markets in the *raw materials* which are the regular source of supply. They also correspond to the average wholesale price for the six months ending March 1, plus about 20 per cent. In case of goods for which we have wholesale quotations. The calculated values obtained by use of the above figures will be found to agree fairly with the reasonable retail price in case of standard raw materials such as:

Sulphate of ammonia,	Dry ground fish,
Nitrate of soda,	Cotton seed,
Muriate of potash,	Castor pomace,
Sulphate of potash,	Bone,
Dried blood,	Plain superphosphate.
Azotine,	

TRADE VALUES IN SUPERPHOSPHATES, SPECIAL MANURES AND MIXED FERTILIZERS OF HIGH GRADE.

The organic nitrogen in these classes of goods will be reckoned at the highest figure laid down in the trade values of fertilizing ingredients in raw materials; namely, twenty cents per pound. Insoluble phosphoric acid will be reckoned at four and one-half cents; this valuation assumes that the insoluble phosphoric acid is from bone too coarse to pass sieves of one-twelfth inch mesh; potash at four and one-quarter cents, if sufficient chlorine is present in the fertilizer to combine with it. If there is more potash present than will combine with the chlorine, then this excess of potash is reckoned as sulphate. This use of the highest trade values is but justice to those articles in which the costliest materials are used. In most cases the calculated value of superphosphates and specials will fall considerably below the retail price. The difference between the two will represent the manufacturer's expenses in converting raw materials into the manufactured articles. These expenses include grinding and mixing, bagging or barrelling, storage and transportation, commissions to agents or dealers, long credit, interest on investment, bad debts and finally profits. Last year the selling price of the superphosphates and specials was on the average 15 per cent. greater than the Station valuations, or 35 per cent. in advance of the wholesale cost of the fertilizing elements in the raw materials. The average cost of ammoniated superphosphates and guanos was about $41 50, the average estimated value was about $35, and the difference, $6 50. In case of specials, average cost was $50; average valuation, 42 50; difference, $7 50.

The prices to be used in computing values of commercial fertilizers for 1884, as published in the bulletin, it appears, are approved of at the experiment stations of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey, and also, no doubt, by the manufacturers of commercial fertilizers, although this is not mentioned in the bulletin. How is it in regard to the farmers—will they approve it? The experiment stations were started for their advantage and for their interest; that they have not proved so is the cause of widespread distrust, and it is only necessary to make an application to the Legislature for aid for the experimental station or the agricultural college to have this demonstrated. Of the whole number of farmers there are but few who see the station bulletins; most of them see only the portions of it copied by the manufacturers of fertilizers to show that their fertilizer is of such a value by the reports from the station. Dealers omit to state that the valuations as established by the stations are admitted by them to be 20 per cent. above the market values, "and furnish a uniform basis for comparisons of cost and commercial values of different brands offered in market when their analyses are known." Most farmers do not know that these are *estimated*, not actual, values, and consequently these *fictitious* valuations are to the general community misleading; when the truth is ascertained, the feeling of the consumer is that he has been swindled 20 per cent., and that in the future he will purchase the raw materials and mix them to suit himself. He has lost confidence, and the reputation and efficiency of the station are injured.

"When their analyses are known." When are they known? The law provides that the manufacturer shall put on every package the guaranteed analysis. It will be noticed on some packages that they read:

8 to 10 per cent. phosphoric acid,
2 to 4 per cent. potash.
2 to 3 per cent. ammonia.

Varying from 20 to 100 per cent. What is the value of an analysis like this? Is it fair dealing to offer such a one? Would a manufacturer of fertilizers purchase his articles on any such basis? No, he would ridicule any one who made him such a proposal, because he knows to the tenth of 1 per cent. the strength of the article he buys. The object of the law was to protect the farmer, that he might know what he bought, but the law is like some fertilizers, of no value.

The bulletin states that the trade values are about 20 per cent. higher than the average wholesale prices. Is this true? Taking only a few of the articles on the list we will see how those compare: First, nitrogen in ammonia salts, 22 cents a pound by the bulletin.

The Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, published in New York, April 15, in its quotations of chemicals, says: "Sulphate of ammonia has been very quiet the past few days with 2 90 to 3 being the quotations as to quantity." Taking the highest price, three cents a pound, would make nitrogen cost in the form of ammonia salts 15 cents a pound, or seven cents a pound less than the value put on it by the station, and the station value is over 46 per cent. instead of 20 per cent. above, as stated. Nitrogen in nitrates is valued in the bulletin at eighteen cents a pound, but can be obtained in nitrate soda at two and an eighth cents a pound, or for nitrogen $13 06 per pound, a difference of 32 per cent. It needs an explanation why nitrogen in dried and fine ground fish is valued higher by the bulletin than nitrogen in nitrates when the manufacturers have always been allowed an extra price in the valuation of their fertilizers at the station, when the ammonia in them was in the form of nitrates or ammonia salts. The price of ammonia in organic matter will find its level with the other ammonia-producing articles. Manufacturers will not buy ammonia in that form, and pay more for it than they can buy ammonia for in a more available form, and the price cannot be kept up by the valuation in the bulletin to any but farmers. There is no danger that nitrogen in organic matter will find purchasers in quantity at twenty cents a pound, when they can purchase it in sulphate of ammonia for fifteen cents a pound, and in nitrate soda at thirteen and six-tenths cents a pound, which is 30 per cent. cheaper in price and far better in quality than fish, even providing it was all fish, without any leather. Nitrogen in nitrates, or ammonia salts, acts without delay, but in the form of organic matter it takes time, and frequently years, before it is converted.

"Insoluble phosphoric acid will be reckoned at four and one-half (4½) cents, the cost of phosphoric acid in coarse medium bones."

Without any doubt, nine-tenths of all the phosphate of lime used in the manufacture of superphosphate of lime is in the form of Charleston phosphate, or other similar phosphates, and these have a controlling influence on the price of phosphoric acid in other forms. Now, according to the bulletin, the value of phosphoric acid insoluble in fine ground rock phosphate is 2¼ cents a pound. Why, then, add 100 per cent., and double its price in the valuation of fertilizers? If it is assumed that superphosphate is made from bone black refuse—there is no doubt that some is made—phosphoric acid in this form can be bought in quantity for less than 3½ cents a pound. Why, then, are these valuations fictitious, approximately estimated, or any but the true name applied? Facts remain the same, and they are stubborn things.

The valuation of muriate potash is put at four and one-quarter cents, and, as it can be purchased in quantity at three and one-half cents, the price is increased but a trifle more than the 20 per cent. above its market value. High grade sulphate of potash is valued, however, at seven and one-quarter cents a pound, but when or where is this used in fertilizers? Muriate of potash can be decomposed by the addition of sulphates; but the same quantity of chlorine remains, although in another combination, and this compound has been sold for sulphate of potash, but it has never been supposed to be *high grade*.

The explanation or apology for "the use of the highest trade values is but justice to those articles in which the costliest materials are used." The farmers want to see where the justice of these valuations comes in for them.

It will be well for the farmers to inform themselves in regard to the value of fertilizing materials. While it is proper and just to include in the cost of an article the expenses of manufacturing it, that with the raw material comprises the cost.

Family and other expenses can be added with as good reason to the cost, as some that are included in the bulletin. No doubt many of our cotton and woollen corporations would be glad to have their accounts made up for them in this way, but for the fact that their customers would not settle on *estimated* or *approximate* accounts, and have a faculty of scrutinizing and knowing what they buy.

Last year, notwithstanding the high prices at which the *trade values* were pitched by the experiment stations, the cost to the consumer exceeded the *estimated approximate trade value*, $6 50 per ton, and, on the specials, was still more, averaging $7 50 per ton. As there is a margin of over 40 per cent. on nitrogen, and 100 per cent. on phosphoric acid, the consumers should certainly be able, this year, to keep far inside the lines of *trade values*. There is no excuse for a farmer being ignorant of so vital a matter to himself as the knowledge of the different materials of which fertilizers are composed, and their market values. In dealing in horses that have no market price, a *trade value* is attached, but whoever heard of its being applied to regular articles of merchandize? Articles that enter into the manufacture of fertilisers have a well-established market price, not a *trade value*, and are bought on close analysis that does not vary one-quarter of 1 per cent. There is no reason, if the manufacturers know what they buy, why they cannot know just as well what they sell, and their packages should be marked to comply with the law, and not evade it, as they can only do by the lack of common intelligence on the part of the person purchasing. A. H. W.

Care of Cows at Calving Time.

In a state of nature cows give milk only for a limited time, and this time has been much extended by man's art. But by forcing nature we have produced an animal which is more liable to disease and accidents, and as a result the care and treatment must be improved in proportion. In nature few if any accidents or diseases are attendant upon parturition. If we have improved upon nature in some respects, we must see to it that we make like improvement in all essential connecting points. Different animals of the same breed give milk for different lengths of time naturally, and just how near to parturition a cow should be milked before drying off is an unsettled question. We keep cows for profit, and the longer we can induce them, limitedly, to hold out in their milk, the better we are satisfied. In order that the cow may give milk, and at the same time support an increasing fœtus, the feed and care must be proportionately generous. My own practice and opinion is that a cow to be profitable should hold out her milk, and be milked to within six weeks, or two months at most, of calving. I have had them give milk to within four weeks without apparent detriment to dam or offspring, and with only ordinary treatment and care. A cow which is kept in good but not high condition will hold out in milk longer than one in poor condition, and will pass parturition with much less risk.

Commencing say six weeks before time for calving a change in feeding should generally be adopted, slight at first and greater at the approach of parturition. It is natural for pregnant animals to become costive as the period of delivery approaches, and the feed should be given with reference to such tendency. The object is to keep the bowels open and in a normal state; this result is attained by feeding a few roots—potatoes are the best, I think—commencing with about one quart per day and gradually increasing to ten, twelve, or even more. Other roots may be substituted, or even a pail of slops—bran, middlings or the like, in water, say one to three quarts in a pail of scalding hot water—in the absence of roots. Most of the roots may be omitted if the cow runs in pasture with flush feed, or can have a good feed once or twice a day of green, succulent food, like ensilage, if sweet and good. All these are preventives of constipation.

About a week before calving, the cow, if kept up, should have a box stall or pen sufficiently large for convenience, so that she may not be worried by other stock. She should not be disturbed any more than is necessary for feeding and watering; still one should keep an eye over her as the time approaches for her calving. I have never yet seen the necessity for administering any medicine before calving; neither do I believe there is any, where the cow is healthy and properly cared for. The cow should have moderate exercise daily, and should never be worried. If at pasture she will get natural exercise. Her stall should be always dry and kept well cleaned. I do not recommend any interference, or the presence of any individual in her sight at calving, but the herdsman may be in proximity, unseen by the cow, but where he can observe her movements. I consider even this unnecessary, where previous conditions are normal. Where one foot or leg only appears and the other is doubled back, often a little assistance by pushing the calf back just at the right time and straightening out the other leg will result in good, and may be done by any one of good judgment. Anything further than this belongs to the veterinary surgeon. If the cow is in health the placenta will come away naturally, in the course of a few hours at most. Let the cow get at and lick the calf all she wishes. If the placenta comes away immediately put it out of sight. After the cow has licked the calf let it suck what it will, and when satisfied strip out any remaining milk and give it to the cow to drink, adding a little (say an equal quantity, if the whole does not make over a pailful) warm water, stirring in about one quart of rye meal or shorts. Such a mess will be all the medicine necessary in ordinary cases. Let the calf and cow remain together for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, giving the cow water slightly warmed. Then they may be separated, the cow put in her stall or to pasture, and the calf put into a small, clean and dry pen. After the calf is twenty-four or forty-eight hours old, if the cow's bag is caked or hard, twice a day is sufficient for the calf to suck. When the cow feels inclined to eat, she should be given some sweet fine rowen, or, if at grass, may graze as usual. She is better if fed as long as she and the calf are together. Her drink for a few days should be slightly warmed. What she needs is quiet and rest with nourishing food, not stimulating drugs and medicines.

Should the cow's bag be caked or hard, fomenting with warm water, and working thoroughly but carefully, by hand, will very likely soon reduce it to normal conditions. Feed the cow generously with good hay or grass, giving nothing of a heating nature, like corn or oil meal, for two weeks after calving, after which she may be gradually returned to her feed with the herd. There is nothing gained by "coddling"; natural food, treatment and conditions are better, while nature restores and asserts itself. If the cow receives the foregoing treatment and care, with no undue exposure to cold and storms, there is no apprehension from future trouble from any natural cause. When the calf is forty-eight to seventy-two hours old it may be taught to drink from a pail, instead of sucking. Give it say two quarts of new, first drawn milk at a feed at first, increasing the quantity as the calf grows. Four quarts a day is sufficient for the first week, fed three times a day, at equal intervals, in equal quantities. Let the calf take two of the fingers at first, as it would the natural teat. After feeding once or twice thus, the fingers may be gradually withdrawn while the calf is taking the milk, and the calf soon learns to drink without the fingers. A leather strap or artificial teat fastened to the pail so that the calf will suck in the milk slowly will be most natural, allowing the saliva to flow and mix with the food to a greater degree.

Setting trouble aside, feeding instead of suckling is the better way, whether the calf is to be raised or fattened for the shambles. After the first week a little oat or barley meal may be added to the milk, beginning with a tablespoonful at a feed and increasing to a pint a day at the end of six weeks. At the end of two weeks two parts of skimmed to one of new milk may be fed with the meal, instead of all new milk—the quantity being increased as the calf grows older. Judgment must be used here. If too much is given the calf will grow pot-bellied; if not sufficient, the calf will be poor. After the calf is two weeks old two feeds a day are sufficient, with a little clean water and a wisp of hay or grass within its reach. Hay tea may be substituted for milk, if the calf is raised, mixing a little larger portion of oat, barley or linseed meal than with the milk, gradually increasing its feed as the calf grows. Always give the calf a clean, dry bed and pen, with free air, without exposure to storms or the hot sun. The longer you feed the calf milk, the better the growth, up to six months or more; but usually the calf will gain its livelihood by grazing after reaching the age of twelve or fourteen weeks. Water should be supplied, so that they may drink at pleasure; and also, after the calf is two or three weeks old, a lump of chalk and one of rock salt for it to lick. If scours occur, reduce the feed for a time; fasting is better than drugs or medicine.—[W. H. White in Country Gentleman.

Utilizing A Muck Bed.

I had a bed of muck underlaid with shell-marl. The muck was eight feet deep, and under it were two feet of shell-marl, which analysis showed contained 80 per cent. of carbonate of lime. I could not drain the lot by a ditch without going ten feet deep through slate for a length of ten rods. Even then the water would be discharged where it would be of no value for irrigating my land. I found, however that the place could be drained by syphon. The water could be drained through a two-inch lead pipe, and at a distance of twenty rods it could be utilized to irrigate about ten acres of meadow. During the dry season I draw the water down, and in August and September we go in with teams and take out from twenty to fifty cords of muck a day as long as we choose. The stuff then is as dry as a sand bank; the wheels do not cut into it, and the team can haul a full load of muck or marl, which proves to be of great value applied directly to dry land or composted with manure from the horse or cow stables or from the sheep or pig pens, and I find it an excellent application for all crops. Each load taken from the bed enlarges my reservoir for water, and several acres are greatly improved by the flow during the warm, dry season. I start the water with a pump on the end of the discharge pipe and regulate the flow by means of a faucet. For strawberry culture or special vegetable gardening this water would be of great value.—[Rural New Yorker.

Low Price of Potatoes.

The low price of potatoes in Eastern markets is somewhat of a surprise to our farmers generally, and it will probably deter many from planting very largely the present spring. A year ago good seed potatoes sold readily in this city for $3 per barrel, and choice lots for fifty cents to $1 more; but now they are slow of sale at a dollar per barrel, and in the country the farmer is lucky who gets twenty-five cents a bushel at his own cellar. In Maine the starch factories are paying sixty-eight cents a barrel delivered at the factory, and this is much better than sending to a distant market and assuming the risk of making a sale at any price. The high price of potatoes in the spring of 1883 was very encouraging to those who make this crop a specialty, as well as to the ordinary farmer who only plants a few acres in order to have enough for his own use and a few to spare for his local market, and the result was that a little more than the usual area was devoted to this crop. The season proved to be an excellent one for potatoes, with plenty of rain to keep the plants growing, and comparatively few insects appeared. The result was a very large yield, and the tubers were of superior quality, with scarcely a sign of disease among them. The winter just past has also been favorable for keeping potatoes, it having been steadily cold, but not severe enough to endanger tubers stored in moderately warm cellars. Everything seems to have combined to keep the prices low and the supply large; and while we do not attempt to guess how matters will stand in regard to potatoes a year hence, we think it would be bad policy for farmers to greatly restrict the area usually planted with this crop, as we hear that many propose to do this spring. It is quite natural that those who lost money on their potato crop last season should feel inclined to try some other crop this year, in the hope of making good their loss; but, as a rule, the farmer who is constantly changing, with the idea of striking the market just right, seldom hits it, and is quite likely to be just a season too late for the highest and most remunerative prices. The potato is one of our staple and important crops, and, as a rule, is about as profitable a one as farmers in the Eastern States can raise, because the crop is too heavy and bulky to transport any considerable distance; consequently the competition in the markets is usually less active than with grain, which is much cheaper to handle, besides being less liable to injury and decay. The farmer who can get fifty cents a bushel for his potatoes, and raise 200 to 400 bushels per acre, has certainly a fair margin for profit, and we think his chances are better with this crop than with corn at seventy-five cents to $1 a bushel, because a much larger number of bushels can be raised on an equal number of acres, and the difference in cost of cultivation is very little. In raising a crop of potatoes it costs more for seed than with corn, and the crop is a more bulky and heavy one to handle; but the yield is generally double or quadruple, while the potatoes usually fetch nearly as much as corn in the Eastern markets, with an occasional exceptional year like the present one. The farmers living near our larger cities seldom fail to obtain good prices for their early potatoes, and on these they usually make more money than on late ones, because there is less competition. Those who have land adapted to potatoes should not hesitate to put in a crop, although prices are now very low. There is no certainty of a heavy yield all over the country, as there appears to have been during the last season; and the price of an article one year is no criterion as to what it may be the next, for no one can foretell what may happen, or what kind of weather we may have a few months hence.—[The Sun.

Ammonias, Potashes and Fertilizing Chemicals.

Beyond the usual jobbing demand, which has only been moderate, there is nothing new as regards many of the fertilizing chemicals. Prices, however, continued steady and unchanged. Sulphate of ammonia has been very quiet the past few days, with $2 90@3 being the quotations as to quantity. Azotine is still obtainable at $2 12½@2 25 as to quantity. Red and black blood have been in better request, with prices steady and unchanged. Kieserite is in better supply, consequently prices are easier, it now being quoted at $5 50@6 as to quantity for spot lots. To arrive prices are also lower, with $4 25@4 75 being the quotations as to quantity and date of arrival.

There have been no arrivals of muriate of potash since our last. The demand, however, has been very light, only about 250 tons being placed from store at $1 65@1 70, as to quantity. Shipments are still quoted at $1 65@1 70, as to quantity and date of arrival. It is reported, however, that from outside parties it is offered at $1 62⅛, with $1 60 being bid and declined for 1000 tons. Late mail advices received state "that the syndicate of mines have concluded to reduce the output of muriate about 25 per cent., which makes prices firmer abroad."

Kainit continues dull, with only a limited demand for either spot lots or for shipments. Sales are reported of 250 tons from dock at $6 60@6 75 as to quantity. For future shipments there has been no further business reported since our last. We quote $6 60@6 75 invoice weights as to quantity and date of shipment during the year.

Aqua ammonia, in carboys:			
16 deg., ℔ lb	3	@	3½
18 deg	3¾	@	4½
20 deg	4¾	@	5¼
22 deg	5½	@	6½
26 deg	8	@	9
Ammonia: Muriate	11	@	11¼
Sal	9⅞	@	10
Sulphate	2 90	@	3
AMMONIATES, ETC.:			
Azotine, ℔ unit	2 20	@	2 25
Blood, dried: Red, ℔ unit	2 12½	@	2 25
Black, ℔ unit	2 12½	@	2 25
Bones: Rough, ℔ ton	26 00	@	28 50
Ground, ℔ ton	31 00	@	32 00
Bone black, refuse, ℔ ton	21 00	@	22 00
Kieserite	4 25	@	5 50
Phosphate rock, f. o. b. Charleston	6 00	@	6 50
Phosphate rock, f. o. b., New York	8 00	@	9 00
Phosphate rock, ground	11 00	@	12 00
Acid phosphate	12 00	@	15 00
Potash muriate, ℔ 100 lbs	1 65	@	1 75
Kainit, ℔ ton	6 60	@	7 00
Ashes: Pot, first sorts, ℔ lb	5	@	5¼
Pearl	6¼	@	7
Potash: Chlorate, English	16	@	16½
Powdered	17½	@	18
Carb.	6½	@	7
Caustic	7½	@	8½

—[Oil Paint Reporter.

WHOLESALE CASH PRICES OF FERTILIZING MATERIALS IS FOR:

Sulphate ammonia, 24 to 25 per cent..... ....3c. per pound.
Nitrate soda, 95 per cent..2.20 cents per pound.
Nitrate potash, 94 to 96 per cent..........................5½ per pound.
Dried blood, 15 to 17 per cent. ammonia............$2 25 per unit.
Dried blood, 12 to 14 per cent. ammonia............$2 per unit.
Dried blood, 10 to 12 per cent. ammonia............$2 per unit.
Dried meat, 14 to 15 per cent. ammonia............$2 per unit.
Castor pomace, ground, 6 to 7 per cent. ammonia..$18 to $20 per ton.
Cotton-seed meal, 7 to 8 per cent. ammonia............$24 per ton.
Fine ground bone, 3½ to 4½ per cent. ammonia; 50 to 55 per cent. bone phosphate...........$25 per ton.
Bone black waste, 32 to 34 per cent. phosphoric acid$22 per ton.
South Carolina phosphate, ground, 25 to 28 per cent. phosphoric acid...........$12 per ton.
Navassa phosphate, ground, 25 to 28 per cent. phosphoric acid...........$18 per ton.
Canadian apatite, ground, 30 to 35 per cent. phosphoric acid........... ——
No. 2 superphosphate lime, 15 to 16 per cent. soluble phosphoric acid.......$20 per ton.
Acid superphosphate lime, 12 to 14 per cent. soluble phosphoric acid......$16 per ton.
Lobos guano, 4 to 6 per cent. ammonia, 18 to 20 per cent. phosphoric acid.$56 per ton.
Peruvian guano, guaranteed, 6 to 8 per cent. ammonia, 12 to 14 per cent. phosphoric acid..........$59 per ton.
Muriate potash, 80 per cent..............$32 per ton.
Sulphate potash, 60 per cent..............$30 per ton.
Potash salts, 28 to 32 per cent. .... ——
Kainit, 22 to 26 per cent. potash...................$8 50 per ton.
Keiserite, 60 to 70 per cent. sulphate magnesia.......$5 per ton
Keiserite, 50 to 55 per cent. sulphate magnesia....... ——
Ground Plaster............$6 per ton.

Muriate potash, 80 per cent., contains 50½ pounds actual potash in 100 pounds of muriate potash.

Sulphate potash, 60 per cent., contains 32½ pounds actual potash in 100 pounds of sulphate potash.

Kainit, 24 per cent. sulphate potash, contains in 100 pounds kainit 13 pounds actual potash.

At present wholesale market prices, actual potash costs in muriate potash, 3.17 cents a pound; in sulphate potash, 4.61 cents a pound; in kainit, 3.27 cents a pound.

Nitrogen, at the present wholesale market prices of nitrate soda and sulphate ammonia, costs in nitrate soda, 14.4 cents per pound; in sulphate ammonia, 15 cents per pound.

Phosphoric acid, in fine ground Charleston phosphates, at present wholesale market price, costs 2.22 cents per pound.

With this data it is easy to reckon the *actual value* of commercial fertilizers, and not be misled by *estimated* and so-called *approximate* valuations.

Useful Hints in Cheese-Making.

One of the most pressing demands of the cheese trade is fineness of flavor; hence the aim of the maker should be to preserve and maintain in its purity the natural flavor of the milk. This subtle element is dependent upon contingencies, among which are the food and drink of the cows, the absorption of odors and improper treatment of the warm milk. In addition to these, Robert McAdam, a prominent New York cheese-maker, in an address before the Canada Dairyman's Association, called attention to the frequent cause of bad flavor in the use of too much rennet. The bad flavor is also often increased by the impure state of the rennet. Great care ought to be exercised on both these points, so that a pure flavor in the cheese may be gained. On the much-disputed question of coloring cheese Mr. McAdam contends that, as the demand for colored cheese is largely in excess of the demand for white cheese, the manufacturers are quite right in using color, but they are cautioned to accomplish the coloring in the most satisfactory manner. Different markets call for different shades of color, and it should be the maker's aim to give the desired shade of color, and whatever shade that may be it is essential to have it uniformly the same. To ensure this it is advised that care be taken to secure the best coloring material; to be accurate in giving the proportion of coloring according to the quantity of milk; to mix the coloring with the milk immediately and completely, and to avoid mixing curds of different shades of color or exposing colored curds to the influences which operate to destroy the color in the cheese. Many cheeses become mottled from the cooking not being sufficiently performed, whereby whey remains in the curd, which affects the color, making it mottled or streaky, sometimes tallowy-looking or nearly white. Imperfect separation of the whey and insufficient heat in curing-room aggravate these defects, and the maker is urgently demanded to be vigilent in the prevention of these causes, which have such pernicious effects on the value of the cheese. Many cheeses contain all the elements which make ripeness, and yet when tried seem deficient in that quality. Such cheeses are often suspected of being skimmed, but poor, corky cheeses are found which contain all the cream belonging to the milk from which they were made. This lack of richness is accounted for by Mr. McAdam, in some cases, from too much stirring and cooking; in others from oversalting, and a frequent source of this fault arises from being salted at a stage before the necessary change towards acidity has been sufficiently developed—that state in which the curd assumes a soft, mellow feel, which denotes the proper time for salting. The amount of salt is easily to be ascertained, and there is no excuse for oversalting or undersalting; but the right time at which to salt requires vigilant attention and keen perception, and a rich as well as solid cheese is the reward of those whose skill is competent to decide the proper moment to apply the salt to the curd.—[The World.

A New Phase of the Beef Question.

It appears that the point to be settled is no longer merely whether Germany, France and England will admit our beef and pork to their markets, but whether New York City will admit Western dressed beef to the New York market. This is a novel aspect of the question, and a highly interesting one, inasmuch as New York fortifies itself against Chicago in very much the same manner and by the use of the same arguments as are adopted by the European nations in their effort to shut out the United States. The proceedings of a recent meeting of over one hundred New York butchers at the Grand Union Hotel read somewhat oddly when it is considered that their demonstration is made, not against aliens and foreigners, but against a large body of fellow-citizens of the American republic, whose offence is simply that of sending dressed beef from Illinois to New York. The Wholesale Beef Butchers' Protective Union, which was organized at this meeting, takes the ground, as set forth in a paper read by Colonel Thomas Rafferty, that its members are entitled to "protection against the ruinous competition of Western dressed beef," which it declares to be coming into the city at the rate of 2000 carcasses a week, "threatening to drive the wholesale butchers from New York, to ruin the business of the leather dealers, to curtail the dividends of owners of railroads and stock-yards, and to drive to the slaughter-yards of the West the oleomargarine and butterine manufacturers." These may be regarded as the official utterances of the Union, an order being made for the printing and distribution of five hundred copies of the paper. One of the members of the Union, who is described as "a rich butcher, who slaughters many thousand bullocks in a year," gave to a reporter of the Tribune this further elucidation of the aims of the society. "Our object," said he, "is to stir up the authorities to prohibit the importation of diseased or unwholesome meat. This Chicago meat is diseased. Ammonia and ether are used to dry up the meat for transportation, and it is alleged that four men have died from eating it. We want to secure a living if not a competence for our families."

If the New York authorities respond to this demand by the passage of the required ordinances, the next thing, we presume, will be "retaliatory legislation" by the Common Council of Chicago. The shippers of beef from that point, and the farmers of Illinois and adjacent States, will hold that the talk about "diseased meat" is a mere pretext; that all the Butchers' Union is after is to hold its trade at the expense of other people; that the consumers of beef in New York know whether they want it Western-dressed or not, and have a right to their choice in the matter, especially if they can save money by buying it; and finally, that if the Western farmers and shippers are not allowed to send the dressed article to New York, neither shall the manufacturers of New York send hardware, or watches, or pianos in the finished state to Chicago or Peoria. And if the people of New York also demand to be heard in the discussion, and claim the enjoyment of any advantage the new method of supplying this market may afford them as something of which they cannot rightfully be deprived, it will still further complicate the situation. The Butchers' Union, the leather dealers, the owners of railroads and stock-yards, and the manufacturers of oleomargarine and butterine, if collected in a body, would make an august and highly-respectable assemblage; but, after all, they are not a majority of the 1,500,000 inhabitants of the metropolis, and it may be a question whether their interest ought to preponderate over the individual rights and household economies of the other forty-nine-fiftieths of the population. However, the quarrel has at least this consolatory feature, that it does not embroil us with any other nations of the globe, nor appeal to any of the prejudices or antipathies which might otherwise enter into it, inflaming our zeal and perverting our judgment. It is, so to speak, a strictly family fight, and we trust that no foreign mediator will have to be called in to bring it to an amicable conclusion.—[Mechanical News.

Feeding Calves.

Cows are now so high in price that it will pay to raise nice heifer calves for the dairy, provided they can be raised on skimmed milk. There is frequently some difficulty in doing so and have them always do well, as the milk is not always in the right condition and suited to their digestion. Many who have only thoroughbred calves allow them to run with their dams, the most healthful method possible; but with the ordinary dairy cows this cannot be done. It will not pay to do it, and the calf must be grown on skimmed milk if at all. Some are very successful in this, and others have difficulty. The calves do not eat well, or they have the "scours" or other troubles of indigestion. A great portion of the difficulty may be removed by feeding only sweet milk in the beginning, and at a proper temperature. Those who have had much experience consider more frequent feeding the great preventative of disease. Mr. E. Burnett of Massachusetts, an experienced dairyman, said at the Vermont dairyman's meeting the difference between feeding calves three times a day and twice a day might seem a small matter, yet in his experience it frequently made the difference between the live calf and a dead one. Calves allowed to run at large with their dams take their food at short intervals, and therefore little at a time; or, even if they take it from the cow twice a day, they are much longer in getting their fill and get it the right temperature and in a more natural way. When they are fed from the pail they take it very fast and very little saliva is mixed with it to prepare it for digestion. The intervals between feedings are frequently fourteen hours, and if the calf gets a large quantity of milk not at the right temperature, and swallowing it in a few moments, no wonder it has indigestion or some other trouble. The only wonder is that so many live through that are treated this way. A better plan which Mr. Burnett suggests, and which has been tried by others with good results, is to feed the calf three times per day, giving only the same milk that would be fed in the other way, and never to overfeed. Excessive feeding after a long fast has a very injurious effect on all animals, and especially young ones, and if it does not kill them outright, will weaken their digestion and do them permanent injury. Let those who have had trouble with their calves try this way of feeding three times, and take pains to have the milk at the right temperature and never overfeed. Probably many calves that die suddenly, and, as is supposed, from unknown causes, are the victims of injudicious and overfeeding. The stomach becomes so distended that it cannot act, the food sours and poisonous gas is formed and the animal dies in a few hours.

Points About Raising Turkeys.

The one thing that has paid the last year is turkeys. They had a quick sale at Thanksgiving for twenty cents a pound, and at Christmas for twenty-one to twenty-three cents, and the farmers could have had twenty-five cents at the last of the season if they had known as much about the market three days before Christmas as they did three days after. And this price is not exceptional. The average for good New England turkeys for the last twenty years, I believe, will exceed eighteen cents a pound, if it does not reach twenty cents. If a farmer has reasonable "luck"—that is, if he has as good luck as generally comes of intelligent care—he can make 1000 pounds of turkey meat for $100 easy, and sell the same for $200; or, putting it better: A flock of 100 turkeys will not cost him in grain fed out over $65, if they are killed before Thanksgiving, and they ought to average twelve pounds each, which makes 1200 pounds in all, and to sell for twenty cents a pound, or $240. I have raised turkeys for many years, most years with fair success, and whatever the success, they have always been the best paying production of the farm. This is my plan: Keep over ten hens and a tom; the hens the best birds in the fall flock, part old and part young. Old hens of good habits are to be preferred. Feed lightly during the winter. About March 1 increase the feed and provide places for their nests near the house. When they begin to lay be careful that the eggs do not get chilled. Do all you can to get your turkeys to setting as early as possible. Early turkeys are twice as likely to live as late ones. When the young come off, put them in little board pens in a warm place for a week or more, feeding them six or eight times a day with coarse meal and chopped hard-boiled eggs mixed with water, or, what is better, sour milk. As soon as they are strong enough, give them a pasture range at first, then turn them into a meadow, but by all means feed them at noon, and to this end drive them up to the house. This will get them accustomed to coming up for their dinner, and so they will not go far away from home. See that they are always fully fed and safely housed at night, so that foxes and skunks will not and cannot destroy them. Make it a matter of thought to see that your turkeys are safe all summer. Begin to fatten in September and kill for Thanksgiving, and you will be able to put a few dollars in some near savings bank which you may honestly call pay for your care and work and profit on the grain fed. This business cannot be overdone, and I advise farmers to put a few dollars into turkeys for next season (if they can find them) at once.—[Home and Farm.

Ten Mistakes.

First. To think that any one can farm; that a man who has starved as a canvasser for a patent tooth pick or has been unsuccessful as a carpenter, can jump into a business requiring high intelligence and persevering efforts, and being utterly unfamiliar with details, be able to make money.

Second. The idea that a large farm, half stocked and poorly cultivated, pays better than a few acres well and carefully tilled.

Third. What is it but the worst kind of a mistake to pay hundreds of dollars for good farm machinery, and allow it, for want of proper shelter, to rot and become useless a year or so sooner than it should.

Fourth—It is a mistake to let year after year pass by with no attempt to improve the quality of the farm stock. Blooded cattle pay. They make beef quicker, the cows give more and richer milk. Better blood in horses pays. A Norman or part Norman colt is a valuable piece of property.

Fifth—To let foolish pride or narrow-mindedness prevent the adoption of new methods when they have have been proved valuable by practical men.

Sixth—To waste money experimenting with patent fertilizers, not knowing what your soil requires, when the refuse heap of your own farmyard furnishes as good a fertilizer as one could wish.

Seventh—To get up after the sun, lean on a fork handle, speculate for an hour or so upon what the weather is going to be, let the weeds get good start, and then wonder why farming don't pay.

Eighth—To leave a lot of unchopped, wet or half-split wood at the wood-pile, a lot of old harnesses hanging in the kitchen and muddy tracks in the dining-room, and expect to see the woman folks good natured.

Ninth—To have a lot of half-fed, emaciated, lonesome-looking fowls roosting dejectedly in some old cottonwood tree, when a few good, healthy Plymouth rock or Brahma chickens properly housed would make the poultry yard an honor instead of a disgrace.

Tenth—The crowning, most disastrous mistake is to undertake to farm successfully and profitably without being a constant reader of some good, live, agricultural paper.—[Rural Nebraska.

Ensilage Milk Unwholesome.

Ensilaged beet pulp from sugar factory given to cows in France so modified the flavor of the milk that children refused to drink it. The Popular Science News prints the details of this and other experiments, and protests against any fermented feed for dairy use as injurious to the animals and to the consumers of their products: "There is not a silo-fed cow that is not consuming more or less acetic acid every day. We have never believed that acetic acid or alcohol could be allowed to form even minute constituents of the food of milk-giving animals without injury to lacteal secretion, and ultimately to the animals. Is there an intelligent physician who would permit a nursing mother to use vinegar as a condiment at every meal, or would he allow her to eat 'pickles' with her bread and meat constantly? There is not one. And yet the milk of cows fed upon fodder containing vinegar in considerable quantities is poured into nurse bottles, and into the stomach of tender infants, in many of our large towns and cities. There is increasing sickness and mortality among infants as reported by physicians. To what is it due?" It is a significant fact which all farmers who want to do the right thing may well consider—that milk from such unnatural rations is necessarily rejected at the condensing factories, since it has been demonstrated repeatedly that no matter how carefully evaporated and packed it will not keep, but becomes tainted and unfit for use. Witness the conditions in the neighborhood of Wassaic, N. Y., where the company pays $1000 a day for milk and where many expensive silos are left empty. Note also the expressions at the recent dairy convention in Hartford, where, the Connecticut Farmer says, "none of the creamery managers were disposed to tolerate ensilage."

How to Grow an Oak Tree on Your Mantel.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight and tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way on the mantel-shelf of a room is a very elegant and interesting object. We have seen several oak trees, and also a chestnut tree, thus growing, but all of them, however, have died after a few months, probably owing to the water not being changed sufficiently often to afford them the necessary quantity of nourishment from the matter contained in it.

Things Worth Knowing.

The practice is becoming more and more common of pinching back raspberries in summer when they have grown two or three feet high, and when this is properly done they never require staking. Cap berries should be always thus treated. There are some of the taller upright growers that are often staked; and in plantations of some size it is important to do it easily and expeditiously. First pass along and drive the stakes in the right place. Two persons will do this rapidly if one makes the holes with a light crowbar, and the other inserts and drives the stakes. Then provide a tool by bending an iron rod a foot or more long in the shape of a semi-circle, with a short handle at the middle. This is to be held in the left hand. Then take a sickle or an iron rod bent like a sickle, in the right hand; with these two tools grasp the bunch of canes and bring them together like pincers, while the assistant ties them up to the stake.

Most farmers have learned to sow oats early, but many seem to think that barley can be sown any time in the summer. A man who has traveled with a threshing machine for years says that the heavy barley is always from fields sown early.

If you never raised any radishes get some seeds and try it just once. Nothing can be raised easier or quicker. Sow once in two weeks to keep up a supply.

Very early turnips can be raised on new land or well-broken clover sod. They are easily sent to market and bring a good price. The crop can be got off in time for late potatoes. A little superphosphate will persuade the turnips to be crisp and get out of the way quickly and do no harm to the potatoes.

An asparagus bed may be made to last twenty or thirty years, the plants are never infested with insects, and the crop never fails.

Oats and barley sown together make good feed.

One of the secrets of good farming is to do little things at the proper time.

Don't breed from scrubs this year.

It pays to liberally manure poor soil.

Plant plants, plant trees, plant seed.

Give good culture to get good crops.

Clover is about the best crop a farmer can raise.

Much that we read in agricultural papers about the advantages of old pastures comes to us from England, where they have successfully practiced the plan of keeping land unploughed for nearly or quite 100 years. In this country, except on river bottoms annually overflowed, we have little or no old grass land. Somehow, when the grass is at its best, or at least as soon as it begins to fail, the average farmer bethinks himself how valuable this sod would be to plough under for manure.

One great advantage of an early vegetable garden is that two crops may be grown in one season. If an abundance of manure be used the drain upon the soil should not be great.

A sowing of oats or barley, as soon as the soil can be got in condition, will make a feed for cows before clover or fodder corn can be ready to cut. This early sowing may be followed with corn for soiling later in the season.

The old rule was that a heifer with her first calf could be reckoned half a cow. They will generally be better than this if well fed and cared for. If the family from which the heifer springs has been a good milking strain, they can usually be bought of native breeds for much less than they are worth. They will more than pay their way, and yearly increase in value until they are six years old, when they are at their prime.

The dearest help of all is often that which asks least wages. It is poor economy to keep four men to do the work that three or two should perform. If a man is for any cause dissatisfied, the sooner he and his employer part company the better for both parties.

In view of the death of that noble cow, Mercedes, from milk fever, William Hartley of Lacrosse, Wis., writes to the Breeders' Gazette, the best stock journal in this country, published at Chicago, that he has used the following remedy with marked success: One pint and a half of lard, one-half pint of kerosene, given in new milk warm, and repeat in two or three hours. He says: "It has never failed to effect a cure in the ten cases in which I have known it to be used."

Clover hay is much better for milch cows than timothy. It produces a larger quantity of milk, and also of a better quality. All butter-makers know how yellow the butter is which is made from the milk of cows fed on clover hay.

There is a vast difference in the flavor of eggs. Hens fed on clean, sound grain, and kept on a clean, grass run, give much finer flavored eggs than those that have access to stable and manure heaps and eat all kinds of filthy food. Hens feeding on oily species of fish and onions, flavor their eggs accordingly, the same as cows eating onions or cabbage, or drinking offensive water, impart a bad taste to milk and butter.

Poultry are very fond of milk and buttermilk, and they promote laying.

Charred grain, either of corn, wheat, oats or buckwheat, should be fed to fowls occasionally.

A German inventor has devised a practicable method of hatching eggs by electricity. The heat supplied to the incubator is regulated by a thermometer placed on the cover, the rising of the mercury cutting the coils of wire which form the heating apparatus out of the circuit and allowing them to cool. The only attention the eggs need is to sprinkle them with fresh water and turn them once a day.

Deprecating the disposition which some men show to abandon wool growing, a prominent wool grower writes: "Our lands will go to the dogs if we go out of sheep." There is truth in this which cannot well be gainsaid, remarks the Pittsburg Stockman. If the flocks should be removed from this part of the United States, how, without greatly-increased expense, would the fertility of our lands be maintained? There is something in all this to make the dissatisfied sheep raiser stop and ask himself the question: "Can I afford to quit?" Really, we do not think he can. The golden hoof is a practical necessity.

The drying or evaporating process has given a new impetus to fruit culture, and more especially to the cultivation of raspberries. Take an instance in a single limited locality: The Wayne county fruit report to the horticultural meeting at Rochester states that in a single township of Williamson in that county the raspberry known as the Ohio is chiefly planted for this purpose, on account of its great productiveness and fitness, and that one planter has twenty acres in bearing, another twenty-five, and another fifteen; while in the adjacent township of Marion there is a single plantation of this raspberry of more than fifty acres, and many smaller ones of from one to twelve acres. W. H. Pulver is reported as having raised on one acre, 40,000 quarts, or 125 bushels of this berry, selling for $360. Several others obtained nearly as much. The same report states that one establishment in Sodus dried sixty tons, another forty tons, and several others ten tons each, making an aggregate of evaporated fruit from that locality of over 400 tons.

Beet sugar making and cattle feeding are twin industries. They come into existence together, live and grow together, support each other and enrich each other. All that is necessary to promote such industry is a plentiful supply of roots. If dairymen would learn to grow them they would find millions of capital invested in it in a short time.

A fruit culturist gives the following calculation of the productiveness of certain fruits: Six gooseberry bushes will produce six gallons of fruit, six currant bushes twenty quarts, six blackberry bushes twenty-five quarts, six raspberry bushes ten quarts, and six grapevines 126 pounds. Much, however, depends upon the age of the plants, soil, season and cultivation.

When it is considered that beets require only about seventy days in which to mature from the seed; radishes, fifty days; tomatoes, fifty-five days; lettuce, forty-five days, etc., it will be seen that fertilizers to help these crops must be very soluble.

Don't suppose that you can jam the roots of fruit trees into small holes of poor soil, and have them do well. Unless you are willing to do the work thoroughly, and to give them a fertile soil, better not plant fruit trees at all.

Of one matter we may rest assured, if wheat growing is over-done, if our wheat must be sold at eighty cents per bushel in Chicago, the genius of the American farmer may be depended upon for raising some crop that will pay. Sorghum, beet sugar, flax and other staples will attract the attention of many agriculturists who cannot find remunerative business in producing and selling wheat at fifty to sixty cents per bushel at their farms, or at eighty cents in Chicago.

Boston now has a doctor to every ten patients, and agitation has commenced for the obviation of this glaring discrepancy. But there is no cause for undue worriment. The matter will adjust itself according to natural laws, and it will be but a few years ere we read that Boston has one physician for every five patients.—[Lowell Times.

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Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m. and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take *two* pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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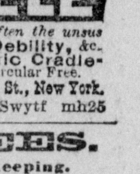

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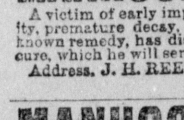

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THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

One Minister's Comments on the "Sphere of Woman."

A Baby in the Play—About Bonnets and Ribbons and Other Things in Paris.

How to Make Work-Dresses—Braids, Ribbons and Buckles.

It is a good thing and a most hopeful sign when such words are spoken from the pulpit as Rev. M. J. Savage said last Sunday in his sermon on "Woman's Sphere." The influence which the minister exerts upon any question, whether he be as conservative as Rev. Morgan Dix himself or as liberal and progressive as Mr. Savage, is always something different from that which comes from any other source. He is supposed to be moved only by deep conviction of the right or wrong of the question, to have no private interest to gain, to be unmoved by prejudice, and to take that view which he is convinced will be for the best good of the community. The audience which he addresses is always a smaller one than that which listens to those other public teachers, the press and the platform; but it has the deepest confidence in him. And, therefore, when a minister puts himself and his influence so wholesouledly on the side of progress, as did Mr. Savage, something is done for the removing of conventional barriers that could not be done in any other way.

The common-sense view of the subject which Mr. Savage took in his sermon is one that must commend itself to every one, no matter how much he disbelieves the statements. But what could be plainer than that if a woman has special faculties by gift of nature for this, that or the other thing, she should go on and use them rather than try to make herself useful in some other way to which she is not adapted? The man always makes a failure who tries to be a lawyer or a farmer when nature intended that he should be an artist or a musician. Then why expect a woman to be a good housekeeper when nature branded her deep with the marks of the journalist, the minister or the physician?

The world cannot hear too often such words as those of Mr. Savage's: "It seems to me, then, that right and justice and honor call upon man to make woman just as free as himself to seek her sphere in precisely the same way as himself, unhindered by any artificial obstructions and controlled only as man is controlled—by the inherent and eternal forces of his own nature. When this is done, I believe we shall find that man has taken one great forward step in civilization."

For until it has moved along a good deal farther than its present position, the world will need to have repeated and re-repeated to it and dinned into its ears that fact, as true as time is long, that a woman is in her "sphere" only when she is working out the bent and the capacities of her individual nature. And all women who care in the least to have this fact recognized, who care in the least to have "woman's sphere" made broader and easier in general, no matter how satisfied they are with their own lives, owe Mr. Savage gratitude for the broad and just and sensible view he took of the question, and the heartiness with which he threw his influence on the right side.

Apropos of the remarks the Woman's Hour made last Sunday on the subject of little children in horse-cars, how much interest an audience at the theatre always takes in a baby on the stage. This was well illustrated in the first act of "Separation" at the Globe last week. The audience kept its eyes fastened on the baby rather than on any one of the actors, and when the cunning little creature audibly lisped out "bye" a pleased little rustle and murmur, here and there becoming an outright laugh, ran all over the house. Theatrical people have among their numerous superstitions the firm belief that a baby in the cast will be sure to bring a play good luck. They have certainly better ground for that superstition than they have for some others, for it is built on that love for children, universal child-worship, which is a redeeming trait of all humanity. So nearly universal is it that a man or woman without it seems to be almost a monster.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

Various Items About Crinoline, Bonnets, Ribbons and Other Things.

It cannot be denied that crinoline is knocking at our doors, writes Mme. Raymond from Paris, and will soon force itself upon us. Already it reigns over the back of the dress. The steel springs have not yet invaded the front, but the time is not far distant when we shall again see ourselves imprisoned in its hoops.

Invention has been no less active in the domain of bonnets than of stuffs. We no longer see the classic straw bonnets which manufacturers were accustomed to make up by the thousand in two or three styles every season. At present each one endeavors to vary his shapes and styles as much as possible; and from the so-called straw bonnets which are made, not of straw, but of two kinds of galloon braided together, to those made of straw spixed with soutache or guipure, all kinds of summer weather. Colored straw, fancifully trimmed, will be worn more than last summer. But, to tell the truth, the ancient white or yellow straw bonnet will be seldom seen, except in the sultriest days of midsummer, and then only when enlivened with chenille or soutache, employed in a hundred different ways. Flowers will be much used for the trimming of bonnets, together with a multitude of fancy feather ornaments. Some straw bonnets will have the crown entirely covered with birds' wings set upright. Others will be made of straw braid, not sewed all in the same direction, but with the crown only made in the usual fashion, while the brim is sewed in semi-circles in front, and in the contrary direction on the sides.

Among the galloons used instead of straw braid, and which are quite as light as the latter, must be mentioned those of mixed metals, gold, copper, and oxidized silver. Thus braided, these galloons have a marvellous lustre, and present fine effects of light and shade. Bonnets of embroidered tulle, color on color, will be much worn next month. Among others, there are some of cream tulle embroidered with pale (not bright) gold which are very effective, being both rich and subdued. This tulle is used not only for bonnets, but for bouffant plastrons and half-long sleeves of elegant dinner toilettes.

White petticoats are only worn for full-dress evening toilettes. Those used for other occasions, and worn with all kinds of dresses, are, for economical persons, of simple wool, trimmed more or less elaborately on the bottom. Elegant petticoats are made of some soft silk, such as surah or silk serge; the bottom is cut in sharp points or scallops, under which are set one or two lace flounces very thickly gathered so as to afford a support to the scallops or points. If the dress is light, the petticoat is of light-colored silk—salmon, blue, old gold, pink, vert-de-gris, etc. In this case the flounces are made of white or cream lace. For dark-colored petticoats flounces are of black lace; very often, however, they are made of colored lace, differing in color from the petticoat. Lastly, they are made of silk, of a different color from that of the petticoat, and covered with open-work silk embroidery.

Ribbons, too, have broken with the classic tradition, and are brocaded with delicate or showy flowers, strewn with lustrous insects, or even adorned with pictures—hunting scenes, Watteau landscapes, or poultry yards with their feathered inmates. Many have on each edge a broad stripe of a different color from that of the ground; a few are still double faced—a style which, well known as it is, is very effective in the arrangement of bows, showing sometimes one and sometimes the other of the two colors.

WASH DRESSES.

Fabrics and Styles for Summer Toilets.

Figured Swiss muslins, percales without glazing, ecru batistes, Chambery and Scotch ginghams, according to Harper's, are the materials used by Paris modistes for the wash dresses sent here to be worn next summer at Newport and Saratoga. The old-fashioned white Swiss muslin is chosen for some of the prettiest white dresses, and this is wrought all over with small raised figures, detached yet very close together; the clover leaf, clover head and rosebud patterns are among the prettiest, and the woven design has the effect of tambour work. This figured Swiss is used for the entire dress, and its trimming consists of many-gathered ruffles of the muslin merely scalloped in button-hole stitches on the lower edge; when any lace is added, it is usually Valenciennes, though the oriental laces are still in favor. A great deal of shirring about the neck, shoulders, waist line and hips is seen on such dresses, and many of them are shirred polonaises with reverse sides, or open in front, with a long pendum point on each side, or else the polonaise is closed below the waist to give a round apron front, or the waist crosses on the bust from right to left, and thus leaves the apron front intact. Yoke waists are on percale and gingham dresses imported from Paris, and their trimmings are scallops overcast with the prevailing color in the material. A white percale with tiny sprays of the German cornflower in its natural blue has a yoke basque, the yoke being made pointed in back and front, with its lower edges scalloped with blue; to this yoke is gathered a basque, which is gathered again at the waist, and its sides are cut in short, peplum points. Skirts of solid-colored Chambery in the Titian red and old blue shades have an insertion and edge of the white worked antique lace, and are made to represent a full round skirt below a peplum polonaise. Ecru figured batistes in dots, blocks and lace designs are similarly made, and trimmed with sapphire blue velvet ribbons, or with seal brown or dark red. Nankin—a thick, buff cotton fabric—is made up with a vest of white or buff Marseilles, with coat, drapery and plaited skirt somewhat in tailor styles. White pique braid is also used for trimming the vest, overskirt and box-plaited skirts of nankin dresses.

TRIMMINGS.

How Dresses are Decorated with Braid, Ribbons and Buckles.

The trimmings this season, says L'Art de la Mode, designed either for wrap or dress decoration were never more superb, varied or handsomely applied, while dress fabrics are much used for trimmings, in the way of knife, rose, fan and kilt pleatings, pinked ruches and flounces and the like; garnitures bought by the yard, for decorating costly toilets, are shown in novel and most attractive forms. The newly imported black garnitures are marvels of richness and beauty; these are in fringes, pendant ornaments, applique bands, in floral patterns, of cut jet and crystal, mingled with chenille, groups of tiny palm patterns, in satin cord and cut jet, or with beading chenille and cord, showing gothic points and arabesques, both glittering ornaments depending therefrom. Ribbons and ribbon velvets are to be much used for trimming costumes of any dressy description, especially light fabrics like summer silk, veiling and plain merveilleux and foulards. Long loops and ends are mingled with, and fasten the draperies of the skirt, border the long panels in several straight rows and decorate the corsage in numberless ways; dressmakers are at full liberty to make use of as many dozen yards of ribbon of any description as their customers will supply or order. Buckles, clasps, slides and hooks in jet, steel, silver, gold or pearl are used with a free hand this spring, both for dress and millinery purposes. Braids of silk, wool, gold, silver, soutache, were never more popular as dress trimmings; these put on row upon row, or cross each other at even distances, in Grecian and other patterns. Galoons of every width are also employed, and are to be found in all the dark and neutral shades, to match the plain dress fabrics, or show mixtures and odd combinations in keeping with materials of many colors. Pinking is revived, and is used to finish the edges of frills and flounces indiscriminately upon fabric of silk, satin or wool.

A GIRL'S ROMANTIC STORY.

How a Waitress in a Summer Hotel Became the Wife of a Millionaire.

(Pittsburg Post.)

Both the Packer boys, Robert and Harry, were treated like equals by their father and mother. In the village where this good old man lived there was a summer hotel, which was patronized considerably during the season. young Harry Packer often taking his meals there. A young girl named Lockwood, the daughter of a respectable citizen living near the village, came in to assist waiting on the table. The frequency of Harry Packer's meals at the hotel attracted some attention, and his brother Robert, or "Bob," as he was familiarly and affectionately called by almost all who ever knew him, said one day before the father and Harry at the breakfast table that Harry was sweet on a little girl down at the hotel, and that was the reason he did not come to his meals regularly. Harry colored up a little, and after they had finished their breakfast the old judge seated himself on the front porch, which overlooks Mauch Chunk and gives such a magnificent view of the Lehigh valley, the moving boats and trains, which his own industry had created and brought together, the old gentleman said: "Harry, who is this girl Robert refers to?"

"Miss Lockwood, father, the daughter of a man you know very well."

"Are you going to marry her, Harry?" said the judge.

"I have some notion of it, father," said Harry.

"Well, wait till I go down and see her," said the judge, and picking up his old white hat and cane, the judge quietly ambled down to the hotel and asked for Miss Lockwood. She innocently came into the office of the hotel, with her dining-room apron on, and seated herself beside the judge. Just what he said to her, or she to him, never will be exactly known unless she tells it, but when the judge came out he was smiling and appeared mighty well pleased. He went home and found Harry still sitting on the porch where he had left him. By this time the judge's face had resumed its usual grave but kind expression. "Well Harry," he said, "that is a very nice girl down there, but she has no money. We must raise her some."

The old judge put down his memorandy for $50,000, the mother and the others for $25,000 each, and this $150,000 was placed in the bank to the exclusive and immediate credit of Miss Lockwood; the engagement was announced, the wedding day was fixed, the marriage took place and Harry Packer got the girl he liked.

HOW A FLAME WAS IGNITED.

A Romance—Scene I., New Hampshire; Scene II., Colorado—Out of the Ordinary.

Two years a ago Colorado lady while summering in the State of New Hampshire met Miss Nellie Pearson, a good-looking and well-esteemed lady of this city, who had for years been an enthusiastic collector of geological specimens. The Colorado lady said to her: "If you will write to my friend, Mr. Eugene Weston, at Canon City, Col., he would be glad to send you some of his duplicate specimens," but Miss Pearson, not deeming it a proper thing to do, declined with thanks. The Colorado lady, on returning to her home, however, gave Mr. Weston the Manchester young lady's address, and when Miss Pearson returned a letter, thanking him for some beautiful specimens, he could not help writing back and telling her not to mention it. Miss Pearson could not rest until she had thanked Mr. Weston again, and thus evened up the correspondence. The "evening up" process utterly failed, however, hard as Miss Pearson tried to make it a success, and finally after two whole years' steady work she found herself still indebted to Mr. Weston for an unanswered letter and for a whole wagon load of geological freaks, which had straggled East by every mail during the whole four-and-twenty months. Despairing of ever squaring her account by mail, she quietly arranged her departure for Canon City, and with a companion left Manchester several weeks ago without attracting curiosity or notice.

A late copy of the Canon City Record has reached here and tucked away down in a corner is this little notice:

MARRIED.—At Canon City, on the 25th instant, by Rev. D. G. Patten, Mr. Eugene Weston of Canon City to Miss Nellie Pearson of Manchester, N. H.

The news has created the pleasantest kind of a sensation in Manchester society, of which Miss Pearson was a respected but retiring member. Eugene Weston is a New Englander, being a Bloomfield, Me., man, who went West when 15 years of age. He is a member of the Episcopal Church in Canon City, and a cultivated man, of polite tastes. He was a member of an unsuccessful Pike's Peak company, a soldier of the rebellion, once the sheriff of Pueblo, and at different times later on has held offices of high public trust. He is deep in geology and botany, and has one of the most extensive private conservatories in Colorado, and writes a letter to one of the friends of the bride in this city, in which he says: "My lucky star is not set in the far away, unreachable heavens, but is among the minerals of the earth."

ON CEMETERY HILL.

Colonel Dodge on Generals Meade and Lee in the Battle of Gettysburg.

Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, U. S. A., lectured last night before the Harvard Historical Society on the "Battle of Gettysburg." On June 9, 1863, Lee set out on his second invasion of Pennsylvania. If Halleck had given the word, Hooker might have advanced and captured Richmond. But he was afraid to leave Washington uncovered, and Lincoln was afraid that the army might be caught across the river. On June 26 Hooker had a chance to attack Lee's rear at Frederick, but Halleck did not allow him to carry out his plan, and he resigned. July 1 the armies were around Gettysburg. Meade and Ewell started for the village of Gettysburg at the same time. Meade occupied Cemetery hill with one corps, and sent the others to the village. Ewell fell in with the Eleventh Corps, and after a fierce engagement crushed it. Cemetery hill was the most important position of the Union army. To Generals Reynolds, Hancock and Howard belong the honor of having chosen the battleground of Gettysburg. The Confederates attacked the hill both on the right and left. Longstreet attacked the left, held by Sickles. Sickles had drawn up his troops, leaving Little Round Top in his rear open to the enemy. Hood hastened to seize it. The First Union brigade rushed to defend it. At the same time Ewell was attacking the extreme left. Evening found the Union side victorious. On July 3 Lee made a vigorous attack on the Union centre. In the afternoon Lee was defeated in a general engagement. The next day he began to retreat and Meade might have entirely destroyed his adversary; but he remained where he was and guarded what he had won. Lee retired across the Potomac on the 10th. The total Union force was 84,000, the total Confederate 68,000 men. The loss on each side was 23,000. Meade was a sound, practical soldier, but not at all brilliant. Lee is open to criticism. On July 2 the attacks by Longstreet and Ewell should have been made together, but each waited for the other. It would have been still better for Lee not to have kept up a long line of six miles around the hill.

HOUSEKEEPERS' COLUMN.

What to Have for Breakfasts, Dinners and Suppers.

How to Carry Out These Plans and About What it will Cost for a Family of Six.

Answers to Correspondents—How to Hull Corn.

O lady fair, so sweet and true,
I have a secret charm for you,
To keep your lover's heart your own
When youth is gone and beauty flown.

Though fortune frown and skies are drear,
And friends are changing year by year,
One thing is always sure to please—
Just give him puddings such as these.
—Susan Anna Brown.

As a certain famous cook has well said, there is no silent educator in the household that has higher rank than the table. Surrounded three times a day by the family, who gather from their various callings and duties, eager for refreshment of body and spirit, its impressions sink deep, and its influences for good or ill form no mean part of the warp and woof of our lives. Its fresh damask, bright silver, glass and china, give beautiful lessons in neatness, order and taste; its damask soiled, rumpled and torn, its silver dingy, its glass cloudy and china nicked, annoy and vex us at first, and then instil their lessons of carelessness and disorder. An attractive, well-ordered table is an incentive to good manners; and being a place where one is inclined to linger it tends to control the bad habit of fast eating; while on the contrary an uninviting, disorderly table gives license to bad manners and encourages that haste which is proverbial among Americans. The woman, then, who looks after her table in these particulars is not doing trivial work, for it rests with her to give, silently, these good or bad lessons in manners and morals to her household three times a day.

"Remuant" Breakfast (Cheap).
Oatmeal and cream.
Scalloped Veal. Lyonnaise potatoes.
Corn bread.
Coffee.

A very nice way to use up cold veal of any sort is to scallop it. Arrange alternate layers of the meat minced fine and cracker-crumbs, as for scalloped oysters; wet with good broth, in which an onion has been boiled. If you have no broth on hand, make a little by boiling the bones and trimmings of the veal while preparing the above. Put over the top a layer of crumbs, wet into a paste with milk and a beaten egg. Unless your oven is very slow, it is best to cover the dish with a pan for the first half hour, and then let it brown ten minutes uncovered.

For Lyonnaise potatoes, put two or three slices of fat ham into a frying-pan, and when hot and brown, slice in half an onion. When both are fried, take out the ham and onion and put into the fat which remains two cup-fulls of cold boiled potatoes, cut into small pieces and seasoned with pepper, salt, and a little mustard. Fry a delicate brown, stirring often.

Breakfast No. 2—Cost $1.25.
Oranges.
Baked Eggs.
Potato fritters. Rolls.
Chocolate.

Take a dozen eggs, or as many as are needed; 1 cup chicken or other good gravy; 1 teaspoonful parsley and onions mixed and chopped fine; 1 handful very fine bread-crumbs; pepper and salt to taste. Pour enough gravy into a neat baking-dish to cover the bottom well, and mix with the remainder the parsley and onion. Set the dish in the oven till the gravy begins to hiss and bubble, then break the eggs into it, so that they do not crowd one another. Strew bread-crumbs thickly over them, pepper and salt, and return to the oven for three minutes. Then pour the rest of the gravy (which should be hot) over the whole. More very fine bread-crumbs, and bake till the eggs are "set." Send to table in the baking-dish.

For the potato fritters—take 6 tablespoonfuls mashed potato; ½ cup of good cream; 5 eggs—the yolks light and strained—whites whisked stiff; 2 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar; 2 of prepared flour; juice of half a lemon; half the grated peel; nutmeg. Work the cream into the potato, beat up light and rub through a sieve; add the beaten yolks and sugar. Whip to a creamy froth; put in the lemon, flour, nutmeg, and beat five minutes longer before the whites are stirred in. Have your lard ready and hot, drop in the batter by the spoonful and fry light brown. Drain on clean paper, serve, and eat with wine sauce.

Breakfast No. 3—Cost $2.30.
Fruit
Oatmeal and cream.
White perch. Scallop chicken.
Breakfast rolls.
Coffee and chocolate.

For the scalloped chicken, take 1 cold boiled fowl, 1 cup gravy, 1 tablespoonful of butter and 1 egg well beaten, 1 cup fine bread-crumbs, pepper and salt. Don't chop the chicken—cut into small pieces. Heat up once in the gravy, remove from the fire, add the egg, and then proceed as for other scalloped dishes. Bake to a delicate brown in a quick oven.

Dinner No. 1—Cost $1 10.
Frugal soup.
Calf's liver a l'Anglaise.
Spinach. Potato croquettes.
Pickles.
Cocoanut pudding.

Soup: 3 pounds bones, ½ pound liver, 1 slice corned ham, 2 turnips and 2 carrots, can of tomatoes, ½ cup sago, pepper, salt, sweet herbs and 3 quarts cold water. Break the bones, chop the meat, vegetables and herbs, and cook slowly three hours. Soak the sago all this time in a little cold water. Strain the soup, rubbing vegetables and liver through a colander. Season, boil, skim, add sago, and cook one-half hour longer.

To cook the liver—Take 1 liver, ½ pound fat salt pork, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 small onion minced, chopped parsley, pepper and browned flour. Melt the butter in a saucepan, lay in the liver, then the pork next to the parsley and onion, with salt and pepper. Cover closely and set where it will heat slowly without boiling for one hour and a half. Then increase heat till gravy bubbles. Remove from fire, cover the liver in a hot dish, thicken the gravy and pour over the meat after it has boiled one minute.

Dinner No. 2—Cost $3.
Bouillon of Beef.
Tomato omelet with cheese. Savory.
Rice pudding. Potatoes. Pudding.
Fruit. Coffee.

For the beef—Take 6 pounds round of beef, all in one piece; 4 turnips; 3 carrots; 2 onions; handful of cabbage sprouts; 2 tablespoonfuls of butter cut up in flour; sweet herbs, made mustard, 1 teaspoonful; 4 quarts water. Cover the beef with water and cook slowly one hour. Cut the vegetables into long strips and cook them in boiling salted water twenty minutes. Throw this water away, skim the soup well and add the vegetables. Stew all slowly two hours. Take out the beef and brown in a good oven. Take half the vegetables from the pot and keep hot. Rub the rest through a colander, season, boil sharply for five minutes, adding butter and flour, and the soup is ready for the tureen. Season the reserved vegetables, and, having dished your beef, lay them, very hot, around it.

For the omelette—Beat 6 eggs enough to just mingle whites and yolks well. Put into the pan as for any omelette: cook three minutes; lay upon one-half of the omelette 5 or 6 slices of tomatoes. Fold the other half over this and dish the omelette. Put a handful of dry cheese, grated, and seasoned with pepper and salt, over the omelette, singeing with a red-hot shovel held close to it, and serve hot.

For the savory rice pudding—Take 1 teacupful raw rice, 1 onion, 1 cup broth, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 cup chopped cold meat, pepper and salt. Boil the rice with the onion in the broth, adding water. When it is soft, remove onion; add a raw custard made of the milk, egg, etc. Mix well with the meat; put into a greased mould, set in a pan of boiling water, and bake, covered, till firm. About forty-five minutes should be enough. Turn out and serve with the meat.

Dinner No. 3—Cost $4 75.
Oysters on half-shell.
Oxtail soup.
Baked shad. Pate of sweet breads.
Spinach. Bermuda potatoes.
Boiled leg of mutton, caper sauce.
Salad.
Potatoes. Scalloped cauliflower.
Pudding. Lemon ice.
Fruit. Coffee.

Nothing given above needs particular notice, as some of the receipts have already been given in this column.

Remuant Supper (Cheap).
Devilled turkey.
Griddle cakes.
Cake and tea.

Cut gashes in the legs and upper joints of cold roast turkey, and rub in pepper, salt and mustard; then heat through on a gridiron.

Supper No. 2—Cost 50c.
Scalloped oysters.
Toast and rolls.
Broma r cocoa.

Directions for the oysters have already been given here.

Supper No. 3—Cost $1 75.
Chicken salad.
Plain bread. Rolls.
Assorted cake.
Tea a la Russe and chocolate.

For the fashionable tea a la Russe, slice fresh, juicy lemons; pare carefully, lay a piece in bottom of each cup; sprinkle with white sugar and pour the tea, very hot and strong, over them; or send around the sliced lemon with the cups of tea that each person may squeeze in the juice to please himself. Some leave the peel on and profess to like the bitter flavor which it gives.

Answers to Correspondents.

HOW TO MAKE HULLED CORN.—Put two large handfuls of clean hardwood ashes in two quarts of cold water; boil fifteen or twenty minutes; then let it stand until the ashes settle and the water is perfectly clear. To this cleansed water, which should be strong enough of the lye to feel slippery, add as much cold water as necessary to cover the corn; put in the corn and let it boil till the blackened hulls begin to start off, skim out into a pan of clear, cold water, and rub thoroughly with the hands to remove the hulls and cleanse the corn from the lye; rub through two or three waters, that there may be no taste of the lye; then put into clear water and boil till tender.

Hulled corn is good hot or cold; is very nice for breakfast, dressed with cream, pepper and salt; or eaten like bread, with milk. Some like it fried, and others eat it with syrup—but it is always good.

The above for "F. H. R."

PECK'S BAD BOY.

He Teaches the Groceryman Charity Towards a Former Enemy.

[Peck's Sun.]

"What you doing that money up in a paper for," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in with a $2 bill, and wrapped it up in a half sheet of note paper, and asked for an envelope.

"That's some April fool business, I'll bet $5."

"I'll take the bet, and when I convince you that it is no April fool business, we will put your $5 in with this and send it. I am going to send that $2 to the Confederate Grand Army fair at Richmond, Va. You see there are lots of private soldiers who fought in the Confederate army who are destitute, some of them on the verge of starvation, with families to support, and they have no government to give them pensions, and their neighbors are poor, so their comrades are getting up a fair to raise money to help support them, and perhaps build a home for them like our soldiers' home, and the Confederates ask the Northern people to chip in a little towards it. I sympathize with the old boys $2; how much do you sympathize?" and the boy looked at the groceryman as though he expected a contribution.

"Not a darn sympathize," said the groceryman, as he picked up the cheese-knife and raised it over his head, as though he wanted to cut a slice of cheese off a Confederate soldier. "No, sir, I won't give a picket. Serves them right if they suffer and starve. What did they want to raise a row for? They were whipped, and now they must submit to their defeat and live the best way they can. Catch me giving money to rebels! No, never! You are a fool."

"You are a heartless old cuss, that's what you are. You never was a soldier, or you would have some charity concealed about your carcass. The Union soldiers are giving cheerfully towards helping their old opponents, and

It Comes With a Bad Grace

for a stay-at-home coward like you to go back on soldiers. Union officers shake hands with Confederate officers, and the government gives offices to them, and when they come up North everybody is glad to see them, and when our people go South in the winter everybody treats them splendid, and they forget all about the terrible war; but here is a chance to do something kind for the old crippled and sick private soldiers of the Confederate army, who have hearts and souls and everything but money, and you refuse to give a nickel, eh?"

"Yes, I refuse," said the groceryman, as he went off on his counter to get away from the boy. "I don't want nothing to do with men who tried to break up this Union. Condemn them, they shot a brother-in-law of mine in the back, and for a year after the war he couldn't sit down, except on his knees. When I think of what that man suffered for want of rest it makes me wild, and when I think of the government refusing my brother-in-law a pension on the flimsy ground that the ball shot into the man running away from the enemy in the field, my blood boils. He had to get back to the rear at Gettysburg, because he had left his knapsack with his writing materials in about a mile back, and he wanted to write a letter to his parents. By gum, I won't give a cent."

"Those who were shot in the back and their friends are the most bitter on the Confederates," said the bad boy sarcastically. "The Union soldiers who were shot in the breast, or had an arm or a leg shot off while at the front, and who fell with their faces towards the boys in gray, are the ones who appreciate bravery, and they don't kick on chipping in a little to help their old enemies, who are friends now, out of a tight place. You would treat our misguided neighbors

Worse Than England Treats the Zulus.

You are worse than a cannibal. You do not seem to appreciate the fact that these old Confederate soldiers are white, that they are brothers, belonging to the same country that we do, speaking the same language, and ready to fight for our Union at the drop of the hat if ever occasion requires. You would see them starve and not raise a helping hand. You would not see a dog starve if he came to your door and plead mutely for food, and yet you will see a Confederate soldier, who for three years fought because he thought he was right, and went to his desolate home with a bullet in him, suffer for the necessaries of life, and you refuse to help him. Can't you realize that his children are as dear to him as yours are to you, and that it breaks his heart to see their pitiful faces pinched with hunger, and that their voices asking for bread from the father who is unable to earn it for them sound to him like a death knell? Can't you imagine that the Confederate soldier feels crushed to know the need of the price of a sack of flour, when millions of dollars are squandered every day in foolishness by rich people who are no better than he is? I should think, if you could picture to yourself old veteran Confederates in rags, with children around them, climbing on their knees, and looking up into their bronzed or pale faces with wondering eyes, asking by their looks why it is that they have no homes, no food, and precious little clothes, if you have a soul in you, you would reach down in your pocket and find something that you would be glad to give to them. Try and realize that those men are human, and as good as we average up North here, that their children are handsome and loving, and need educating, and need words of cheer instead of curses, and think how rich our people are at the North, and how poor they are, and how much good a few dollars, that we would not miss, will do them, and how far a little money would go toward making them comfortable, and making them feel that, though our people were hard fighters, and shot from the shoulder, the recoil of the guns did not

Callous the Hearts of the Victors.

How much better you would feel if you knew the $5 you are going to give me to put in this letter with my $2 would reach a Confederate soldier who was so despondent as to almost wish he were dead, and change his countenance from despair to smiling hope, and cause him to thank his God and your God that the darkest hour is just before day, and may find down at the bottom of his shoes would now laugh on a full stomach, while the soldier papa and the patient Southern mamma would cry for joy, and say God bless our Northern brother and shield him from all harm. What do you think about this scheme, anyway?" and the boy took an envelope in a business way and began directing it to the Confederate Grand Army at Richmond, while his tongue was run out on one side just like a boy when writing a letter.

"Now look a-here, you dry up this kind of talk or you will have me believing," said the groceryman, as he wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his shirt. "Here, don't send that letter by mail. Send it by express, and put in $10 for me, and put on a postscript and tell the boss Confederate soldier that the $2 comes from the best-hearted boy in Wisconsin, while the $10 is from the almighties condemnedest fool that ever abused a white man behind his back. That oration of yours settles me, boy. You can teach me more sense in ten minutes than all the ministers can in a year. Shake, you young villain," and the groceryman came from behind the counter and hugged the bad boy as though he was a girl.

"Another county heard from," said the bad boy as he put the $12 in the envelope and started down to the express office. "It's a cold day when Hennery can't get in his work for charity," and he went off whistling "Away down South in Dixie," while the groceryman looked out of the window at him with a big smile and began humming an old Southern tune that he had almost forgotten.

Very Tough Stories.

[Exchange.]

Late one evening recently a New York goat of the William persuason and tender years, though robust stomach, returned to the bosom of his family with an expression of pain upon his countenance and a suspicious contortion about the stomach. "Oh, my son," said his grave and revered sire, "you are ailing—you have eaten something indigestible. What is it?" "I know not, father," returned young William. "All I have lunched on this evening was a few circus posters on a bill-board around the corner." "It is as I thought, my son," wisely nodded the old stager. "You have swallowed one or two of those stories concerning the white elephant. I saw them myself, my son, and decided not to go them. They looked too tough for even my muscular gastric juice. But here is a choice assortment of tin cans and old shoes. Eat a few of these and by the time they mix with the circus bill in your stomach I think the kinks will be pretty effectually removed. You cannot be too careful about eating what you find on the bill-boards these times."

ARTISTIC FURNISHING.

Floors and Their Coverings—Inlaid Floors—Carpets—Mattings—Art is a Matter of Effects, Not of Materials.

In the present article and a number of succeeding ones, it is proposed, under the title of "Artistic Furnishing," to present a definite outline of the best results that have followed this revival of the decorative arts, and to analyze the details that combine to form the artistic whole. The design is rather to offer a few simple rules for general guidance than to interfere with individual taste in minute particulars—not to indicate a royal road to the summit of fine art in the decorating of our homes, but rather simple stepping-stones for those who are likely to be left somewhat behind in the race for greater refinement of taste and a higher degree of culture. It is not intended to particularize the styles that at the moment of writing may chance to be the most fashionable; the design is to suggest the essentials of a scheme of practical artistic arrangement. A natural and comprehensive division of the subject would seem to be into, first, floors and their coverings; second, walls and ceilings, with decoration, hangings, draperies for openings and upright surfaces; third, furniture proper and its disposition; fourth, the care of furniture, etc.; and fifth, convertibility, or the practical evolution of commonplace effects into artistic elements of furnishing. This division of the subject we shall follow as far as practicable in consecutive articles.

I.—Floors and Their Coverings.

There are many ways of treating the floor surface of a room, either in part or entirely, so as to avoid the necessity of carpeting the whole surface. The cheapest way, if we have a sound floor, is to paint or stain it in four or five coats of dark color, and then finish it with shellac. Care must be taken that the groundwork throughout is dark, so that scratches shall not show any light color under, and that time is allowed for each succeeding coat to harden and dry. If this work is done well, it will last a long time. If oak-stain is used, and it can be bought ready mixed, it is applied to the floor with an ordinary paint brush. If one stain is not dark enough, wait until the surface is quite dry and give it a second coat; when dry, rub it with beeswax and turpentine, applied with a flannel. If a square carpet or rug is to be pinned down over the centre space, the floor needs only a stained or painted margin, about two or three feet wide. But if the floors are too poorly laid to make it possible to bring them to a good appearance by any such superficial treatment, a parquet floor may be laid, or wood carpeting put down. Wood carpeting is an invention especially designed for these houses that are already built with floors that hardly present a respectable appearance if simply stained or painted. This carpeting is made of well-seasoned and kiln-dried hard woods, cut into strips one and an eighth to one and three-eighth inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, and glued to a heavy cotton drill. The wood is then planed and oiled. It rolls up like an oilcloth, and can be laid by any good carpenter. It can be put down to look like ordinary flooring of one kind of fine wood, or laid with fancy designs, centre pieces, etc. The standard goods in wood carpeting are plain, straight strips of one wood alone, such as ash, oak or walnut, or alternate strips of different woods. These, a yard wide, sell at $2 a yard. The fancy styles sell by the square foot, from fifty cents to $1 50. Handsome borders, in various widths and styles, such as Gothic and Grecian, are also manufactured. The usual widths for borders are from five to ten inches, and sell from twenty to sixty cents per foot. This flooring can be laid down in any room, over the boards. The cost is no more than that of a handsome carpet. If there is a rug for the centre of the room, a border only of wood carpeting need be laid. A margin of not less than fifteen inches—eighteen inches or two feet is better—will form a suitable finish, fitted to any irregularities in the outline of the room.

Another way to settle this problem of floors, but an expensive one, is to have an inlaid or parquet floor. This parquet consists of the fitting together of narrow strips of various hard woods, carefully grooved and tongued, with a pattern. The designs for parquetry that are most consistent with the natural grain of the wood and facility of working it are the pleasantest to look on. Oak, combined with walnut and mahogany, or red and white oak, are good. Black birch, the heart and sap of the birch, one dark and the other light, makes a good contrast of color. This, however, is less the use of the oak and ash, which have more conspicuous grain, and either one of which alone make a handsome flooring, the design being sufficiently marked by the natural fibre. This work is expensive in itself, nearly double the cost of a wood carpet, and it involves considerable extra expense and labor in cutting and altering the old floor; but if a properly-laid parquet floor will outwear half a dozen carpets, as an enthusiastic advocate for inlaid floors confidently asserts, and the first cost, above what is indispensable for any floor, will not be more than that of one good carpet, it would seem that every one who owns a house ought also to be the happy possessor of at least one parquet floor. For a hard-wood floor also, it is advisable to use beeswax and turpentine. About a pound of beeswax, thoroughly dissolved in three pints of turpentine, is needed; the mixture should be only a trifle thicker than the clear turpentine. Apply it with a flannel to the surface of the floor, which should be perfectly clean. This is the difficult part of the work, for if you put on too much or too little, a good polish will be impossible. The right amount varies, less being required for a hard, close-grained wood, and more if the wood is soft or open-grained. Even professional "waxers" are sometimes obliged to experiment, and novices should always try a square foot or two first. Put on what you think will be enough, and leave the place untouched and unstepped on for twenty-four hours, or longer if needful. When it is thoroughly dry, rub it with a hard brush until it shines. If it polishes well, repeat the process over the entire floor. If it does not, remove the wax with lime sand-paper and try again, using more or less than before, as may be necessary, and continue your experimenting until you secure the desired result. It the mixture is slow in drying, add a little of any of the common "driers" sold by paint dealers, japan, for instance, in the proportion of one part of the drier to six parts of turpentine. When the floor is a large one you may vary the tedious work of polishing by strapping a brush to each foot and skating over it. With an inlaid floor one may be on the highway to happiness, but the full measure of content is only reached when to the floor we add some Persian rugs. But all this involves much expense. This is true, but the expense is once and for all time, for you must remember that the floor will outwear half a thousand carpets, and that a really good rug is the most accommodating thing in the world, and will live on to the third and fourth generation without so much as a hint of growing old, or, rather, as age comes on, it only adds to its beauty.

There are very good "domestic Persian" rugs, as they are called; they are less than half the price of the imported article, and are durable. These rugs are manufactured chiefly after Indian and Persian designs, and some of them are so handsome that, like their prototypes, they accord with noble apartments and rich furniture. Reversible Smyrna rugs or carpets are also made in this country. Another serviceable rug is made of the ravellings of fine carpets. There is, of course, no set pattern, but a pleasant mingling of hues, and the texture makes it agreeable to the foot, though they are, perhaps, more suitable as a rug over matting in summer than as a sole dependence in winter on a hard-wood floor. These carpets come in breadths, like common carpeting, and can be made into rugs of any size. They have no right side, and can be turned at pleasure. Just a word as to the color of the rugs to be used. They should be sombre and rich rather than gay. A rug with white or gray is not to be recommended, unless the room for which it is intended be dark. A thick rug, with the pattern a good deal broken, and with nothing very odd or noticeable in its design, is best. The advantage of a hard-wood floor laid down originally, or of a floor covered with wood carpet, is so great on the score of health and labor-saving that it would seem as if only prejudice that comes from old association could long keep up the fashion of carpets. Although carpets are great hiders of dirt and dust, they are also great holders of dirt and dust as well, and apart from the waste of money in covering places that do not need covering, the question of health involved in the use of carpets is a very serious one, for carpets, especially ingrain, absorb all the bad air. Of course rugs are dust-makers and dust-holders as well, but the advantage is that they can be easily moved and shaken whenever it is thought necessary, and without occasioning any extra labor to speak of, whereas taking up a carpet is so troublesome an affair that it is seldom done more than once a year. The large pieces of furniture in our rooms stands against the walls, the sofa, the piano-fortes, the side-boards, the book-cases; they do not need carpet under them; the carpet on which they stand represents

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1884.

THE WOMAN OF WAX;

OR,

THE MEMOIRS OF A DETECTIVE,

will begin May 12. It is written by Rene de Pont Jest, who has taken the place long occupied by Gaboriau as the most popular author of detective stories. His work, "No. 13 Rue Mariot," was published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and had a large sale. William Dow, the hero of the latter story, and whom no reader can ever forget, reappears in "The Woman of Wax" with his wonderful detective skill.

WORK FOR VICTORY.

All, whatever be the name of their party in the past---Democratic, Republican, Anti-Monopoly, Labor Reform, Revenue Reform or Greenback---who desire to overthrow the Republican leaders, are invited to rally around THE GLOBE, which will be the strongest advocate of the rights of the people, and do all it can to elect a people's President. It is the people who rule.

See that every house in your town reads THE WEEKLY GLOBE regularly during this campaign; let each subscriber get as many new subscribers as he can, and count each one a new voter gained on the people's side.

Only fifty cents from now until January, 1885. An extra copy free to every club of four for $2. Every subscriber wanted as an agent. Every one may be an agent. See other advertisements.

HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

The Weekly Globe is sent everywhere in the United States and Canadas, one year, free of postage, for only $1 00; six copies for only $5 00.

All subscriptions should be sent by postal order registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston, though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three cents.

To ensure immediate attention and prompt answers, all letters should be addressed to "The Weekly Globe, Boston, Mass."

Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and State.

Every notice of change of residence should give former as well as present address, and both in full.

Every notice to discontinue should give the town county and State to which the paper is being sent.

All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of expense.

When postage stamps are sent they should not be registered.

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass."

Sample copies are free.

The Republicans have not been so certain of late that the Democrats will not carry the country this fall.

The London Times says: "The Egyptian correspondence confirms the unfavorable views of the ministerial policy, and must produce a general sense of shame and confusion."

The New York police commissioners compel the officers and men of the force to pay $15,000 out of their salaries to fee the lawyers who defended the commission before the Roosevelt committee. Another investigation seems to be in order.

The Maryland Republicans followed the example of those of a dozen other States and extolled President Arthur, while they instructed for Blaine. This persistent giving the shadow to one and the substance to his rival, is as amusing to the outsiders as it is exasperating to the Arthurites.

Another Republican Star route rascal, Kellogg, has escaped punishment through a legal technicality. Some one must know how the errors crept into the indictment. The truth is that the Republican party dare not punish its own rascals. It would have to transfer its headquarters to the penitentiary.

Colonel Burleigh, the Daily Telegraph's special correspondent, advises the rapid building of a railroad from Suakin to Berber for the relief of Gordon and the settlement of the Soudan troubles, and the English are wondering why they never thought of that before. Americans in the same situation would have had the railroad built, and the Soudan cut up into town lots long ago.

The circular that has been sent "where it would do the most good" among the Republican delegates gives evidence that the political ring on that side of the fence is pretty well furnished with knives. The attempt to get up a feeling against Robert Lincoln because he is the son of his father is simply amusing. But the party that has no better presidential material than an untried and inexperienced man like the secretary of war, would better give up. And the party that is driven to making war, inside of itself, against his nomination, on the ground that there is danger of establishing an aristocracy, would better close up the shop and retire from business.

Frivolous paragraphers have made the foot of the Chicago girl the subject of flippant flings for many years, and brought ridicule upon the understanding of that maligned maiden, but all they have said has been in way of jest and has been so taken. But again we learn that truth is stranger than fiction. A Connecticut shoe manufacturer has on exhibition a shoe made for and worn by Miss Fanny Mills of Sandusky, O., before which the stories of the jesters pale into insignificance. It is eighteen inches long, nearly two feet around the ankle, nine inches across the sole, and eleven and a half inches through the instep. It is irregular in shape and fits her foot closely. O, funny men of the St. Louis press, where now be your gibes and jests?

THE COMING MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

The Massachusetts Democratic Convention has declared, in unmistakable terms, that General Benjamin F. Butler is its first choice for President of the United States, and will send a delegation, headed by the general himself, to Chicago, to present his name for the support of the delegates of the other States.

This action will excite great interest throughout the country, as it is equivalent to a formal announcement by General Butler of his candidacy and a call to his friends to begin campaign work at once.

The announcement will be received by the people, irrespective of party, with unbounded enthusiasm; because, in the first place, General Butler, of all prominent Americans, most closely expresses their beliefs and desires on the issues of the hour—federalism, revenue reform, labor reform; and, because they believe that a man of his character and opinions is necessary at the head of the government to stay the illegal unification of political power in the President and Congress, and to restore to the people the rights and prosperity of which year by year they have been deprived.

Massachusetts, having signified her choice, now presents the name of General Butler to the people of other States, and urges them to rally around the standard of their greatest chieftain.

It is only for the people to consider whether General Butler has the elements of strength to take the field and win. A ready answer will come to the lips of all. If General Butler—a man of the people, the dearest friend of the people, the most sympathetic and ablest defender of the people—cannot win, then no man of the people ever can win.

But General Butler can be nominated and can be elected if the people will rise in their might.

THE UNITED DEMOCRACY.

The action of the representatives of Massachusetts' 150,000 Democrats at Worcester yesterday offers no weak point for adverse criticism to strike at. The convention was marked by that harmony which comes of unity of purpose and thorough appreciation of the necessity for sinking unimportant differences in the common determination to accomplish the one great thing desired by all. The proceedings at Worcester showed to the country a great and powerful Democratic party in Massachusetts, consolidated and firmly welded together by the genius and energy of a leader of men, and maintaining unbroken ranks after a repulse. There is no wavering in the lines, none of that uncertainty and division of counsels which follow a defeat. The conflict last fall developed the latent strength of the Massachusetts Democracy and gave it confidence in its own power. In the councils of the national party the voice of Massachusetts will be listened to with respectful attention this year, and her delegates will exert an influence in deliberations of the July convention which former delegations have not wielded. In selecting the candidate of the party, the fact that there is one man who can lead the Democrats of Massachusetts to victory will not be forgotten. The unanimous voice of the Worcester Convention recommending the nomination of General Butler will be heard at Chicago.

The issues upon which the party has united and the reasons for its unprecedented growth are made clear in Mr. Plympton's masterly review of the situation and presentation of facts. He shows that, in one year of only partial power, Governor Butler and the Democratic party accomplished reforms in the government of Massachusetts which their opponents have not ventured to reverse, although they denounced the reformers. By promising to carry forward the good work, the Republicans managed to get restored to power; but Mr. Plympton shows that their vaunted statesman and worthy successor of Andrew has achieved nothing but a fulmination against the friendless yellow dog. By his neglect and refusal to restore to office the faithless servants discharged for cause by Governor Butler, the present incumbent indorses Governor Butler's administration, and the Republican party confesses judgment. The Republicans have not dared to force the issues upon which they made their fight last year, and by trying thus to avoid the condemnation of the people they have shown that the Democratic position was right and have strengthened the hands of the Democrats for the next campaign. There is therefore no question that the Democratic party is even stronger in Massachusetts today than it was last fall, when it rolled up a vote of 150,000 for Butler. It has adopted a positive and progressive policy, and is prepared to follow a positive and progressive leader to victory. The speeches of Messrs. Simmons, Palmer, Gargan, Hathaway and others show what life and confidence have been infused into the party by the vigorous personality of General Butler, and indicate that his nomination at Chicago would be hailed as an assurance of a national victory.

THE PLATFORM.

The platform adopted by the Worcester Convention is complete as an enunciation of Democratic principles and exposition of Democratic theories concerning the extent and limitations of the powers of government, and as such we commend it to the thoughtful consideration of voters who are in earnest in their professions of desire for a return to honest and economical administration of public affairs. The tendency toward centralization, which has marked the course of the government under Republican guidance, gives special significance to the Democratic demand for "a strict construction of the powers granted to the State and Federal governments and a thoughtful adherence thereto, both by the legislative and executive authority."

The longer the return to Jeffersonian theories and practice is delayed the more difficult does such a return become, and the more imminent the danger threatening the very life of the Republic. There is no "glittering generality" about this declaration. It is full of practical meaning and is capable of definite application, and citizens who care anything about preserving the vitality of the Constitution cannot too soon set about getting at the meaning of it, and applying it to the politics of the nation.

We take for granted that nobody outside the machine section of the Republican party, except perhaps a few purblind fossils, whose invincible ignorance prevents them from admitting that their party ever could do anything wrong, will quarrel with the planks opposing extravagance, denouncing the accumulation of a surplus revenue, condemning abuses of patronage and the rotten condition of the public service and demanding stringent reform. The facts in regard to the corrupt and demoralized condition of the public service are too notorious, and the demands for reform too universal to require further demonstration.

The convention acted wisely in adopting the declarations of the Revenue Reform League on the tariff question, but it must be remembered tha the Democrats of Massachusetts are by no means following in the wake of the League. It required no change of principle and policy to indorse all that was contained in the League resolutions. The convention merely accepted the language in which the League had clothed the principles declared by the Democracy of Massachusetts in 1882, when the platform said:

"We call upon Congress so to reform the present war taxes that hundreds of millions may not be, as now, needlessly extracted from the earnings of our people, to lie in the treasury as a temptation to the wicked and reckless appropriations for public buildings and useless and wasteful river and harbor bills. That no taxes shall be levied upon the necessaries of life or upon the raw material which is found in this country. That the tariff shall be so judiciously adjusted that American commerce shall be fostered, and, above all, that American labor shall be elevated and amply rewarded. We affirm that all these results can be fully realized under a tariff limited in amount to a sum necessary and adequate for revenue."

Clearly, the League is but a vindication of the Democratic position taken two years ago, an echo from the thinking men of the Commonwealth of the Democratic war-cry, "a tariff for revenue only!" But it was wise to reaffirm the principle in the very words selected by a representative body of the citizens of the State and thus prove that the Democratic party means to be progressive and to meet the demands of the people fully and fairly without equivocation.

In tendering thanks to General Butler for his services to the State, the convention voiced the sentiments of a majority of its inhabitants and paid a deserved compliment to one of the abl st and most fearless leaders of the Democratic party.

DELIGHTFULLY HARMONIOUS.

There is a delightful amount of harmony in the ranks of the Republican party just now. If its several organs are to be believed not one of its principal candidates is fit to sit in the presidential chair. The Evening Post has been warring against Mr. Blaine, and accusing him of all sorts of inherent and acquired wickedness. This and his defence by that distinguished New Jersey statesman, W. W. Phelps, have set by the ears almost the whole of the Republican press.

His special advocate, the New York Tribune, says that if Blaine is bad Edmunds is bad, too, and that the Post's charges are worse for Edmunds than for Blaine. And that has brought out the Edmunds and anti-Edmunds factions, and set them all to barking vociferously. It has even caused the senator to write a letter and declare that he has lived "a rather correct life in every respect." Another line, led by the New York Times and reinforced by the admirers of Blaine, sneers at Arthur and inveighs against the Arthur supporters.

Altogether, it is a delightful row, illustrative in chromo colors of the charms of harmony, gives a very promising prospect for reform outside of the party and looks as if some of our esteemed Republican contemporaries will have to subsist on their own printer's ink during the most of the campaign.

NEITHER WILL ANSWER.

The New York Times sums up the Republican outlook as follows:

"All the delegates to the convention have been chosen, with the exception of those from New Mexico and one district in North Carolina. There are but two or three contests in the Congress districts, but there will be two sets of applicants for admission to the convention from Virginia—one the Readjusters, led by Senator Mahone, and one the straightout Republicans. Omitting these from the calculation, our information is that the convention on the early ballots will be divided as follows:

Blaine	340	Sherman	21
Arthur	287	Gresham	7
Edmunds	66	Unknown	15
Logan	58		

"Mr. Blaine goes before the convention with 41 per cent. of the delegates; four years ago he had a little less than 38 per cent.; eight years ago he had nearly the same. In 1880 his vote did not materially increase; in 1876 it rose on the later ballots, and was 351, or twenty-eight short of a majority on the final ballot, when Mr. Hayes was nominated. This year he stands substantially where General Grant stood in 1880, who had 40 per cent. of the delegates, who stood by him only too firmly. Mr. Arthur will have at the start less than 36 per cent. of the delegates. On the face of the facts it is plain that neither of the two principal aspirants for the nomination can get it."

The Times has the courage of its convictions, for it further says that "the nomination of Mr. Arthur, for reasons which it is idle to recite in detail, would be equivalent to defeat. That of Mr. Blaine would bring disaster and disgrace as well. It is the plain duty of those who know these facts to make them known at Chicago, clearly, unhesitatingly and conclusively."

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The assemblage of "the grand old party" in this city yesterday was a characteristic affair. Summed up, it was a cut-and-dried arrangement, dull and uninteresting, with a platform which desires reform everywhere except at home, and with a sky-rocket, erratic speech from Henry Faxon as a fitting finale.

We extend hearty sympathy to the deluded country delegates who came here with the faintest suspicion that they would have anything to say about their own convention, and we likewise sympathize with the tariff reform men in the party who expected the managers of the machine to take any other position than that of a grand straddle on the most important issue of the day.

But our deepest, most lasting and unchangeable commiseration goes out to every member of the convention, whether of the Crapo or the Bishop faction, whether tariff reformers or high protectionists, who were so unfortunate as to be obliged to listen to the speech of the honey-tongued orator of Hingham. Just why Mr. Long should have taken that method to pay off Stott and other opponents is not known, but for refined ingenuity of torture that speech certainly took the palm.

Still, to one able to keep his attention fixed during such extended agony, there were rays of light. It was pleasant, for instance, to note in a Republican Convention that the "bloody shirt," waved with all the eloquence of the smiling ex-governor, no longer inspired the assembled political wisdom, and that wanton attacks on sister States discovered no responsive echo.

Furthermore, it was a pleasing sign of the advance of tariff ideas to observe that the plea for high protection struck no answering chord.

The machine did its work well. Peace reigned in Warsaw. Men who have stood by the party through thick and thin were given an opportunity to see that things have changed since the "better element" obtained control, and that when honors are to be distributed from now onward none of the rank and file need apply.

SOME SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

Henry Labouchere has been making some calculations of an interesting nature, being moved thereto by the formation of a committee of charitable Londoners to provide meals for school children at a penny a meal. The result of his figuring he gives as follows:

"Our interference in Egypt has cost us in round figures £5,000,000. This invested in consols would give £150,000 per annum. At one penny per meal this sum would enable 86,666 children to have a meal on 300 days of each year forever. The royal family costs, all told, about £1,000,000 per annum. This would give a meal to 600,000 children on 300 days of the year. Heaven forbid that I should say that it would be better that 600,000 children should have a good meal every day that they attend school than that we should enjoy the blessings of royalty. I am not so lost to all sense of the fitness of things as even to suggest such a heresy. I merely state a statistical fact."

The fact that the editor of an influential English journal, who is also a member of Parliament, declares in effect that the royal family is a burden and a humbug, is the most significant feature of this mathematical demonstration. It seems to be fortunate for the royal family that none of its members has been active enough in affairs of government to attract the attention of the English masses to the general subject of the uselessness of royalty and the burden it imposes upon the people. The royal family is regarded as a negative nuisance only, but figures like Labouchere's may set the masses thinking a little more clearly about the matter one of these days.

HEWITT'S CHARGES PROVEN.

It appears that Mr. Hewitt was not very far out of the way when he asserted that Secretary Chandler had not paid into the treasury the money derived from the sale of old vessels six months ago, and it also appears that Secretary Chandler did not state facts when he said he had complied with the law in that matter. Secretary Folger has written a letter to Mr. Hewitt, in which he makes it plain that Mr. Hewitt was absolutely correct in the statement that Mr. Chandler has not complied with the law, but that he has still control of the money. About $277,000 of the amount was really in the treasury, but it had not been covered in and was subject to Chandler's check. Until Mr. Hewitt's speech the other day no step was taken to cover this money into the treasury. Mr. Folger says that $200,000 is now in process of being covered into the treasury, but it is evident that Mr. Hewitt has compelled Chandler's compliance with the law. About $37,000, the proceeds of the sales of property in California, is still unaccounted for. It has never been in the possession of the treasurer; and there is no explanation of what has become of $130,000 derived from the sale of old ordnance. The House will consider these things in connection with the naval appropriation bill.

HOW LONG OUGHT WE TO LIVE?

An eminent English physician has recently devoted some attention to the question of whether or not human life is lengthening or shortening. The conclusion he reaches is that in England the last twenty years have increased the average of life two and three-quarters years. There may be a question in some people's minds whether this is an unmixed good. But the increase seems to have fallen where it can be enjoyed. For the improvement appears to be found mainly among the upper classes. How far this increased length of life is due to better conditions and how much to larger knowledge in medical science it is of course impossible to say.

If there were similar statistics in the United States sufficiently full it would be an interesting study to compare the two, for here nervous diseases are so much more common and the conditions of life so different that the effect on the average mortality must be considerable.

But these figures indicate that human life is to go on lengthening. For medical science is constantly improving in knowledge of both curative and preventive measures, and among the well-to-do the conditions of life are growing easier. An English physician has said that even in the present state of things, theoretically, man should enjoy maturity from 55 to 75, ripen from 75 to 85, and that old age should not properly begin until he has reached the last figure. It will take some time for man to catch up practically with these limits, but after he gets there, if he has unlimited faith in statistics, he can look forward to a span of life for his posterity of a Goodyear's patent of toughness and elasticity.

Nitaw, the wild roamer of the plains, expected to astonish the palefaces by showing them how he was accustomed to run down the bounding bison and the antelope, but the effete palefaces ran away from him and proved that trained muscle is as much superior to the uneducated fibre as the trained intellect of the savant is to the raw thinker of the child of nature. When the savage found that he could not run, he amused himself by donning gaudy toggery and making a circus of himself. And so the romance of the dime novel vanisheth.

At about 9 o'clock Saturday night the planet Jupiter appeared to be on fire. It was surrounded by a bright halo, the outline of which was almost as well defined as a pencil mark on paper. Apparently the ring was about two feet in diameter and here and there at the circumference bright flashes were seen at intervals. It could be seen with the naked eye almost as well as through a glass. O'Donovan Rossa refused to state whether the dynamiters had been tampering with Jupiter, but he mysteriously hinted that he was not at all surprised to hear of the fire.

The Republicans straddle the tariff issue by calling for an "investigation of the tariff on a scientific basis." They pretended last year to adjust the tariff on a scientific basis, and if they did so they must admit that a horizontal reduction now is equally scientific and support the Morrison bill. If they did not adjust the tariff scientifically when they had the opportunity why should they be given another chance? They have had their inning, and it is now the turn of the Democrats to deal with the matter.

ORGANIZE FOR VICTORY.

Every town in the United States should organize a Butler club immediately to act as a rallying committee to secure a full attendance at the primary meetings to choose delegates to the district and State conventions. The time is short, and there should be no delay. Send true men to the district and State conventions, and they will send true men to the national convention. Canvass your town thoroughly: present the claims of General Butler for the people's suffrage, and work every moment to win.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is noticed in the Philadelphia courts that there is an increase in the number of persons who object to taking the oath upon the open Book, and express a desire to affirm. They think there that it is because they are securing a more religious set of jurors. Whether the last Cincinnati festival has had anything to do with the matter or not, no one seems to consider.

Sara Bernhardt is learning to play the flute. Before beginning to practise she always ties a red ribbon around her left ankle and anchors the other end to the leg of the piano, so that unless the ribbon breaks there is no danger of her getting lost in the cavernous recesses of the instrument.

Nilsson says you don't catch her singing for the miserable sum of $1000 a night. She gets $2000 every time or she doesn't yip.

After a cyclone in Alabama a guide-board marked "Six miles to Montgomery" was found in the mountains 250 miles from the city. It never occurred to us before, but this item taken in connection with an extended experience of New Hampshire guide-boards convinces us that they must have had a cyclone sometime up in the old Granite State which isn't down in the records.

The fibre of silk is the longest continuous fibre known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often reel 1000 yards, and reliable accounts are given by Count Dandolo of a cocoon yielding 1295 yards, or a fibre nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.

The first cotton exported from America was a lot of eight bags sent to Liverpool just 100 years ago, and the customs authorities detained it awhile because it was reckoned impossible that so much could have been raised here. The crop last year amounted to 6,949,756 bales, of which 4,766,597 were exported.

It is only necessary to grow old, says Goethe, to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.

Pittsburg's pretty schoolmarms will hold a camp-meeting May 9 and 10. The fact that the "autograph" man on the Lowell Citizen is to take his annual vacation about the same time is merely a curious coincidence.

The mules used in Salt Lake City street cars rejoice in pet names given them by the drivers. One pair is known as Moody and Sankey; two others are called Molasses and Cream, and two others as Sin and Misery, because it a misery to drive them and a sin to whip them.

In California last year 880,000 pounds of salt were extracted from sea-water. Californians claim that even the sea-water is salter there than it is anywhere else.

One of the most expensive pieces of hosiery on record is the stocking of the Buckeye Girl copper mine in the Florida mountains, New Mexico, for $100,000.

Now we have it again. A scientific expert proposes to turn the Colorado river into the Arizona desert, creating an immense lake, and by utilizing it for irrigation purposes convert a vast area into productive farming lands. It is claimed that the evaporation from the large body of water will greatly modify the hot winds and heat which largely create the droughts which assail Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota.

An Indian medicine man at Carson, Nev., is sentenced to death for failing to effect a cure in a certain case. The patient is not dead yet and the medicine man is allowed to live until he dies. Two graves have been dug, however.

Exchange: The Koran says, "God is with the patient." After the doctor is called in, however, it often happens that the patient is with his God.

From experiments made upon the pulse and temperature as affected by smoking, it has been found that the rate of both is increased. The consequent quickening of the action of the heart is considered a dangerous symptom.

Recent statistics are said to show that in the most famous of lunatic asylums laborers and farmers predominate. The unfulfilled promises in relation to workingmen in the platforms of the Republican party for the past fifteen years have undoubtedly contributed much towards this result.

Fanny Davenport keeps her weight down by pedestrianism.

In Germany the retail beer vender is compelled to give a certain amount of beer—not foam—when a "glass" of beer is called for. To enable a beer-drinker to see whether he receives the requisite quantity of beer the public sealer marks every glass at the height to which the beer, exclusive of foam, must go.

In ten years there have been 174 murders and five executions in Chicago; one execution in every two years, and one murder every two weeks. How disgusted the dealers in hemp must be there.

Keene's failure leaves Russell Sage the only dealer in "puts and calls" of any note.

A good story is told of a doctor who recommended a certain water to his patients. He expected no return, but received a letter from the company saying that his recommendations had done them so much good that they "ventured to send him a hundred ——" Here the page came to an end. "This will never do," said the doctor; "it is very kind, but I could not think of accepting anything." Here he turned the page and found the sentence ran: "Of our circulars for distribution."

There is no such thing as divorce among the true Mussulmans or women of Constantinople. When a married lady does not conduct herself in accordance with the precepts of the Koran she simply gets the sack. The husband merely fills her place, orders a fresh pipe and says his prayers.

New Orleans Picayune: Mr. Watterson is always too previous. The platform should not be made until the candidate is agreed upon; then the platform can be made to fit the candidate. Platforms are not important. Candidates are.

Robert Lincoln has a greater "boom" than his father had, but "booms" don't presage victory in these days of cut-throat politics.

"I have a subject that will draw tears from every eye," said a man who wanted to get into a literary meeting in Detroit. "What is it?" "Onions," was the feeling reply, and then he fled just in time to avoid being shot. This story we find in the Detroit Free Press. It is very old, but makes us weep every time we see it, and we don't like to weep alone.

"We pretend to laugh at the boom General Butler's friends have started," said a prominent Republican, yesterday, "but I can assure you that Massachusetts Republicans are watching the movements of the Lowell statesman, night and day. He is too quiet to suit us."

Ordered to clear the court, an Irish crier at Ballinasloe did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the court!"

A certain blind man in South Carolina is very popular among his neighbors. He can make whiskey without any assistance, and can't see how many "fingers" they take when he asks them up.

There are in the United States thirty-six varieties of oak, thirty-four of pine, nine of fir, five of spruce, four of hemlock, two of persimmon, twelve of ash, eighteen of willow, and nine of poplar. Specimens of them are being collected for a museum, probably because they will be a rare curiosity in a few years.

"We hold the balance of power" is the argument of the colored voters of the country, and it is a pretty solid one.

A Piute Indian named No-thank-you-I-don't-drink, who recently moved to Bismarck, Dakota, petitioned the court to have his name changed the second week he was in town.

It is now fashionable for the bridegroom not to give presents to the bridesmaids. This will be gratifying to hundreds of young men who have not money enough to buy the earth.

Graphic: A poem recently published is entitled "How Long Will Love Last?" It usually holds out until the money is gone.

Emperor William of Germany appears to be long about to close his career. "With equal step, fate knocks at the door of the palace of the mighty and the hovel of the lowly."

Chicago News: If anybody believes Roscoe Conkling was not of considerable service to his political friends once upon a time, let him study the situation in New York and tell us what has become of Roscoe Conkling's old chums since they betrayed their leader. Without exception, each has lost the grip he ever had, and events have clearly demonstrated that the persons who were some pumpkins in New York as long as they sailed along under Roscoe Conkling's protection, are now, without Roscoe Conkling's commanding genius, very small potatoes indeed.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

SEEKING HARMONY.

An Attempt to Reconcile Tariff Differences.

Hurd's Speech Compels Hewitt to Adopt a New Line of Argument.

A Compromise Said to Have Been Effected with the Ohio Men.

WASHINGTON, April 30.—A quiet effort is being made by several of the most prominent tariff reformers to restore harmony between the factions of the Democratic party in the House. This movement has been going on for several days. It is in charge of the most popular and influential men on that side of the House. Their efforts have been directed to influencing individuals, in the Pennsylvania delegation almost exclusively, by personal appeals to them for the sake of the party to consent to a compromise of their differences upon a basis that would not demand too great concessions by either of the factions. It is understood that they rejected the proposition made some time ago by the Pennsylvania members through Governor Curtin, because that would have involved the undertaking of an entire revision of the tariff, which, they say, would have been impracticable so late in the session. They now ask Pennsylvania Democrats to agree to the modification of the Morrison bill by changing the rate of reduction from 20 per cent. to 15 per cent., abolishing the tobacco tax and reducing the brandy tax. The last proposition would catch the Southern votes now opposed to the bill, and it is believed that the Ohio Democrats could also be brought into line by amending the bill so that the 15 per cent. reduction on wool shall apply to the rate on wool under the tariff of 1867. It is claimed by one gentleman who has been engaged in this missionary work that several of the Pennsylvania Democrats have expressed a willingness to accede to the substitution of the 15 per cent. rate if the majority of their delegation should agree to it. He says, also, that he has strong hopes that Mr. Randall will support the bill if this change should be agreed upon. The movement has not yet gone far enough to enable one to form an estimate of the result, but your correspondent's informant says that those who are co-operating with him have high hopes of a unification of the party in support of the passage of a bill reducing tariff and internal revenue taxation before the close of this session.

A QUIET CONFERENCE.

The Revenue Reformers Said to Have Effected a Compromise With the Ohio Men.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The hurried consultation among the more conservative Democratic leaders this afternoon, while the debate on tariff was going on, was the prelude to a quiet conference held later in the day in one of the rooms at the Capitol. There were present at this meeting Messrs. Tucker, Carlisle, Morrison, and nearly all the Democratic congressmen from Ohio. The object was to bring about an agreement with the Ohio men by which their support would be secured for the Morrison bill. The negotiations have been going on for several days, and it is understood that all of the revenue reformers who are willing to make any compromise at all consented to a modification of the bill with respect to wool, which the Ohio men, except Hurd, are willing to agree to. The proposed change is to make the 20 per cent. reduction on wool applicable to the rate that existed prior to the act of 1883. This would increase the present duty on wool, and amount to the abandonment of the principle which has been advocated by the revenue reform leaders during the pending debate in the House, but they realize that it is necessary to conciliate the opposition, at least until the bill shall have passed into the stage where amendments will be in order. It is said tonight that Mr. Morrison did not fully agree in this concession to the representatives of the wool interests, and upon second thought he is disposed to press his bill in its present form. A Southern representative said tonight that he had no doubt that a concession would be made both to the Ohio men and to the Southern men who desire an internal revenue reduction. He said that he had assurances today that an opportunity would be given for a square fight on the propositions to abolish the tax on tobacco and to reduce the tax on fruit brandy. In his opinion these concessions alone will secure the bill enough votes to save it from death at the close of the general debate, whatever may be its ultimate fate.

COX REBUKES EATON.

The Tariff Debate Still Dragging Along—Morrison Said to Have Won Over the Ohio Men by Concessions.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—Without delay the House went into committee of the whole on the tariff bill. Mr. Wimple of New York took the floor in opposition to the bill, and in the course of his remarks pointed to the condition of Ireland as practical illustration of the free trade policy of England. Irish people came to this country, not because they did not love Ireland, for they are devoted to the country of their birth, but because protected America better enabled them to provide for those dear to them.

Mr. Deuster of Wisconsin gave notice of an amendment which he proposed to offer when the bill was open for amendments, providing that after July 1, 1884, no duty shall be levied on raw material consumed by the people of the factories, and addressed the House in support thereof.

Mr. McMillan of Tennessee argued in favor of the bill.

Mr. Cox of New York said he had no time to reply at length to Mr. Eaton. He could not resort to vile attacks upon his own party and win the applause of the other side, and thereby secure time for extended remarks. (This was an allusion to the fact that Mr. Miller of Pennsylvania yielded his hour for an extension of Mr. Eaton's remarks yesterday.) Mr. Cox said he had always regarded Mr. Eaton as eminently national and was surprised yesterday to hear his sectional utterances, intended only to excite prejudices against certain portions of the Union. He condemned the cry against the influx of pauper labor, and said it sounded strange in this country, which claimed to be the asylum for the distressed of every country. He then paid his respects to Mr. Eaton's arguments, claiming that protection for protection was robbery. Mr. Eaton, he said, was too ardent in his nature to recognize any bantling but his own.

Mr. Perry Belmont of New York favored the passage of the bill. He said that the Democratic House of Representatives was undertaking to carry out by legislation what the administration of President Arthur was doing through the use of the treaty-making power. He cited the reciprocity treaty with Mexico, and that foreshadowed with Spain and Cuba, as examples, and claimed that both political parties were being compelled to follow the same course by the demand of the country for freer commerce and foreign markets. He asked, so far as the rates of American wages were concerned, what difference it made whether an article was admitted free by legislation or treaty? The fact is that freer commerce, whether by treaty or legislation, assisted labor by diversifying its employment. He also cited messages of the President and reports of the secretary of the treasury in favor of tariff reform, and referred especially to Secretary Frelinghuysen's letter of April 26, respecting the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill, in which the secretary said: "With a production greater than we can consume, it is vitally important to sustain a sufficient and well-compensated consular and diplomatic service."

Mr. Chase of Rhode Island replied to a remark made by Mr. Hurd to the effect that three hundred people at Quidnick, R. I., were in danger of starvation, and had to be supplied with food by charity. He said the mill in which those people were employed had stopped work, and if the Democrats succeeded, many more would stop, and there would be real danger of starvation.

Mr. Miller of Pennsylvania made a speech to show that protection and prosperity had gone hand in hand in the entire history of the country.

Mr. Cox of New York, referring to Mr. Kelly's picture of female labor in Europe, said there were manufactories in Philadelphia where American widows were forced to rise at 5 a. m. and leave nursing children in homes provided by charity. If this was the Philadelphia plan of protection, he did not want to tax 50,000,000 people to support it, but would open the markets of the world to the products of America.

Mr. Vance of North Carolina advocated the bill, and favored a distribution of a portion of the surplus revenue for educational purposes.

Mr. Hobletzell of Missouri quoted Madison and Jefferson to show that the power to protect industries rested in and should sometimes be exercised by Congress. He favored extending the free list, to include all articles that entered into the general consumption of the laboring people, or cutting down to the lowest limits its duties upon them, and fixing the highest rates upon the luxuries of the rich.

Mr. Springer argued that the tariff commission was instituted under the conviction that a reduction was demanded and must be made, and that the outcome had been, instead of proper reduction, a continually growing surplus over the needs of the government, and that it was the imperative duty of this Congress to make a reduction in taxation. He had prepared tables which showed that the people of this country were taxed $556,000,000 annually which did not go into the treasury. This bill, he asserted, but completed the work of the tariff commission and its passage was demanded by the people.

Messrs. Brainerd and Brown of Pennsylvania made speeches in opposition to the bill. The latter quoted Mr. Carlisle's inaugural remarks to the effect that sudden and radical changes in the commercial and industrial interests should not be made unless demanded by circumstances of great emergency, and that such changes would not be favorably received by those who had given the subject much consideration, and said it was evident that the other side had not given the subject much consideration.

AFTER DINNER.

Persons who suffer from Indigestion can arrest the progress of that painful malady by the use of an after-dinner pill, so composed that it will give tone to the stomach, prevent heartburn, rouse the liver to healthful action, invigorate the kidneys, and thus, through the activity of these organs, promote the natural movement of the stomach and bowels. Ayer's Pills are so compounded that their action, though mild, effectually produces the above results. They also, in curing Constipation, remove the cause of Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, and many other serious ailments.

AYER'S PILLS

contain no mineral nor poisonous substance, and do not gripe unless the bowels are irritated, and even then their influence is healing. To continue their effect in constipated or chronic cases, they need only be taken in diminishing instead of increasing doses. For seamen, and inhabitants or travelers in sparsely settled countries where physicians are not at hand, they are of inestimable value. There is hardly a sickness they will not alleviate, and in most cases cure, if taken promptly. To young girls just entering upon womanhood, and to women whose period of maternity is drawing to a close, Ayer's Pills, in moderate doses, merely sufficient to ensure regular action of the bowels, will be found of

Incalculable Value.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

A HOT SHOT.

Congressmen Ranney and Rockwell Greatly Exercised Over the Free Trade Sentiments of Their Constituents.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The action taken by the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, in relation to the tariff, is variously commented on here today, as is also the resolution adopted by the Republican convention of the third Massachusetts district, in favor of a reduction of tariff revenue. The revenue reformers of the House claim that the action of the third district convention can be construed to mean nothing more or less than instructions to the representative from that district in Congress (Mr. Ranney) to vote for the passage of the Morrison bill. The Democratic members from Massachusetts express a like opinion, and say that Mr. Ranney must support the Morrison bill, or, if he does not, he cannot pretend to represent the people who elected him. The Democratic members of the Massachusetts delegation look upon the plank in the Republican State platform recommending an investigation of the tariff laws on "scientific principles" as simply a dodging of the great question of tariff reform, which they were forced to recognize by the popular demand throughout the State. Mr. Ranney, in reply to The Globe correspondent's inquiry as to how the action of the people of his district would affect his vote on the Morrison bill, said that he did not feel like giving his views on the measure at the present time. He would probably be given an opportunity to speak on the bill before the general debate closes, and he would then express his convictions on the tariff question. He said that he favored a reduction of the revenues of the country, but whether that was to be accomplished by the Morrison bill was a question about which there was great doubt.

Mr. Rockwell said there were some free traders in Massachusetts, and they had managed to get control of the convention, and the resolution adopted by the third district Republicans was not an expression of the sentiments of the people of that district.

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

The Trees, Shrubs and Plants That People Buy Most, and What They Cost.

"This is our busy time," remarked a dealer in trees and plants yesterday. "Nine people out of ten who have gardens make, of course, all their purchases at about this time, and we must make hay while the sun shines. We sell at this time what we have watched and cared for for from one to three years, or even longer."

"What trees are most in demand?"

"For shade and ornamental purposes rock, silver and Norway maples, elms and lindens. Maples, from twelve to fourteen feet in height, are worth from seventy-five cents to $1 each. Elms and lindens are worth from $1 to $1 50 each. Evergreens, three feet high, are worth fifty cents each, and we charge about twenty-five cents for every additional foot in height."

"How about fruit trees?"

"Apple trees from two to three years old are worth from thirty-five to fifty-five cents each, according to size and shape. Baldwins and russets are most in demand. A great many pear trees are sold large enough to fruit, and are bought by people who are anxious to get their orchards in bearing condition as soon as possible. They are worth from fifty cents to $2 each, according to size. The Bartlett continues to be a leading variety. The Beurre of several varieties, Clapp's Favorite, Duchess, Flemish Beauty, and Seckle are also in demand, and a person who buys any of these varieties makes no mistake. Peach trees grow very rapidly, and consequently are not so expensive. We get from twenty-five to fifty cents each for them. Early and late Crawford, old Nixon and early York are most called for. People do not take as much care of peach trees as they should. About one-half of the preceding year's growth should be trimmed back each season. If this is done they are not nearly so apt to split and 'bleed,' and their fruitfulness is increased. If they commence to split grafting wax should be bound on with canvas, and the air thus being excluded the splits will heal. Imperial Gage, Lombard and Orleans plum trees are most in demand, and bring from seventy-five cents to $1 each."

"How about small fruits?"

"Currant bushes, two years old, are worth $1 per dozen. Blackberry and raspberry bushes are worth seventy-five cents per dozen. The best strawberry plants are worth $1 per 100. Grape vines, two years old, and from two to three feet in length—as we usually sell them—are worth from twenty-five to fifty cents each. The varieties most in demand are Concord, Rogers No. 15 (or Agawam), Rogers No. 22 (or Salem), and Brighton."

"What have you to say about shrubs, herbaceous plants, etc.?"

"The most popular shrubs are syringas, wigelias, hydrangeas, spireas, altheas and snowballs. They cost about thirty-five cents each when from three to four feet in height. The herbaceous plants most in demand are lilies, peonies, dielytras, hardy flox and iris. They come from twenty-five to fifty cents per root. The General Jacqueminot takes the lead among the roses; and Madame Plantier, a beautiful white variety, is also much in demand. Strong two-year-old plants of every variety are worth fifty cents each. It is impossible for any one, however familiar with the business, to select varieties of hybrid roses when in a dormant condition, and the same is true of many varieties of fruit. For that reason people who buy of travelling agents are very subject to imposition. They will do better, I believe, as a rule, to purchase of dealers that they know about, for they will then have an opportunity for redress if their purchases do not turn out as represented."

"Splendid Results."

This is the decided affirmation of a gentleman in Troy, New York, after a month's trial of Compound Oxygen in his family. The great improvement in his wife's condition is very remarkable indeed.

"My wife had much soreness in her lungs, and a constant depressed feeling, as if a weight were laid upon them. We had just buried a daughter who had been nearly a year sick with consumption, and constant care of her produced these injurious results. I felt much worried in consequence. *Four days' use of the Treatment and the appetite began to mend. Two weeks and she felt like a different person.* The soreness has almost entirely disappeared, and *she can breathe deeper now than she has been able to do for years,* goes out in all weather, and is able to do an amount of 'Christmas shopping' that is very trying to my pocket-book. Besides my wife, other members of the family have *used it as a general tonic with splendid results.*"

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen,*" containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free.* Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia.

TO OUR READERS.

When you answer any of the advertisements in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

THEY ARE ALL RIGHT.

Health in the Body What We Call Religion.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Sermon in Plymouth Church Yesterday.

A Large Addition to His Flock—A Good Year's Work.

BROOKLYN, May 4.—Great masses of rare and beautiful flowers covered Mr. Beecher's pulpit platform this morning, filling plain old Plymouth Church with perfume, and affording a pleasing contrast to the monotonous white walls and the sombre costumes of the worshippers. Grouped in front of the altar were eighty-three candidates for admission to the church. "God has been very gracious to us," said Mr. Beecher; "and while there has been no widespreading stir, and no excitement whatever, yet in all our missions and schools, and in our families at home, there has been a quickening and development of Christ's life in the soul. It has been usual for many to unite with us at this season. This year there are a multitude."

After the solemn covenant had been entered into between the applicants and the church, Mr. Beecher spoke from the text I. Peter, ii., 25: "For ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the shepherd and bishop of your souls." The Israelites, he said, were a pastoral people. For although in the time of the apostle, the pastoral life was largely given way to the agricultural, yet all their history, all those elements which excited their imagination and rejoiced their patriotism were of the pastoral character. It went into their poetry, and the agricultural and pastoral figures exceed in number and certainly equal in exquisite beauty any that are to be found in the whole range of, I will not say the Bible, but of universal literature. For the Israelites, more than any other people that have recorded their sensations and their thoughts, connected the phenomena of nature with the idea of an over-ruling God and a Supreme Providence. The Greek literature contains hardly any endearing epithet with regard to the mountain, hill, stream or any thing of the kind. You shall find them speaking in Rome of the whole wide country as something horrible, and banishment into it from the great noisy crowded city was a purgatory to them. But among the Hebrews there was a love of the sun, and of the stars, of the hills, of the mountains and of insects even. This is eminently seen in the Old Testament, but the New Testament is not without a trace of such a feeling; and when in

The New Testament Christ

was represented under the figure of a shepherd, it was not only in perfect consonance and harmony with all the Old Testament representations of God, but eminently in consonance with his own teaching. He delighted to call himself a shepherd, and he carried out the figure in various ways, and recurred to it again and again. Not only was he fond of it, but it was to them meant to be the type of divine nature and divine government. It has almost been suppressed by the abominations of a pagan theory that crept in, until lately, among the best men and in the best churches, there is a veil and a shadow thrown over the feelings and dispositions of God and his relations to mankind, and men have to break through the church theology to get at the real beauty and attractiveness of the divine nature. Here we are called wanderers. Men that are converted are the men who have wandered away from the right ideals of life and have been brought back again; they were wanderers. You shall hear often that the whole race is totally depraved. You shall hear that men are utterly lost, and the whole race is lost. That is not the technology of the Scripture. There is none of it there. It is absolutely imported into it by the theologian. Nothing there is allied to it. It is absolutely falsifying Scripture. We are represented as going astray from right dispositions, and from right actions, and from right directions. Our aims and our character are malformed. Not on account of anything that has come down to us from some great fountain of iniquity; not because mildew and blight have settled down on the faculties of mankind; but having right endowments and a nature designed according to the law of God, men have not learned or been willing to use their faculties or natures aright; and perverting themselves in this way they have wandered from the ideal of manhood, and when God calls them and they hear back they are wanderers from rectitude restored—brought back again. There is no such thing, therefore, as natural depravity or natural sinfulness. There is no doubt that by transmission from parent to child, there may be a morbid constitution of mind; but those are in special instances, and it is not the way to characterize the human race. There is no part of a man's body or of his soul, that in its own primitive and original nature is not right. Take the body, for instance, as an illustration. There are a great many men born feeble; a great many that are born scrofulous, or with consumptive tendencies. These are specials. But taking the human race together, it may be declared that there is not a single organ of the body superfluous, or in its own nature and proper functions perverted. The brain, the lungs, the heart, the stomach, the circulatory system; or the special organs—the eye, the ear, the mouth; or the complex organs—the hand, the foot;

They Are All Right.

They are just as right in the murderer as they are in the philanthropist. The uses are not the same in the two cases. They are just right in their normal condition in the man that is utterly broken up in his health. It was not that there was any organ that was too much. It is true that there may be a disproportion, and the sins of the parents, as in the drunkard's case, may be transmitted to their children, and they may be born with certain tendencies, but these are the cases of abnormality—special—whereas, taking mankind at large no surgeon would say there is anything to be excised; no member ought to be cut off; no organ in the body ought to be taken out. They are all right, if they are used right; and what we call health in the body is a fair analogical interpretation of what we call religion. Religion in the soul is what the man's organs are to the body. When all the organs of a man's body are carried on according to the laws of nature, you have got health. What is health? Simply a name for the right action of the whole physical frame; and when a man's intellect and disposition and soul, each part and faculty, the reason, the imagination and all the appetites and passions are held in subordination to each other in harmony, there is health of the soul, and we call that religion. It is the wholesome action, in the right proportions, of the whole of a man's inward nature, as health is the right action, in proportion of a man's physical nature. So when a man has gone astray he has lost nothing except the right use of himself. He has not lost will-power. And when a man is recalled from wandering and it is said he is born again—a generic term that has stumbled Nicodemus and has a great many theologians since that day—all we mean is that from his wrong use of himself he turns toward the right use of himself. Going in the wrong direction, he changes his direction; using his moral sensibilities in the wrong way, they are changed too. He is brought to recognize

A Higher Standard of Living,

and enters upon that better understanding. Then we say he has been recalled by his shepherd; he has returned. Every organ therefore of the body is in itself, and according to the design of God, in nature good. It is wrong use that produces evil. Every faculty of the human mind and soul is right and needful to the body and soul, and social relations and universal truth. But the wrong use of right things is sinfulness. It may be in a single act, or in a continuity of acts, until they become habit, then it is character; and the character is nothing but an automatic practice of wrong uses induced by individual acts of sin. Now when a man is called of God, here is the one grand ideal: "Love is the fulfilling of the law." He who carries his whole nature obedient to the grand law of love has been restored to himself and in so far to his God. Sinfulness is voluntary wrong-doing. The phrase that mankind are lost is inappropriate. The word lost, as used in theology, is absolutely different from the word in the Bible. It is a shepherd phrase in the Bible. Men are lost just as a flock is, when the sheep have wandered away. They are good sheep until they have wandered, and bad sheep afterward. Mankind is never spoken of in the Bible as being lost in consequence of Adam's sin, or any other fungus on theology. The only phrases that have application to moral character and conduct in the Bible are those borrowed from shepherd life; and the men that have strayed from right living are said to be lost just as the sheep is lost when it has gone forth. You will find in the Psalms where he speaks of the people of God having gone astray like lost sheep. In Jeremiah: "My people have been lost sheep." In Ezekiel: "I will seek that which was lost and bring it again"; that is, bring it again to the shepherd and the pasture. In Matthew, x.: "Go rather to

"The Lost Sheep of the House of Israel,"

was the ordination of the apostle. "I come to save that which was lost," Christ says. Hence men's natures are right if used right. It is the wrong use that is bad. Every faculty of a man's nature, if it is brought into activity and acts along the lines of integrity, is born again. It amounts substantially to such a change in the man that it may be said that he is another man since he began to use himself right. Conversion, then, is the beginning, under inspiration; teaching an example, of the reconstruction of a man's voluntary life, on the basis of love. It is no more than the beginning. The love of God is the supreme motive of life; the love of our fellow-men, that is the foundation; and a man that has been living on any other foundation, when he is converted, he comes back to that as the rule of his life. He is a beginner, or, as the newspapers often say, "a new beginner," as if there could be an old beginner! Now I am not urging these matters on the ground of rectifying theology, but because it is, in my judgment, of supreme practical importance. It is of great importance for men to be aware that their relationship to the church, and the apostolic ministry, to all ordinances, to baptism, to the Lord's supper, while they are helps, they are only helps, and if it goes no deeper than that, he is not a Christian man. To be a Christian means inside work, as deep as the conscience and as the reason; and the man that, beginning to be a Christian, is just as ugly as he was before, and just as proud and mean, though he had a thousand altars and a thousand priests, and maintained every economy of the church, it would do him no good but to enhance his damnation.

Righteousness is the Battle-Cry

of the Bible, and the only question between the apostles and the Jews was what is the way to enable a man to be righteous. The Old Testament says, Sacrifices, ritual laws and obediences. The New Testament says, No, these have failed; human nature was too mighty for it. Now, a living, loving faith in the power of God is the foundation of righteousness. Religion means the right use of every part of a man's self, body and soul, and if you can do it better by the instrument of the churches, do it that way, but the experience of mankind is the Holy Ghost, or the brooding soul of God, giving light and fire to the man's own soul; that is the thing that will enable a man to come from wrong to right living easier. Love could conquer what authority could not, nor a threat; and the love of God in Christ Jesus is the salvation of the world, because it is adapted exactly to that nature in men that can be persuaded, but cannot be driven. The church is not an assembly of saints. It is a school. A man is saved because he has been brought into that state of mind in which he can associate with God. He is like Him. In elements and essence be is becoming like Him, and therefore can be in affiliation with Him. Otherwise he would be in opposition perpetually. The life, dearly beloved, on which you have entered is not one of eminent vision, necessarily. Some may have it, and some will not. It is not a life of exalted joy, necessarily. There may be more or less of joy. Some have the art of being joyful. Some always take the sugar out of everything they eat; they taste it. Some have the art of being unhappy. They extract the acid out of everything they touch. A man may be a religious person and yet not have the art of joy. It is one of the attainments to some; it lies very near to the nature of others. When I hear brethren rejoicing in conference meetings

I Am Glad of It,

until I have reason to suppose that these are mere banners thrown up just as we put flags out on any great celebration. A man may be an old hunk, and not care a snap for his country, but if everybody is putting up flags on a national occasion he is going to put them up too. So it may be in religion. The way for a man to have joy is to have harmony, to have obedience in himself to the known laws of God and the known laws of his own nature. It does not necessarily follow that the harmony shall be an outburst of triumphant music in the soul. It may be a common chord, a most a monotone, but the point that I would make is that a man coming into the Christian church is coming into right conditions in which he may learn how to rectify the aberrations of his conduct. When a man sees that falseness of his way and means to go right, he begins. If you want to know whether you are sinful or not just take any of these characteristic commands of Christ and try it on. Put on the Lord Jesus Christ as a garment; put on the element of love. Put on the saving and helping of men. A person should come in the church of Christ joyfully, not so much on account of attainment, but because he has put himself in the way of attaining and may hope to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord. What more fitting could there be than to read that outburst of exquisite experience and exquisite poetry which our Lord in His youth read often and often, and which fed in Him that habit of calling Himself the Shepherd, which has made the New Testament so beautiful. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." May every one of you give thanks, even in your dying hour, that it pleased God to bring you into the Shepherd's house.

PARTY JEALOUSY.

Washington Crows Trying to Crush the Bob-o'-Link.

NEW YORK, May 3.—Matters are beginning to take a very personal turn among the Republican candidates for the presidential nomination. All the unkind things one hears about leading Republicans come from their party associates. Recently a number of distinguished Republicans got together to see if some plan could not be devised to head off Robert Lincoln, who has become so prominent in the last few months. The result of this conference was a private circular which has been sent from time to time to delegates to the Republican convention as a confidential circular. A correspondent obtained a copy of this circular today from a delegate who did not care to observe the restriction of secrecy. The circular reads as follows:

If it is the object and intention of the Republican party to disregard its time-honored custom as well as to abandon the very principles on which this government stands, and thereby make a mockery of our free government and entirely abandon American institutions, it had better do it up at one job and not by halves, as some of our sentimentalists propose. For some unaccountable reason the sentiment of the country has been running in the direction of Robert T. Lincoln for the nominee of the Republican party for vice-president. In fact a few who believe in doing things as they do 'in the old country,' think there is a remote possibility of his being the nominee for president. What reason can be assigned for a movement of this kind? Is it because Lincoln has done great service to his country? Is it because he has been prominently identified with and instrumental in winning great victories for the Republican party? Is it because he is the originator of any measure of importance to the people? What act in public or private life has he been the father of, or identified with, to make him prominent before the people? What service has he rendered to endear him to his countrymen? He has made a good secretary of war. Further than this went we can arrive at but one conclusion for this apparent outburst, and that is, that he is the son of the lamented President Lincoln.

"Is this any reason why we Republicans or the people of this country at this time should honor him beyond what we have already bestowed? Have we come to a point in our history when we find it necessary to nominate men to the highest offices in the gift of the people simply because they are so fortunate as to be the sons of great men? If we have, why not nominate the sons of other illustrious men for either president or vice-president? We have in this list 'Buck' Grant, a son of one of the greatest military men of the age. We have Stephen A. and 'Bob' Douglas, sons of a great statesman. The lamented Garfield's sons should be brought to public notice, and as a preliminary given a place in the next cabinet. For 'prominent' sons say we nominate 'Buck' Grant and 'Bob' Lincoln for president and vice-president. There should be as much consistency in one as the other.

"Is it the purpose of the Republican party to forsake the principles which underlie the very foundation of the government and brush aside our greatest men, men who have battled for a quarter of a century, both in field and forum, for the principles of the Republican party? Do you want a monarchy in the country? Is one's nativity or the blood which runs in his veins a qualification? Have we lost our gratitude for the grand, heroic and noble services of our great men, men who have led us to victory in many a hard-fought battle, men who have been the very bulwark of our party since its organization, men who have sacrificed almost their very existence for their country's good? We think not. We cannot believe the American people have become indifferent in their gratitude and praise for the services of our great men of today. In the name of all that is noble and good, in the name of patriotism pure and simple, in the name of America and American institutions, in the name of justice, common sense and practical sagacity, we protest against a movement so unwise, so contrary to the fundamental principles of this government."

THOUGHT TO BE NEARING AN END.

Fall River Spinners and Weavers Seem Inclined to Go to Work Again.

FALL RIVER, May 3.—The spinners were to have held a special meeting tonight, but the notice was issued late and the attendance was light. The meeting adjourned without taking any action, leaving the question of calling another meeting to the executive committee. Secretary Howard says the meeting will probably be held Tuesday night. A deputation of the striking weavers of the Crescent mill had an interview today with Mr. Covel, the treasurer. They were courteously received, and the interview lasted two hours. Mr. Covel said the strikers were not sincere, as some of their number had gone to work in other mills under the reduction. The weavers offered to return if Overseer Murray was discharged. Mr. Covel refused to discharge Murray, claiming that the strikers would themselves consider such action a mean one. The interview closed without any agreement. The striking weavers will meet on Monday to decide on the question of returning to work. Several mill men express an opinion that the strike is nearing an end, but Secretary Howard says the strikers are still firm and will stay out for an indefinite period. The mills have not yet decided upon the date of the adoption of short time, though it is possible it may take effect next week. There are no signs of a strike at King Philip mill, and the reduction will probably be accepted without any resistance.

Navigating the Air.

BRIDGEPORT, May 5.—The late Mr. Maxwell, the millionaire brewer of Milwaukee, left, among other bequests, $500,000 to be devoted to experiments in aerial navigation. Professor Charles F. Ritchel of Bridgeport, the inventor and constructor of the famous flying machine exhibited in 1878, has been named as one of the executors for the disbursement of the first $100,000 for the benefit of his own machine. Arrangements on a large scale will be made immediately, and with this princely bequest great and astounding results are promised by the professor by midsummer.

A FEMININE JEHU.

Brave Polly Martin, Who Used to Drive the Attleboro Mail.

How She Horsewhipped Highway Robbers and Silenced Saucy Passengers.

Humorous and Exciting Adventures She Has Along Her Route.

ATTLEBORO, May 3.—"Will you have a carriage, sir?"

The query came from the lips of a tall, muscular woman, who stood upon the platform of the railway station in this village. The salutation was an ordinary one at such a place, but it sounded strangely, coming from the lips of a woman. But to the residents of this village Polly Martin has for many years been a familiar figure about the streets and at the railway station. The residents of other portions of the town, too, have long been familiar with her face and form.

"For how many years, Mrs. Martin, have you followed your vocation?" was asked by the reporter.

"Well, I have been driving a carriage now about six or eight years; I carried the mail to South and West Attleboro, you know, before that. I commenced to drive the mail wagon, well, I don't know just when, but it was before the war—I think in about 1860. I drove it sixteen years and five months."

"You have had some strange experiences in that time?"

"Well, I had some adventures, that's a fact. It seems like a long time to look back on, and I wouldn't want to go through it again. I was about in all weathers, hot and cold, wet and dry. It was pretty tough sometimes, in the winter, I can tell you."

"Did you ever meet with any trouble by the way?"

Never but once, to amount to anything. There was one time, about ten years ago, that a gang of men tried to stop me. I wasn't on my usual route that night. You see, it was a Thanksgiving night. Mr. Anderson, the minister at the Methodist church, was over to his sister's, in the Read and Ide neighborhood, spending Thanksgiving, and he wanted me to come round that way with my mail, and carry him home. It was a pretty cold night and dark as a pocket, but I was going along all right, when I overtook a gang of about five or six men, standing by the side of the road. One of them called out and asked which of the roads led to Hebronville. I pointed out the road to him and went right on. I had this same little horse with me that I am driving now; he is 27 or 28 years old. One of the men stepped into the middle of the road and

Called on Me to Stop.

I had a whip in my hand made of three branches of apple-tree braided. It was stout and tough. I struck the horse on the flank, and just then the man gave a spring and grabbed the back strap and the reins. I struck the horse again, and he sprang forward, dragging the man along. He clung to the harness and the reins, and tried to pull them out of my hand, all the time trying to get into the wagon. He got one foot on the step and went hopping along on the other. I pounded him in the face with the stick until the blood ran down, and every time the stick struck him it struck the horse too; so he kept along at a brisk trot, and I kept pounding the fellow's face. By and by his foot caught in the wheel and he fell on his back, and the wheels ran over his legs."

"He didn't get into the wagon, then?"

"Well, I guess not. He had tackled the wrong customer that time."

"That was quite an adventure. Is that the only time you were troubled?"

"That's the only time any one attempted to stop me. I have broken down a good many times, but that was nothing; I could mend up easy enough. I have been through some pretty big snow drifts, though. Many a time I have carried a shovel and got out and dug the horse out of the drifts. I remember once that I got into a big drift which filled the road. Besides the mail I had a number of heavy express packages on."

"You ran an express, too, then?"

"Oh, yes! I have carried everything, from a collar to an engine. But, as I was saying, when I struck that drift I saw the horse couldn't drag that load and me too. So I got out, and took to the top of the wall. The horse kept the road all right, and I walked on top of the wall for a quarter of a mile or more, until we got out of the drift."

"What was your route?"

"I took the mail at the post office here, and drove up through Farmer's, and right through by the mill,

Passing the Graveyard

to South Attleboro. There I left the bag and my express packages. Then I drove up over Red Rock hill to Oldtown, where I left another mail at Newell's tavern. I carried that mail in a box. Then I drove round through Farmer's again, and so home. It was about eight miles in all."

"Did you carry telegraph messages as well as the mail and express?"

"Yes, I have carried telegraph messages ever since the telegraph office was opened here, and I carry them now in connection with my hack business. I have carried a great deal of express matter—some pretty heavy packages. Once I carried a corpse. It came by the train in care of the sexton, and was to go to the graveyard at South Attleboro. The sexton went with me. The box was pretty long, and projected out of the rear of the wagon some distance. It was a kind of a dark, stormy night. When we got to the graveyard we drove through it over to the back side, and unloaded the box.

"Did you see any ghosts?"

"No ghosts. We drove right off after leaving the body."

"You have carried money and valuable packages often, I suppose?"

"Oh! yes, many a time. One night a man gave me $600 in gold tied up in a salt bag to carry, and I threw it into the bottom of the wagon. He thought I was mighty careless, but there couldn't anybody get that bag, for it was right close to my feet. I should like to see any one try to get it away from me. He would have a good job."

"Did you carry any weapons?"

"I carried a revolver several years, but I never used it. I had it with me when that man tried to stop me, but I didn't want to shoot him."

"You have carried a good many passengers, I presume."

"Yes, I used to carry a good many in the mail wagon—sometimes as many as five or six together. I have

Carried All Sorts.

Some have been so drunk that they had to lie down on their backs in the bottom of the wagon. But drunk as they were, no one ever spoke a rude word to me, except on that one occasion. My husband took care of the business here in the village and I drove the mail and express wagon. I got $134 a year for taking the mail to South Attleboro, and $50 year for Oldtown. After my husband died, I gave up driving the mail, and went into my present business. But I kept up my telegraph message delivery, and I shall as long as I can. I have done outdoor work so long I don't think I should feel contented to do anything else. I suppose it seems queer to see a woman drive a carriage, but we must all get a living in some way."

Those who know Mrs. Martin best say that she is even braver than she will admit. It is related that on one occasion, she was accosted by two men on foot, who begged a ride. They were rough looking, and the night was dark, but she at once reined up and said:

"Jump in, jump in."

She left the men at the grocery store in which is the post office, and after she had driven away, one of the men asked:

"Who is that, anyway?"

"That is Mrs. Martin," was the reply.

"You can't make me believe that," was the rejoinder. "He's dressed like a woman, but I know its a man. No woman would take us in like that."

Upon another occasion Mrs. Martin had a lady passenger in her mail wagon. The night was dark, the way lonely and the lady timid. At last she ventured:

"It is very dark, Mrs. Martin."

"Yes, it's dark," was the reply; "but I've got the club handy."

Other say that at one time several years ago, a son of a former mayor of Boston was a passenger with Mrs. Martin. He was in haste, and at length broke into imprecations on the horse, who, though faithful, was by no means a rival of Maud S.

"Look here, young man," said the driver, "you just stop swearing or get out."

He stopped swearing, but on a subsequent occasion he was again sorely tempted, but remembering the previous rebuke and threat he gave vent to his feelings in French, which answered just as well for him and did not subject him to the danger of being obliged to finish his journey on foot.

Prospects for the Peach Crop.

"Nothing positive can yet be said about the peach crop," said the largest receiver of Delaware peaches in the city. "Most of the Delaware peaches that come to Boston are grown in a section of country about ten miles in width, extending perhaps 150 miles north and south along the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore division of the Pennsylvania railroad.

All the peaches in this section are still liable to be affected by frost, those at the southern end of the road by the first one that comes, and those farther north by any unusually late frost. The late frost is far more to be dreaded, for the crop in the southern section, owing to the poverty of the soil, is not as valuable as that from the northern district. The poverty of the soil is shown by the height of the trees, those in the southern district averaging perhaps ten feet in height; those farther north are fully twice that height. The section I refer to lies a little east of the central portion of the State. The peaches raised farther west, along the shores of Chesapeake bay and its branches are mostly shipped to Baltimore, and farther east, along the shores of Delaware bay, to Philadelphia by water. It is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion about the crop until about the first of August, for besides the frosts it is liable to be affected by drought in June or July. I will say, however, from what I have learned thus far, that there is every indication of an unusually heavy crop the coming season. About 250,000 half-bushel baskets of Delaware peaches came to Boston last season."

THE GREAT WALK.

Fitzgerald Scores 610 Miles, Beating Rowell by Eight Miles—Hazael's Sixth Century Passed by Both.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The great six days' go-as-you-please pedestrian contest which has been taking place this week had created so much interest in advance, that a crowd of 15,000 people gathered in the Madison Square Garden by midnight last Sunday night to witness the start. There were fourteen contestants, as follows: Patrick Fitzgerald, previous record, 582 miles; Robert Vint, 578; John Sullivan, 569; George D. Noremac, 566½; Charles Rowell, 566; Daniel J. Herty, 556; Peter J. Panchot, 541; Peter Napoleon Campana, 500; Samuel Day, 456; Alfred Elson, 423; William W. Lounsbury, Charles Thompson, Winston H. Burrell (colored), and Nit-aw-e-go-bow (Chippewa Indian) no six days' record. George Haines, a Pennsylvania aspirant, who paid his entrance money April 1, failed to appear, as did also Frank Hart, the negro, with a record of 566 miles, who was expected from the West.

It was a game race to the end. Such rivalry on the last day of a contest was never known. Ex-Alderman Fitzgerald's grit and steady plodding, with mere winks for rest, was too much for the doughty Britisher, who, though he pluckily tried even to the last to run the Irishman down, was compelled to give it up and accept second money. The pace was terrific, carrying both men past the 600-mile post planted by Hazael in 1882, and breaking all previous records into smithereens. Fitzgerald's figures are 610; Rowell's, 602 miles. Fitzgerald exceeds Hazael's best-in-the-world by 10 miles, and his own previous record by 28 miles. Rowell exceeds Hazael's record by 1 mile and 7 laps, and his own by 46 miles. Elson's 525 miles puts him ahead of his previous record by 102 miles; Panchot gains 15½ and Herty loses 17 miles on previous performances; Noremac fell behind his best performance twenty-one miles, and Vint was forty-eight miles behind himself. The features of the week were Fitzgerald's tenacity in pushing Rowell and holding his gain; the latter's error in allowing him to gain the lead; Panchot's wonderful work Friday, and the long-continued struggle of the last day.

This is the second time Fitzgerald has beaten the best six days' record. The first time was at the American Institute building in this city in a six days' match gotten up by John Ennis, December 26 to 31, 1881. All previous best records were eclipsed at that time by his making 582 miles and 55 yards in 141 hours 58 minutes 15 seconds, winning the match. Two months afterward Fitzgerald finished second to Hazael, when the latter made 600 miles, Fitz making 577 miles—a wonderful performance when it is remembered that he had only two months in which to recuperate.

The shares of the winners in the stakes will be as follows: Fitzgerald, $1050; Rowell, $300; Panchot, $150. The gate money on the above estimate will be divided as follows: Fitzgerald, $9500; Rowell, $3800; Panchot, $2090; Noremac, $1330; Herty, $950; Vint, $760; Elson, $570. The total receipts of the three leading men will accordingly be as follows: Fitzgerald, $10,550; Rowell, $4100; Panchot, $2240.

The Final Score.

	M.	L.		M.	L.
Fitzgerald	610	0	Herty	539	3
Rowell	602	0	Vint	530	0
Panchot	566	4	Elson	525	3
Noremac	545	5	Nitaw	158	4

The Six Days' Work.

Following is the daily record of the peds remaining in the race:

	Monday M. L.	Tuesday M. L.	Wednesday M. L.	Thursday M. L.	Friday M. L.	Saturday M. L.
Rowell	135 1	105 0	105 7	94 0	85 0	77 0
Fitzgerald	126 0	100 1	109 7	111 6	88 7	73 3
Noremac	120 7	95 6	95 3	80 3	56 6	51 4
Herty	120 0	97 1	89 3	88 4	88 5	55 3
Panchot	123 5	88 7	89 4	90 3	103 5	70 4
Vint	115 1	95 7	98 6	94 5	75 5	50 0
Elson	113 7	86 1	86 2	86 0	82 6	70 3
Nitaw	94 5	30 3	11 3	13 5	7 5	0 7

Six-Day Races Since 1877.

The following table shows in condensed form the progress made in six-day racing since O'Leary electrified the world in 1877, by making 520 miles, to the present race. Nearly ninety miles have been added in the past seven years.

Miles.	Name.	Place.	Date.
520	O'Leary	London	April, 1877
520	O'Leary	London	March, 1878
521	Corkey	London	Nov'r., 1878
523	Krohne	New York	March, 1881
524	Rowell	New York	Sept., 1879
525	Pegram	New York	Dec., 1879
529	Krohne	New York	Jan., 1881
531	Faber	New York	Dec., 1879
534	Howard	New York	April, 1880
535	Krohne	New York	Dec., 1879
536	Fitzgerald	New York	May, 1881
540	Hart	New York	Dec., 1879
541	Panchot	New York	April, 1879
542	Brown	London	April, 1879
543	Pegram	New York	April, 1880
550	Weston	London	June, 1879
550	Vint	New York	Jan., 1881
552	Hughes	New York	May, 1881
553	Brown	London	Feb., 1880
558	Albert	New York	Jan., 1881
565	Hart	New York	April, 1880
566	Rowell	London	Nov., 1880
568	Hughes	New York	Jan., 1881
569	Sullivan	New York	Jan., 1881
573	Vint	New York	May, 1881
582	Fitzgerald	New York	Jan., 1882
600	Hazel	New York	March, 1882

A HUMAN TIGER.

An Infuriated Soldier Kills Eleven Comrades for Chaffing His Countrymen.

[New York Sun.]

NAPLES, April 15.—The castle of Pizzofalcone, on the hill overlooking the lovely shore of Santa Lucia, in this city, has been the scene of a remarkable tragedy. The castle is a military barrack, filled with infantry. The tortuous road down to the sea is bordered by cabins inhabited by the families of veterans. The tragedy occurred on the night of Easter Sunday, about 9 o'clock. A knot of Piedmontese and Lombardy soldiers began to chaff a Calabrese corporal, jeering at his country, mimicking his patois, and tantalalizing him in every way. A sergeant interfered and drove the soldiers to bed. An hour afterward one Salvatore Misdea, a Calabrian soldier of the Nineteenth Infantry, stole quietly from bed, took his gun and a hundred rounds of cartridges, and stationed himself at the door of the barrack. He piled the cartridges on a bench, loaded his musket, and, kneeling down, began to fire upon every Piedmontese and Lombard soldier in sight. The first shot brought down the sergeant who had stopped the warfare of words. He fired as rapidly as possible, every shot either killing or wounding a comrade.

The sleeping regiment was aroused. As fast as the soldiers sprang from their beds they were shot down. The regiment was panic-stricken. The graduates who rushed for the door and tried to corral the human tiger were shot dead. The remainder of the soldiers sought shelter in their rooms. Misdea then entered the rooms one after the other, killing and wounding all but the Calabrese. From the windows of each room he would shoot down the soldiers outside. In one room half a dozen soldiers had crowded under their beds. They caught the infuriated man by the legs as he entered and pulled him to the floor. Although he fought like a tiger, his gun was taken from him and his hands were tied behind him. He bit and scratched all who came near him, and he was finally gagged. Meantime the barrack was filled with terror. Affrighted soldiers sprang from the windows, breaking legs and arms, and the place echoed with the cries of the wounded. Smoke filled every room. The walls were furrowed by bullets and blood was everywhere seen. Six men were killed outright and five were mortally wounded. They were all natives of Lombardy and Piedmont and of good families.

The Calabrian was neither drunk nor crazy. He recognized his countrymen while shooting, shouting: "Don't be afraid. You are Calabrese. I'll not shoot you." Seeing a young conscript quaking with fear, he cried: "Keep quiet. You're only a conscript. I won't hurt you." In all he fired nearly sixty rounds of cartridges. When arrested he snarled like a tiger, and kept it up the whole night. General Mezzacapo questioned him before he was imprisoned. He replied that he knew what he was about, but that he could not bear to hear the Piedmontese and Lombards make fun of the Calabrese.

Before joining the regiment Misdea was a brigand. He has often boasted of his deadly exploits to his comrades. He frequently said that he hated mankind, and that he loved no one—not even his mother. He is 21 years old, red-headed, and has high cheek bones. He was sent to the prison at Castel del Nuovo. The hospital of La Trinista is filled with his victims. Thousands attended the funerals of those who were slain outright.

Girls Poisoned by Sugar Sent in a Letter.

CLARKSBURG, W. Va., May 4.—On Tuesday last Miss Delia James of Adamsville, a remote village of this county, received an envelope by mail, purporting to come from a cousin, and containing some brown sugar. A note was enclosed requesting her to eat the sugar and burn the note and envelope. Supposing it to be a joke, Delia divided the sugar with her sister Annie, both girls eating of it. The sugar was poisoned. Miss Delia is now dying, and her sister is suffering great agony.

THE "ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH POWDER, fine, smooth, cleansing, refreshing, preservative 15c.

DAVITT GIVES UP POLITICS.

He Thinks He Can Do Better in Australia.

Why His Land Nationalization Schemes Have Failed in Ireland.

Popular Assistance to Parnell's Land Purchase Company.

LONDON, May 5.—Mr. Michael Davitt announces today that he has decided to abandon politics and to take up his residence in Australia. Mr. Davitt refuses to state his reasons for his intention of emigrating to Australia further than that he is convinced that his attempt to popularize in Ireland the land nationalization projects of Mr. George is a failure, and that he can better himself financially in Australia, where he has many friends who would gladly welcome him.

In an interview with a prominent member of Parliament in regard to Mr. Davitt's intention of withdrawing from politics, he said: "It did not require Mr. Parnell's emphatic declaration at Drogheda to stamp out Mr. Davitt's attempt to popularize in Ireland the land nationalization projects of Mr. George. When Mr. Davitt lately induced Mr. George to give a lecture in Dublin he must have felt convinced that the effort in which he was engaged was foredoomed to failure. Mr. George's views on property in land had never the slightest chance of receiving popular acceptance in Ireland.

"Mr. Davitt has long ceased to be in sympathy with Parnellism. He was once useful in the war against landlords, but he has played his part and is now a source of embarrassment rather than of help to the Parnell leaders. It requires much less sagacity than Mr. Parnell possesses to see clearly that a people so wedded to the land as the Irish, who have no great manufactures to attract their attention and absorb their energies, would never adopt a scheme of land reform which would divorce them individually from all ownership in the soil.

"A further proof has been afforded of the way the current of popular feeling runs in Ireland on the land question by the earnest sympathy and assistance that are being extended to Mr. Parnell's land purchase company by the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy of the western and northwestern districts of the country. It is in Galway, Mayo, Donegal and in the adjoining shires that that congestion of the agricultural population, which has produced so much agrarian misery and crime, most prevails.

"Mr. Tukes' emigration committee and other similar agencies had done something to remedy the evil, but, though I fully realize the benefits arising from all well-managed schemes of popular emigration, still none of us desiring the welfare of Ireland can do otherwise than rejoice that there is a competing enterprise based on sound commercial principles, having for its object the relief of congestion without compelling the peasantry to leave their own country."

Charged With Conspiracy to Murder.

DUBLIN, May 5.—P. N. Fitzgerald, Jeremiah Lowrey, James Connelly, Luke Armstrong, William Murphy, P. Gannon, P. Donohoe, T. Higgins, Patrick Durkin, Michael Durkin and two others were today again arraigned in the Police Court at Sligo, and the charge of conspiracy to murder, in which it is alleged they attempted to shoot Sub-Inspector Doherty and the clerk of the Union some years ago. The principal witness today was John Moran, who was also arrested on the above charge, but afterwards turned approver. He was formerly a member of the inner circle of the Invincibles, and was called to prove that Fitzgerald belonged to the Tubbercurry branch of the order. Moran deposed that P. J. Sheridan was the founder and active worker of the branch of the Invincibles at Tubbercurry; that P. N. Fitzgerald was his lieutenant, and acted under orders from Sheridan.

Prospects of the Wheat Crop.

LONDON, May 5.—The Mark Lane Express today says: "It is seldom that the prospects of the wheat crop are so favorable in any part of the country as they are this season. The same remark applies to every wheat-growing country in the world, as far as present information guides us to conclusion."

A PLUCKY STATEN ISLAND GIRL.

She Knocks a Negro Assailant Out in Three Rounds and Secures His Capture.

NEW YORK, April 29.—Jennie and Mary Goff, aged 19 and 16, live alone in their neat little cottage in the village of Rossville, S. I. Five months ago their mother died, and they have since supported themselves as seamstresses. Sunday night, soon after they had fallen asleep, Jennie was awakened by a negro, who was clutching her by the throat with one hand, while in the other he held a light. Mary, the younger sister, also awoke, but was paralyzed with fear. Jennie, however, appears never to have lost her presence of mind. In moving the light the man's hand was partly released, and Miss Goff availed herself of the opportunity to break the grip of the ruffian. She rose up, and with her clinched fist struck the negro a powerful blow that knocked him to the floor. He then sprang forward, but received a second right-hander from the plucky girl, which was followed up by some effective scratching.

In relating her experience the girl said: "Mary was too frightened to move at first, but at the second attack she screamed. The man dashed out the light and attacked me a third time in the dark. I continued hitting and scratching him. Our screams were kept up, and that must have convinced him that the risk was too great. He ran to the window and began to climb out. As he did so I gave him another blow which caused him to go sprawling headlong to the ground."

In falling the man's chin struck against the sharp edge of an ash pan, almost severing his windpipe and causing a profuse hemorrhage. The ruffian was secured by the neighbors, and proved to be a man by the name of Wilson.

A THRILLING EPISODE.

A Locomotive Engineer's Instinct—How He Saved a Train and How He Saved Himself.

On one of the darkest and stormiest nights of the recent unusual winter the express on one of the leading New York railroads was moving westward from Albany. The engine's headlight threw a strong reflection in advance, but the storm was so blinding it was almost impossible to distinguish anything, even at a short distance. Under such circumstances instinct necessarily takes the place of sight. All seemed to be going well, when, in an instant, the engineer reversed his engine, applied the air brakes, and came to a full stop. Why he did so he could not tell any more than any of us can account for the dread of coming disaster and death, and to the wondering inquiry of his fireman he simply said: "I feel that something's wrong." Seizing a lantern he swung himself down from the cab and went forward to investigate. Everything appeared to be right, and he was about to return to his engine when his eye caught sight of a peculiar appearance at the joint of the rail next to him. Brushing the accumulated snow away, he looked a moment, and then uttered an exclamation of horror. The rails on both sides had been unspiked and would have turned over the instant the engine touched them. What inspired this attempt at train-wrecking is unknown, but it was presumed the confederates of some prisoners who were on the train hoped, in the confusion of an accident, to deliver their friends.

Engineer John Donohoe of Albany, to whose wonderful instinct was due the salvation of the train, when asked by the writer why he stopped his engine, said:

"I can't tell why. I only know I *felt* something was wrong."

"Do you have these feelings often when upon the road?" continued the writer.

"No, very seldom; although for the past twenty years I have been in a condition to feel appehension at almost anything."

"How is that?"

"Why, I have been a victim of one of the worst cases of dyspepsia ever known. I have not been confined to my bed, as, like thousands of others, I am compelled to work whether able or not. Indeed, when it first began I had only a loss of appetite, a faint feeling that would not go away and a bad taste in the mouth, but I finally got those terrible craving and gnawing feelings that make life so unbearable and are known as general debility."

"What did you do?"

"I tried physicians until I became discouraged. I gave eight different ones fair tests, but none of them benefited me. I then tried proprietary medicines, but they failed likewise. It looked pretty dark for me, so far as any more peace or enjoyment in this world were concerned, and I became terribly discouraged."

"You certainly do not look that way now."

"Oh, no, indeed, I am in perfect health now," was the reply, "and I propose to continue so. My nervousness is entirely gone; I can sleep nights; the aching numbness has disappeared; the pale, sickly appearance has given place to the color of health, and I have readily put on flesh. This is what has been accomplished by means of Warner's Tippecanoe. If I can be cured after a chronic illness of nearly a quarter of a century, I believe all suffering in a similar manner can be restored by using the same great remedy."

Such is the testimony of a man who could detect and remove unseen danger on the road, but could not remove the dangers from within his own system until brought face to face with the great preparation above-named, which did so much for him, and can do as much for all those who require it.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, May 3, 1884.

A steady and firm money market, which continues at the close, has ruled during the best part of the week. Good mercantile paper is quoted at 5@5½ per cent. discount; miscellaneous paper of a fair grade at 6@6½ per cent., and corporation notes and acceptances at 4@4½. Outside of the banks discounts range from 4½@5 per cent. and upwards, according to circumstances. The country banks report local discounts as firm at about 5½ per cent.

Call loans on collateral range from 3½@5 per cent. per annum, the rate depending upon the nature of the security. Short time loans on the best of collateral are obtainable at 4@4½ per cent., rarely below the former rate, while the savings banks and trust companies are lending money at low rates of interest on approved security. There continues to exist a good supply of loanable funds, applications for their use being fairly active.

Between banks today the rate for balances was 3½@4 per cent., the latter figure being the ruling one.

This morning at the clearing house the gross exchanges amounted to $12,733,449, and for the week were $73,168,847; the balances this morning were $1,522,960, and for the week, $10,107,347. New York funds today sold at par to 5 cents discount per $1000.

Foreign exchange is steady, at the following rates: Sight, 4.89½; sixty days, 4.87½; commercial bills, 4.86; francs, sight, 5.13¾; sixty days, 5.16¼.

About $650,000 gold was shipped from New York today. Total for the week, $2,744,632, and since February 11, $25,568,940.

In New York call loans on stocks are a little stronger at 2@3 per cent., while discount rates rule unchanged from last week.

The bank statement today shows a decrease in every item, as follows:

Loans, decreased	$1,365,000
Specie, decreased	2,218,200
Legal tenders, decreased	12,700
Deposits, decreased	2,468,500
Circulation, decreased	76,200
Reserve, decreased	1,613,800

The banks are now $770,320 in excess of legal requirements, against $2,384,120 in excess last week, and $1,604,375 in excess the corresponding week last year.

Sales at Boston Stock Exchange, May 5.

FIRST BOARD—FIRST CALL.

BONDS.		RAILROADS.	
$6000 Mex Cen 7s.	50¾	20 Fitchburg	120
$5000 do	51	200 Marq, Hough & Ont com.	18¼
$2000 do	51⅛	150 Mex Central	13¼
$13000 do	51¼	400 do	13⅜
$16000 do	51½	200 do	13¼
$8000 do	51⅝	100 Wis Cen com	11⅛
$2000 Union Pac 8s SF	110	121 UnionPacific	59
$2000 Tol, Del & B 6s.S E Div.	20¼	10 Tol. C & St L	15c
RAILROADS.		MINING COS.	
30 Atch,T&SF	77¾	43 Cal & Hecla	176
100 do	77⅝	50 Quincy	36
10 Chic, B & Q.	122¾	MISCELLANEOUS.	
1729 do rights	1 55	50 Tropical Tel.	2 7-16
5 do	1 57½	11 New Eng Tel	29½

SECOND CALL.

BONDS.		RAILROADS.	
$1000 A. T & S F 5s plain	86¾	$2000 OregonShort Line 6s	85½
$4000 do	86⅞	RAILROADS.	
$5000 K C. Spring & Memp 6s.	94	110 Chic, B & Q. rights	1 55
$10000 Tol,C&StL6s assented	13	100 UnionPacific	58⅞
$7000 Mex Cen 7s.	51½	155 do	58¾
$7000 do	51⅝	100 Atch.T&SF	77⅞
$3000 do	51½	25 N Y & N Eng	13⅜
$8000 do	51⅜	200 Mex Central	13¼
$10000 do	51¼	MINING COS.	
$18000 do	51⅜	37 Cal & Hecla	176
$20000 do	51¼	MISCELLANEOUS.	
$2000 Union Pac 6s	111½	10 Erie Teleph.	28
		10 do	27¾

SECOND BOARD—BEFORE CALL.

BONDS.		RAILROADS.	
$20000 Mex Cen 7s.	51	5 Fitchburg	119¾
RAILROADS.		1 Metropolitan	73
171 Chic, B & Q. rights	1 57½	100 UnionPacific	59⅛

FIRST CALL.

BONDS.		RAILROADS.	
$1000 Eastern 6s	110⅝	20 Mex Central	13½
$15000 K C. Spring & Memp 6s.	94	100 do s60	13½
$70 Lt & Ft S 7s. scrip	88	800 do	13⅝
$5000 Mex Cen 7s.	51½	50 Ia F & S City	83¾
$2000 do	51⅜	2 Metropolitan	73½
$5000 do	51⅝	30 Cen of Mass pref	17½
$1000 Tol, Del & B 6s, Day Div.	13	14 Old Colony	143
RAILROADS.		23 UnionPacific	60
219 Atch.T&SF	77⅞	155 do	59¾
50 Chic, B & Q.	122¾	100 Wis Cen com	11⅝
139 do	123	100 do b60	11½
2505 do rights	1 60	50 do	11¼
2 Fitchburg	120	MINING COS.	
20 La & Mo Riv	20	46 Cal & Hecla	176
10 ConnottonV.	40c	MISCELLANEOUS.	
		60 Am Bell Tel.	163

SECOND CALL.

BONDS.		RAILROADS.	
$10000 Mex Cen 7s.	51¾	370 Chic. B & Q. rights	1 60
RAILROADS.		MINING COS.	
100 Cin. San & C	10½	18 Cal & Hecla	175
25 K C, Sp & M.	28	MISCELLANEOUS.	
300 Mex Central	13⅝	1 Am Bell Tel.	163
150 do	13½		

Prices of Bonds and Stocks at 3 P. M.

[Furnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.]

LAND COMPANIES.	Bid.	Asked.	RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked.
Boston Land	5¾	6¼	Mar, H & O	18¾	20
Boston W P	2	2⅜	Metrop H	73	73½
Maverick	1	1½	Mexican Cen	13⅝	13¾
BONDS.			N Y & N E	13¼	13¾
A,T&SF 1sts	121⅞	—	Old Colony	143	143⅛
A & P 6s	93	—	Rutland pref	19	20
Eastern 6s	110½	110¾	Tol. C & St. L	15c	20c
L R & Ft S 7s	94	—	Union Pac	59⅛	59⅝
Mex Cen 7s	51½	51¾	Wis Central	11¼	11⅜
Mex Cen inc	13	14	MINING COMPANIES.		
N Y & N E 7s	104	—	Allouez	—	1
N Y & N E 6s	—	94½	Atlantic	7½	8
Union Pac 6s	111	111½	Cal & Hecla	175	176
Union Pac 7s	109¼	110	Franklin	8¾	—
RAILROADS.			Huron	1	1½
A. T & S Fe	77⅝	78	Osceola	12	14
Bos & Alb'y	180	181	Pewabic	1¼	1⅜
Bos & Maine	164	165	Quincy	36	—
Ch. B & Q	123	123¼	TELEPHONE COMPANIES.		
Cin. S & Clev	10¼	12	Amer'n Bell	163	163½
Connotton V.	30c	40c	Erie	28	29
Eastern	35	38	Mexican	2⅛	2¼
Fitchburg	119¾	120	New Engl'd	30	31
F & P Mar	26¼	27	Tropical	2⅜	2½
do pref	102½	103	MISCELLANEOUS.		
L R & F S	18	20	Pull Pal Car	110	—
La & Mo Riv	19½	20			

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, May 3, 1884.

BUTTER.—There continues to be a drooping tendency to the market and prices show a further decline. We quote:

New Northern Dairy—New York and Vermont, choice, ℔ lb, 24@25c; do do fair to good, 22@23c; do do common, 15@20c; fine creamery, 27@28c; good to choice, 25@27c.

Western—Creamery, fine, 29@...c; do, good to choice, 25@28c; imitation creamery, choice, 20@21; ladle packed, choice, 17@11c; do, fair to good, 12@15c.

CHEESE.—New cheese is beginning to attract attention, and prices are for the most part only nominal. We quote choice full cream at 12½@13½c; fair to good, 10@12c; skims, 4@8c; Northern extra, 14½@15c; do, choice, 13@14c; do, fair to good, 10@12c; Western, choice, 12½@14c; do, fair to good, 9@12c; do, common, 5@8c.

DYEWOODS.—In St Domingo Logwood there have been sales at $20 00@23 00 ton; fustic at $20@24 ℔ ton. Limaand sapan wood are quiet and there have been no sales of importance.

EGGS.—There has been a little easier tendency since our last. We quote:

Eastern, fresh 16½@16½c ℔ doz; New York and Vermont, 16@16½c ℔ doz; Western, 15@15½c ℔ doz; Southern, ...@....c ℔ doz; Provincial, 15@15½c ℔ doz; duck eggs, 20@23c ℔ doz; geese eggs, 40@45c ℔ doz.

FEED.—Sales of shorts have been at $16 50@19 ℔ ton; fine feed and middlings at $18 50@21 ℔ ton; cotton seed meal at $27 50@30 ℔ ton.

FISH.—We quote the following as the current rates: Mackerel American inspection—No 1 shore, $25 00 @ 28 00 ℔ bbl; $00 00@00 00 ℔ bbl for No 2; No 3 medium at $00 00@00 00 ℔ bbl; No 4, $4@4 50 ℔ bbl; Nova Scotia mackerel, $18@20 ℔ bbl for No 1.

Codfish—Large Georges, $5 00@5 25 ℔ qtl; pickle cured Bank, $2 50@2 75 ℔ qtl; large dry do, $2 75@3 00 ℔ qtl; do small, $2 50@2 75 ℔ qtl; hake, $2 00@2 25 ℔ qtl; haddock, $2 25@2 37½ ℔ qtl; pollock, $2 50@3 50 ℔ qtl; alewives, $...@... ℔ bbl; salmon, No 1, $... ℔ bbl; herring, medium scaled, 16@17c ℔ box; round pickled, $2@2 50 ℔ bbl; do shore splits, $4 50@5 00 ℔ bbl; do Labrador, $3 50@4 ℔ bbl.

FLOUR.—The market for flour has a firm feeling for favorite brands, but trade is light and unsatisfactory. We quote:

Spring Wheats—Western superfine, $2 75@3 15; common extras, $3 25@4; spring wheat bakers, $4 25@5 50; spring wheat patents, medium and good, $6@6 25; good and choice, $6 25@6 50; fancy Minnesota, $6 75@7.

Winter Wheats—Choice patents, $6 25@6 50; do common to good, $5 75@6 25; New York roller flour, $5 40@5 85; Michigan, $5 25@5 50; Ohio and Indiana roller flour, $5 40@5 75; St Louis and Illinois, $5 50@6 10; Illinois and St Louis straights, $5 00@5 25; Ohio and Indiana straights, $4 90@5 25; Michigan straights $4 90@5 00; winter wheat seconds, $3 25@3 50 ℔ bbl. Rye flour, $3 50@4 ℔ bbl; cornmeal, $2 70; oatmeal, Western ground, $4 75@5; oatmeal, cut fancy brands, $5 50@6.

FRESH MEAT.—The demand has been fair for beef at steady prices. Veal has also been in fair demand. We quote:

Choice beef hindquarters, 12@13c ℔ lb; do common, 7@10c; do choice forequarters 7@7½c ℔ lb; do common to good, 5@5½c; extra mutton, 9@10c; do common to good, 4@6c; choice spring lamb, 7@8c; choice veal, 10@11c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 7@9c ℔ lb; do common, 4@5c; do Worcester county, choice, 10@12½c; do do common 7@9c ℔ lb.

FREIGHTS.—The grain engagements have been light and rates to Liverpool and Glasgow have declined. We quote the asking rates as follows: By steam to Liverpool—Corn, ℔ bush, 1½d; wheat, ℔ bush, 1½d; barrel flour, ℔ bbl, 9d; sack flour, ℔ ton, 6s; butter and cheese, ℔ ton, 10s; provisions, ℔ ton, 6s 6d; leather, ℔ ton, 25s; cotton, ℔ lb, 1-16d; tobacco, 20s; measurement goods, ℔ 40 cubic feet, 15@20s. By steam to London—Corn, ℔ bush, 3½d; wheat, ℔ bush, 3½d; barrel flour, ℔ bbl, 1s 6d; sack flour, ℔ ton, 12s 6d; butter and cheese, ℔ ton, 20s; tobacco, 35s; provisions, ℔ ton, 17s 6d; measurement goods, ℔ 40 cubic feet, 27s 6d. By steam to Glasgow—Corn, ℔ bush, 3d; wheat, ℔ bush, 3d; barrel flour, ℔ bbl, 1s 6d; sack flour, ℔ ton, 11s 3d; provisions, ℔ ton, 17s 6d; butter and cheese, ℔ ton, 20s; tobacco, 35s; measurement goods, ℔ 40 cubic feet, 25s. Measurement goods to Australasia are taken at the following rates: To Melbourne, ℔ foot, 21c; Sydney, 18c; Adelaide, 20c; Dunedin, 24c; Brisbane, 25c. To California the rates are unchanged, and we quote on a basis of $9, dead weight capacity. Coal freights from Baltimore to Boston rule at $1 40; Portland, $1 40; Fall River, $1 25; Providence, $1 25; Salem, $1 45; New York, $1 15; New Haven, $1 25; New London, $1 25; Portsmouth, N. H., $1 50 ℔ ton. From New York the rates of coal are as follows: To Boston at 80c@$1 05; New-Haven, 55c; Providence, 80c; Portland, 80c. Philadelphia rates of coal rule as follows: To Boston at $1 15@1 25 ℔ ton.

FRUIT.—The demand is moderate for Malaga raisins, and remain about the same. We quote:

London layers have been sold at $2 40, and loose Muscatel at $2 30@2 35 ℔ box. Valencia raisins have sold at 6@6½c, and Sultana at 8@8½c ℔ lb; Smyrna figs at 10@20c ℔ lb; citron at 17@17½c; dates at 5@5½c for frails, 4½@5c for skin, and 6@8c for boxes; Turkey prunes at 5@5½c; French do at 8@14c ℔ lb. Peanuts have been in good demand, with the sales at 7@7½c for Wilmington, and 3½@11c for Virginia. Oranges are in demand, with sales of Valencia at $7 50@10 ℔ case; Messina and Palermos at $5@4 ℔ box; very choice Messina at $6 ℔ box. Lemons have sold at $2@3 50 ℔ box as to quality.

GUNNY BAGGING.—Domestic Bagging has been in light demand. We quote:

Sales of 2¼ lbs average at 11¼c ℔ lb; 2 lbs average, 10¾c ℔ lb; 1¾ lbs average at 10c ℔ lb, and 9½c ℔ lb for 1½ lbs average.

HAY AND STRAW.—The demand for hay has been good. We quote:

Choice Northern and Eastern, $16 50@17 ℔ ton; good, $15@16 00 ℔ ton; fine, $13@14 ℔ ton; poor, 10@12 ℔ ton; damaged, $5@10 ℔ ton; Western Timothy, ...; swale hay, $8@10 ℔ ton; choice rye straw, $18 00@17 00 ℔ ton; do common to good, $13@15 00 ℔ ton; oat straw, $9@10 ℔ ton.

HEMP.—The market has been dull for Manila hemp.

We quote spot, etc. at 8¼@8¾c ℔ lb. In Sisal hemp sales have been at 4½@....c ℔ lb. Jute butts have been quiet and prices range from 2¼@2¾c ℔ lb for paper and bagging grades.

HIDES AND SKINS.—We quote current prices as follows:

Calcutta cow—Slaughter, 12½@13; dead green, 10½; buffalo, 9¼@9¾; Buenos Ayres, 25½@26; Rio Grande, 24@24½; Montevideo, 25½@26; Gambia and Bissau, 26@27; California, 24@24½; Buenos Ayres, wet, 12@12½; Western, dry, 16@18; do, wet, 9@10; Southern, dry, 15@18; do, wet, 8@10.

Goat skins—Madras, 55@60; Buenos Ayres, 54@57; Cape Good Hope, 24@25.

HOPS.—The market for Hops has been quiet. We quote:

Fancy, 1883, ...@....c ℔ lb; choice, 20@22c ℔ lb; fair to good, 15@18c ℔ lb; common, 10@12c ℔ lb.

INDIA RUBBER.—We quote sales of fine Para at 62@64c ℔ lb; coarse do, 40@41c ℔ lb.

INDIGO.—We quote fine Bengal at $1 65@1 80; good consuming, $1 40@1 60; ordinary, 90c@1 25; Guatemala, 50@70c ℔ lb.

IRON.—The demand for Pig Iron has been moderate. We quote:

American pig, $21 00@24 ℔ ton; Scotch, $21@21 50 ℔ ton for Eglinton, $22@23 ℔ ton for other brands. Bar iron has sold at $1 90@2 ℔ 100 lbs for refined. Common sheet iron has been selling at 3¼@4¼c ℔ lb. Steel rails have been steady $33@34 ℔ ton at the mills.

LEAD.—The market for pig lead has been quiet and we quote:

Pig lead at 4c ℔ lb; lead pipe, 6¼@..c; tin-lined pipe 15@..c; block tin pipe, 45c; sheet lead, 7¼..c. Old lead has been taken in exchange for new at 3½c for solid and 3c for tea.

LEATHER.—The market for sole leather has been quiet and prices are steady and firm. We quote:

Sole—Buenos Ayres, light, 25½@26c; do middle, 27½@29c; do heavy, 26@27c; common, light, 24@24½c; do middle, 25½@26c; do heavy, 24@25c; buffalo, 23@..c. Upper in rough—Hemlock, 23@30c; oak, 29½@33c. Calf skins, ℔ lb—Rough, 40@53c; finished, 60@85c; French, $1 20@2.

LIME.—The market is quiet with further sales at 95c@$1 ℔ cask.

LUMBER.—Following are the current prices: Clear pine—Nos 1 and 2, $50@60; No 3, $40@45; No 4, $32@38; No 5, $25@26; coarse pine—No 5, $17@18; shipping boards, $16@17; spruce—Nos 1 and 2, $13@15; hemlock boards, Nos 1 and 2, $11 50@12 50; Southern pine—flooring boards, Nos 1 and 2, $30@33; do 1¼ and 1½ step, $33@34; ship stock, $28@30; yard orders, $21@22; dimension factory, $21@22; random cargoes, assorted, $18@20; black walnut, $75@90; cherry, $70@75; white wood, 1 inch, $28@33; do ⅝ inch, $24@26; oak, $38@40; ash, $35@42; clapboards—heart pine, $40@55; saps, $33@50; spruce, $10@33; shingles, $1 75@5 50; spruce laths, $1 75@2; pine laths, $2 25@2 50.

PEAS.—There has been a fair demand and prices are steady. We quote:

Choice Canada, $1 05@1 10 ℔ bush; co common, 80@90c ℔ bush; Northern green peas, $1@1 10 ℔ bush; Western do $1 25@1 40 ℔ bush.

POTATOES.—The market remains without improvement. We quote:

Houlton rose, 40@...c ℔ bush; Aroostook rose, 40@...c ℔ bush; Eastern rose, 35@40c ℔ bush; Northern rose, 35@40c ℔ bush; Eastern prolifics, 35@38c ℔ bush; Burbank seedlings, 35@40c ℔ bush; Provincial cargoes, white stock, 30@35c ℔ bush; sweet potatoes, $@ ℔ bbl.

POULTRY AND GAME.—There is a quiet market for poultry, with sales confined to small lots. We quote fresh killed.

Northern turkeys, extra, 18@...c ℔ lb; common to good, 10@15c ℔ lb; choice winter chickens, 20@25c ℔ lb; common to good, $16@18c ℔ lb; choice fowl, fresh killed, 17@19c ℔ lb; common to good, 10@15c ℔ lb.

Western turkeys—Choice, frozen, 15@18c ℔ lb; fair to good, 10@12c ℔ lb; do choice chickens, 14@15c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 12@14c ℔ lb; do fowls, 10@14c ℔ lb; wild pigeons, $2 62@2 75 ℔ doz.

PROVISIONS.—The prices for beef have been steady and unchanged. We quote:

Western mess at $11 50@12 50; Western extra mess at $13@13 50; Western plate at $14@15 50; and Western extra plate at $14@15 50 ℔ lb.

Pork—Sales of extra prime at $16 50@17; old mess at $16 75@17; new mess at $18; clear at $18@20; and backs at $20 ℔ bbl.

Dressed hogs—City dressed hogs sell at 7¾c ℔ lb; live do, 6⅜@6⅝c ℔ lb.

Smoked hams are in light supply at 13@14½c ℔ lb.

Lard—Sales of Boston and Western, 9@9½c ℔ lb; fancy brands command 10¼@10½c ℔ lb.

SALTPETRE.—The market is quiet, with further sales at 5⅜@5½c ℔ lb.

SEEDS.—Calcutta linseed is quiet and prices are nominally $1 80@.... ℔ bush. Domestic flaxseed at Chicago is firm at $1 70 ℔ bush. Grass seeds have been in fair jobbing demand and prices are unchanged.

SPICES.—The market has been quiet for all kinds of spices, and sales have been confined to jobbing lots, and we quote Zanzibar cloves at 10¾@11c; African ginger at 10½c, and nutmegs at 50@66c.

SPIRITS.—The demand for foreign and domestic spirits is light and prices remain the same. We quote New England rum at $1 45@1 50 ℔ gal for new and $1 60 ℔ gal for old, rs to quality and age.

STARCH.—We quote current prices as follows: Potato, 4½@4⅝c; corn, 3¼@4c; choice do, 4⅛@5c; wheat, 6½@7c.

SUMAC.—Sicily is dull with small sales of Sicily at $105 ℔ ton. American has been selling at $75@85 ℔ ton, as to quality.

TALLOW.—Sales of rendered have been at 7⅛@7¼c ℔ lb. Grease has been selling at 5½@6½c ℔ lb, as to quality.

TEAS.—The following are the current prices: Gunpowder, 20@45c ℔ lb; Imperial, 20@45c; Hyson, 14@35c; Young Hyson, 18@35c; Twankay, 10@25c; Hyson Skin, 10@25c; Congou 18@55; Souchong, 18@55c; Oolong, 15@55c; Japans, 16@33.

TIN.—The market is firmer. We quote straits at 19¼c and English at 19⅜c ℔ lb.

TIN PLATES.—We quote jobbing sales at $5 25@7 ℔ box as to quality.

WOOL.—The tone of the market has been dull and prices are unchanged. We quote sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, 35@36c for X, 37@38c for XX, and 39@40c for XX and above. Michigan X fleeces have been sold at 33@34c ℔ lb. Combing and delaine fleeces have been in very light sale; unwashed combing has sold at 26@28c. The demand for pulled wools have been moderate and choice Eastern and Maine supers have sold in the range of 38@40c; principal sales have been in the range 30@36c ℔ lb. Foreign wool has been in light sale.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, May 3.

FLOUR—Was dull and weak.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures were 1½c to 3c higher, June and July, which are the most wanted, showing the greatest advance; the demand was mainly from shorts apprehensive of a corner; the trading, however, was not large in options, and the export business was also light; sales, 864,000 bush No. 2 red; May, $1 07¾@1 09¼; June, $1 09¾@1 12½; July, $1 06@1 09; August, $1 05¼@1 06. Spot sales, 41,000 bush. Of rye, 2500 bush. Canada sold at 72½c. Oats higher; sales, 310,000 bush; No 2 mixed, 37¼@37½c; May, 36½@37c; June, 37@37½c. Corn futures were ¾c higher, but very quiet; sales, 312,000 bush No. 2 mixed; May, 61¾@62¼c; June, 62@62½c; July, 63@63⅝c; August, 64@64⅝c; spot sales, 84,000 bush. After 'Change—Wheat closed steady; No. 2 red, in elevator, $1 10; May, $1 09¾; June, $1 11⅞; July, $1 08⅛; August, $1 06. Corn steady, No. 2 mixed, 62¼c in elevator; May, 62¼c; June, 62¼c; July 63⅝c; August, 64⅝c.

COTTON.—Futures made an irregular decline, most decided for the early months, closing quiet at 11.65c for May, 11.72c for June, 11.80c for July, 11.88c for August, September, 11.56c; 11.01c for October, 10.84c for November, 10.85c for December, 10.91c, for January, and 11c for February; sales, 55,000 bales. Spots dull; middling uplands, 11¾c. Port receipts, 2670 bales.

PROVISIONS.—The lard speculations again took a buoyant turn, and prices made an important advance; sales, 8000 tierces, at 8.54@8.64c for May, 8.69@8.71c for June, 8.80c for July, 8.75@8.87c for August, the most active month, and 8.85c for October. After 'Change the market was steady, May, 8.63c; June, 8.71c; July, 8.81c; August, 8.87c; September, 8.91c. Spot lard firmer but nearly nominal; prime city, 8.45c; do Western, 8.70c. Pork selling slowly at $17@17 12½ for mess. Bacon and cut meats without transactions. Dressed hogs, 7⅜c. Tallow dull at 7c. Butter steadier but not quotably higher; fresh creamery, 26@28c; State dairy, 18@26c; Western factory, 11@18c. Cheese firm; State factory, 8@14c; skims, 3@5c. Eggs steadier at 13½@14¼c.

GROCERIES.—Rio coffee options slightly higher; sales, 10,750 bags, closing as follows: May, 8.60c; June, 8.65@8.70c; July, 8.70@8.75c; August, 8.75@8.80c; September, 8.75@8.90c; October, 8.80@8.85c; December, 8.75@8.90c; fair cargoes, 10¼c; sales, 3000 bags. Tea dull and nominal. Raw sugar on the spot dull at 5 5-16c for fair; options lower; sales, 300 tons fair muscovado at 5.27½@5.30c for July, and 5.52½c for September; also 300 tons centrifugal at 6.15c for July, 6.20c for August, and 6.25@6 27½c for September; refined stronger; crushed, 7¾c; powdered, 7¼@7⅜c; granulated, 6 15-16c@7.

PETROLEUM.—Refined was moderately active at 8⅝c for 70 deg Abel test. Crude certificates had a further advance, and the "shorts" were further twisted; sales on the two exchanges, 18,213,000 bbls., at 99½c@$1 02, and reacted and closed at $1 01⅜@1 01½.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.]

GLOUCESTER, May 3.—[for the week past.]—There have been 8 arrivals from Georges, with about 80,000 pounds codfish and 2000 pounds halibut; 8 from Western Banks, with about 340,000 pounds codfish and 24,000 pounds halibut; 5 from the Banks, with about 135,000 pounds halibut. Whole number of arrivals, 21. Total receipts, 420,000 pounds codfish and 164,000 pounds halibut. We quote market as follows:

Large Georges cod, $5@.... ℔ qtl; medium, $3 25 ℔ qtl; large new Western bank cod, $4 00 ℔ qtl; medium do do, $3 ℔ qtl; large old bank, $2 75@3 ℔ qtl; large shore bank cod, $4 50 ℔ qtl; medium bank cod, $3 00 ℔ qtl; haddock, $2 00 ℔ qtl; hake, $2 00 ℔ qtl; pollock, $2 50 ℔ qtl; cusk, $2 50 ℔ qtl; boneless and prepared fish, 3½@4½c ℔ lb; best boneless codfish, 7¾c ℔ lb; smoked halibut, 12½c ℔ lb; smoked salmon, 17c. We quote fresh halibut as follows:

Last sales at 7½c ℔ lb for white and 6¼c ℔ lb for gray. Labrador herring, $4 ℔ bbl; round shore herring, $2 50 ℔ qtl; trout, $14 ℔ bbl; pickled codfish, $5 00 ℔ bbl; pickled haddock, $5 ℔ bbl; cod tongues, $10 00 ℔ bbl; codfish sounds, $12 ℔ bbl; tongues and sounds, $11 ℔ bbl; halibut heads, $3 50 ℔ bbl; halibut fins, $15 ℔ bbl and scarce; sealed herring, 18c ℔ box; No 1 herring, 14c ℔ box; bloaters, $1 ℔ 100. Pure cod liver oil, for medicinal use, $1 10 ℔ gal; blackfish oil, 70c ℔ gal; cod oil, 47@48c ℔ gal; shore, 45c ℔ gal; porgie oil, none in market; porgie scrap, $12 ℔ ton; liver do, $7 ℔ ton; fish do, $9 ℔ ton.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, May 2, 1884:

Western cattle, 1080; Eastern cattle, 135; Northern, 1025. Total, 2235.

Western sheep and lambs, 3800; Eastern sheep and lambs ...; Northern sheep and lambs, 2914. Total 6714.

Swine, 14,686. Veals, 6727. Horses, 398.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4 50 to $9 50.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra quality	$6 75	@7 50
First quality	6 00	@6 62½
Second quality	5 25	@5 87½
Third quality	4 37½	@5 12½
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc	3 00	@3 25

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

	per pound.		per pound.
Brighton hides	7½@8	Calfskins	11 @12½
Brighton tallow	6½@		each.
Country hides, l't	6 @6½	Sheepskins	75c@2 25
do heavy	6½@7	Lambskins	75c@2 25

EFFECTIVE ABATTIS.

The Terrible Charge to Carry the Works.

Grant's Difficulties and Set-Backs in the Capture of Holly Springs.

Prices of Provisions in the Confederacy During the War.

[M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.]

One of the severest blows Grant received in any of his campaigns was the capture of Holly Springs just as he was prepared to make it the base for a grand movement against the Western Confederate army. For weeks and weeks he had been collecting forage, provisions and munitions of war at the Spring, and the garrison consisted of 1800 men under Colonel Murphy. This force was considered all-powerful, as reinforcements could be hurried in at a moment's notice, and the only fear was from small bodies of Confederate cavalry.

Van Dorn went quietly to work about the middle of December—it was in 1862—to consolidate all detached commands, and on the 20th he had a force of cavalry numbering at least 2,000. His movements were closely watched by Federal spies and when General Grant became satisfied that Holly Springs was the point aimed at he notified Murphy to be on his guard against an attack. It is not clear whether this Federal colonel was a coward or an idiot. He had at least sixteen hours in which to prepare for the attack, but he made no movement beyond telegraphing Grant to hurry up reinforcements. Not a street was barricaded, not a defence thrown up, no official order transmitted to the men.

Soon after daylight, on the morning of the 22d, the Confederate advance dashed into the town and brought up at the railroad depot. Here was a guard of 108 Federals, and although seeing that they were overpowered ten to one, they made a hot little fight to save the depot and had twenty men killed before they surrendered. Had all the Federal infantry been stationed here, the depot and its trains, at least, would have been saved. There was one long train, loaded with bales of cotton, and these would have made an excellent breastwork for at least 500 men.

As soon as the Confederates had possession of the depot their regiments came charging in by every highway. The remainder of the Federal infantry was of no use, because broken up into detachments. Most of the cavalry in the town was Illinois troops. The men were anxious to barricade the streets and fight, but had orders from Murphy not to do so. When Van Dorn's men swarmed in these Illinoisans stood

Holding Their Horses

until entirely surrounded. Then, when called upon to surrender, and with no regimental officers to lead them, seven or eight companies drew sabers and cut their way clean out and got safely away.

As soon as the captured Federals were paroled Van Dorn began to look for greenbacks. There were scores of cotton buyers in the town, together with many settlers and speculators. These men were gobbled up one after another and taken to headquarters, where each one was ordered to "shell out." About fifty gold watches, a dozen diamond pins, and about $125,000 in greenbacks were gathered in from private individuals. Over forty cars at the depot were loaded with cotton belonging to Federal speculators, and every bale was consumed, along with the trains and depots. In addition, 2000 bales were piled up in the town, and it made a grand bonfire. The idea was to cripple Grant's intended movement by destroying his stores, and the work was done in a thorough manner. What the Confederates did not wish to carry away they gave to the flames, and at no other time during the war did the torch find such a rich harvest. Every locomotive and car—every bale of cotton—every store-house—every forage pile—every public building made a bonfire. Grant had taken possession of scores of buildings and filled them with medical and quartermaster stores. On the vacant lots he had piled up sugar, meat, coffee, rice, molasses, beans and bales of hay and sacks of oats. Not a hundredth part could be taken away, and the rest must be destroyed.

Buildings filled with ordnance stores were set on fire, and there were several explosions which wrecked houses two squares distant. One hundred and twenty-two barrels of powder were stored in one building, and when this explosion took place men half a mile away were

Knocked Down by the Concussion.

The destruction included 2,000,000 cartridges, 6000 muskets, 3000 sabers, 2500 revolvers, 95,000 uniforms, 11,000 barrels of flour, $1,000,000 worth of medical stores, $500,000 worth of sutler's stores, $800,000 worth of ordnance stores, $1200 worth of quartermaster and commissary stores not included in the above, 400 horses, eighty-four army wagons, twenty-two ambulances, a battery of field pieces, and enough to bring the total loss of the Federal government up to over $7,000,000.

Grant knew that Van Dorn would attack, but he felt confident that Murphy could beat him off. He, however, forwarded reinforcements, but the troops reached Holly Springs to find the place in ashes and the Confederates gone. In his official report Grant gave Murphy and his officers a rebuke which followed them until the last one resigned his commission, and the rank and file, willing to fight had they been permitted, were told that their conduct in accepting paroles could not be justified.

In 1864 the Confederate government revised the scale of prices to be paid by its purchasing agents, and for several months the following figures were closely adhered to.

Wheat, per bushel	$ 30 00
Flour, per barrel	132 00
Corn, per bushel	24 00
Meal, per 100 pounds	23 70
Sweet potatoes, per bushel	12 00
Hay, per 100 pounds	11 00
Rice, per pound	1 00
Coffee, per pound	8 00
Tea, per pound	15 00
Pig iron, per ton	278 00
Bar iron, per ton	130 00
Railroad iron, per ton	425 00
Beef, per 100 pounds	30 00
Sugar, per pound	6 00
Molasses, per gallon	25 00
Sheetings, per yard	2 08
Shirting, per yard	1 71
Gray cloth, per yard	22 00
Army shoes, per pair	15 00

The day before Richmond surrendered butter was $25 per pound. The day after it was fifty cents.

When the first issue of the Confederate money was scattered among the people it commanded a slight premium. It then scaled down as follows:

	Worth.
June, 1861	90c
December 1, 1861	80c
December 15, 1861	75c
February 1, 1862	60c
February 1, 1863	20c
June, 1863	8c
January, 1864	5c
November, 1864	4½c
January, 1865	2½c
April 1, 1865	1½c

After that date it took from $800 to $1000 in Confederate money to buy a $1 greenback until the end came.

Let a regiment move out of the shelter of a piece of woods to charge a breastwork defended by infantry and artillery, and one man out of every ten will be killed or wounded by shell or round-shot while the lines are forming. Within one minute from the time the nearest man comes within range of the musketry and grape forty men will drop.

During the Rush

at least twenty more will go down, and as the troops reach the works they will meet with such a fire as will break up all organization. One time in forty the works will be carried. Thirty-nine times out of forty the attacking troops are driven back with a loss of from 200 to 450 men.

Take that same breastwork, having a head-log to fire under, and run an abattis along its front, and it is nothing short of murder to send men against it. Let the abattis be simply a winrow of small trees and brush, and no column can pass it without a halt. Men must lay down their muskets and drag at the obstruction and the broken lines must be reformed, and that within thirty feet of the muskets having a dead rest. Make the abattis of sharpened stakes, with their butt ends driven deep into the earth and the centre firmly fastened to a rail running parallel with the works, and 500 men behind the works can hold them against 5000. Let telegraph wires be strung from tree to tree or post to post, as was sometimes done, and unless the attacking party bring axes their dead will be piled up three feet deep all along the wire fences.

At Spottsylvania there was a slashing in front of that point on Lee's lines called the Horseshoe. The butts of the fallen trees were towards the works—their sharpened limbs toward Grant. Confederates stationed in this Horseshoe killed an average of ten Federals each. An abattis near Lost Mountain, during Sherman's Georgia campaign, aided a force of 600 Confederates to defeat a movement made by a Federal force of 4400 men. At Fredericksburg the stone walls were an abattis and could not be passed. At Gettysburg Hancock's position was made impregnable by such walls. At second Bull Run every position on either side covered by walls or fences was held to the last. A creek five feet wide and six inches deep would not stop the wanderings of a child, but it has more than once halted a division and held it under such a fire that whole companies were wiped out.

STORIES ABOUT FROGS.

How the Bees Were Robbed—A Self-Sacrificing Leader.

[Brooklyn Leader.]

At dusk that evening the writer and Father Wells were seated on the front piazza of the latter's house in the West Indies, smoking fragrant tobacco and quaffing cool Scotch ale. We were on watch to determine what sort of an animal had been robbing the beehives. The full-orbed moon was shining in the tropical sky, illuminating one side and the front of the house and the garden.

After waiting for perhaps three-quarters of an hour the watchers saw a dark object on the ground not far from the bank of the stream. For a moment it seemed to rise and swell, and then again it became a fixed spot on the earth, but nearer to the watchers. This was repeated again and again and again, and then it was discovered that beyond doubt the moving object was an immense frog. As it hopped its body became blended with its sharp-cut shadow, and thus seemed to increase in bulk. Slowly and cautiously it approached the house. Then the writer and Father Wells made another discovery; probably two score of dusky objects were following in its wake, rising and falling and slowly advancing, hopping when the advanced guard hopped, and resting when it rested. Presently the first frog crossed the ground in the rear of the house and got into the shadow of a huge cotton tree. The others followed the leader. All then advanced more rapidly, hop, hop, hop, and a pause, as though reconnoitering, and then hop, hop, hop, until they got into the shadow of the house.

The watchers retreated from the rear, where for some time they had been observing the advancing host, and took up a good position on the front piazza. Presently the leader appeared round the corner of the house and paused, evidently to see that the coast was clear. Being fully satisfied that no enemy was near, he boldly advanced, followed by the main body of the army. Within two yards of the hives the main part rested on their haunches, while the leader hopped, with a resolute air, toward the centre line. Pausing a moment, as though to satisfy himself that the family slept, he disappeared under the box. The others remained in their former position motionless. A few moments after the frog entered the hive he was discovered by the inmates and received with an uproar. Such a din bees certainly never made before. They buzzed and hummed and in fact seemed fairly to hiss and hoot the intruder. Numbers appeared on the outside in the greatest disorder and apparent wrath. The writer had hard work to restrain Father Wells from going to the aid of his bees. Presently the din and turmoil increased, and a dark mass came from under the hive. It was a frog, loaded down with bees, and with hundreds of them buzzing around him, and ever and anon making a dart at him. Painfully, but resolutely, the frog hopped away, all the bees either clinging to him or hanging upon his sides. He made straight for the water, moving along with evident difficulty beneath the heavy load. Father Wells followed cautiously, to observe the result.

The attention of the writer was now attracted to a noise as of a moving host. Turning toward the hives, he saw the main body of the frogs entering the hive. A minute sufficed to enable them to take all the plunder they desired, and then they moved off at double quick into the shade and went toward the stream. In the meantime Father Wells had gone to the rear to watch the career of the leader. Making straight for the bank, he plunged into the stream where it was deepest. Some of the bees quit him as he left the bank, while others were carried with him into the flood and doubtless drowned. The writer followed the course of the other frogs and saw them seek the moist margin of the stream, where they were soon joined by their leader. Then a singular sight was witnessed. The hero's comrades appeared to caress him and manifest every sentiment of gratitude and admiration for self-sacrifice and bravery. In turn he fed sumptuously off the honey with which the other frogs were covered. While the watchers leaned over the bank and gazed upon this strange scene, some gravel was loosened and fell into the water. In an instant two score black bodies disappeared in the water with a splash. If the question arises how the frogs escaped death from the stings of the bees, all that the writer can say is that that has always puzzled him. Father Wells said no sting could enter the hide of a full-grown frog, but whether he was an authority to be relied on the writer knoweth not.

While on the subject of frogs, another story may be told. For years a community of frogs resided near a brook which flowed not far from the early home of the writer. They were regularly fed and would follow the children along the walk and would suffer them to handle them, lying flat on their bellies when stroked and blinking their eyes in apparent enjoyment. On one occasion one of these pets was caught in a rat-trap, set treacherously near a rabbit hutch to receive any vermin that might come there to molest the inmates. The writer was present when the frog was released with a badly fractured leg, which dropped off when the poor creature was lifted from the ground. He was laid on the grass, near his dwelling by the brook. Presently the members of his tribe gathered around him and seemed greatly distressed at his inability to hop. He tried hard to get along, but could not manage it. Two hours later he was gone, and was discovered on the edge of the brook with his friends, not far off. Of course it is not known positively how he got there, but the belief was that some member of the fraternity carried him on his back. Stranger things have happened.

DE QUINCEY'S PECULARITIES.

The English Author's Love of Laudanum and Hate of Common People.

[James Payn in the Independent.]

The announcement of luncheon was, perhaps for the first time in my young life, unwelcome to me. Miss De Quincey did the honors with gracious hospitality, pleased, I think, to find that her father had so rapt a listener. I was asked what wine I would take, and, not caring which it was, I was about to pour myself out a glass from the decanter that stood next to me. "You must not take that," whispered my hostess, "it is not port wine, as you think." It was, in fact, laudanum, to which De Quincey presently helped himself with the greatest sang froid. I regarded him aghast, with much the same feelings as those with which he had himself watched the Malay at Grasmere eat the cake of opium and with the same harmless result. The liquor seemed to stimulate rather than dull his eloquence. As I took my leave, after a most enjoyable interview, to meet the coach, I asked whether he came by it into Edinburgh.

"What?" he answered in a tone of extreme surprise. By coach? Certainly not?"

I was not aware of his peculiarities. The association of commonplace people and their pointless observations were intolerable to him. They did not bore him in the ordinary sense, but seemed as it were to outrage his mind. To me, to whom the study of human nature in any form had become even then attractive, this was unintelligible, and I suppose I showed it in my face, for he proceeded to explain matters. "Some years ago," he said, "I was standing on the pier at Tarber, on Loch Lomond, waiting for the steamer. A stout old lady joined me; I felt that she would presently address me, and she did. Pointing to the smoke of the steamer, which was making itself seen above the next headland, 'There she comes,' she said. 'La, sir, if you and I had seen that fifty years ago how wonderful we would have thought it!' Now, the same sort of thing,' added my host, with a shiver, 'might happen to me any day, and that is why I always avoid a public conveyance."

Relics of Ancient Days.

[Commercial Advertiser.]

Wonders will never cease. A special despatch to our enterprising contemporary the World, announces this morning the discovery of the original manuscript of the Moasic books of the Old Testament. "The scrolls," says the despatch, "are said to have been found in Arabia on the route that the Israelites must have taken after their flight from Egypt towards Palestine, and have been brought to St. Petersburg, where they are now being examined by Dr. Harkaye." We are glad to announce, through a private, but equally trustworthy, source, that other deeply interesting relics have since been found, including a number of silver spoons, of a curious fiddle pattern, and stamped with initials "M. and A.;" a neatly printed menu of a dinner given by Pharaoh on the day before the fight through the Red sea; three work-baskets made of bulrushes stained in æsthetic colors, and which evidently had been used, in the hurry of their owners, to carry sandwiches; a flask with "1860—X" blown in the bottle, and a robe worked in cabalistic figures that able archæologists have already declared to have been Moses's dressing gown. Further particulars will be anxiously awaited, and at present we see no insurmountable reason to doubt they will be forthcoming.

Willing to Die Under the Circumstances.

[Arkansaw Traveller.]

General Forrest was once approached by an Arkansaw man, who asked:

"General, when do you reckin' we're going to get something to eat?"

"Eat!" exclaimed the general; "did you join the army merely to get something to eat?"

"Wall, that's about the size of it."

"Here," calling an officer, "give this man something to eat, and then have him shot."

The officer understood the joke, and replied:

"All right, general."

The Arkansaw man, exhibiting no alarm, said:

"Bile me a ham, cap'n, stew up a couple o' chickens, bake two or three hoe cakes, fetch a gallon or so of buttermilk, and load yer guns. With such inducements the man that wouldn't be willin' to die is a blamed fool."

A hearty meal was prepared for the soldier, but he still lives.

UNCLE ANDY'S WISE TROUT.

Not to be Fooled by a Fly Which Deceived Him.

The Old Man's Rule for Telling a Democrat from a Republican.

Golden Dew that Made a Man Feel as if He Owned the World.

[New York Times.]

The creek half a mile away beyond the stretch of hemlock forest was swollen to three times its natural size, and the roar of its angry torrent could be heard in the cabin above the tumult of the fierce wind that swept through the intervening woods. Acres of ice floated about in the pond and the patches of water that appeared here and there were dark and chill. One needed only to go a few rods from the cabin in any direction to find more snow than he cared to wade through—snow not so white, spotless and fleecy as it had been a few weeks before, but the genuine article, nevertheless. And it was the 1st of April.

Uncle Andy Piper had for some time been taking in from the dingy cabin window the prospect presented in flood, wind, ice and snow. Presently he turned away and sat down, glancing longingly at a trout rod that lay on the bench.

"Th' hain't nothin' like havin' laws so sensible that it's a giniwine pleasure to live up to 'em," said he. "Now, the law says p'tick'lar that ye can't ketch no trout afore May, an' ef that ain't a remark ez can't be conterdicted jis' listen to that brook a b'ilin' an' that wind a howlin' an' see if 'tain't."

Uncle Andy, like many others of his class in the backwoods, is a great respecter of the trout law—when the season is backward. Such being the case, the act of Assembly will be held so universally sacred hereabout this spring that it may safely be said that an unusual leanness will affect the larder of the law-abiding inhabitants as well as the emoluments of the game constable.

"Wall, ef we can't ketch no trout," continued Uncle Andy, "th' hain't no law az kin stop us a talkin' 'bout 'em, an' by an' by agoin' out to the pond an' knockin' over a duck or two, is th'?"

I said I didn't know of any law that could make us dumb on the trout question, and, while I had my doubts about there not being one to shield the ducks, assured Uncle Andy that any bird that sought pleasure or profit in water as cold and dark and ice-burdened as Piper's pond was at that particular time

Deserved to be Knocked Over.

"An' talkin' 'bout trout," said Andy, "th' hain't none no more. W'at I mean by that is, thuz trout enough, but whar be they? Now, take that brook that's a-roarin' over yender. That's the wust I ever heerd it roar. Las' year 'twere bad enough, but this year it's a reg'lar tearer. Why? 'Cause ev'ry year the trout gits fewer an' fewer, an' the creek feels ez it's a per-vidin' water fur nothin', an' that makes it mad, an' it jes' gits on its ear an' biles. W'at was these yer creeks made fur? They was made so ez trout could git cheap board an' lodgin' an' all the comforts of a home. The creeks has ben a givin' that to 'em fur better'n a good many hundred years. They hain't never rested a minute, not one o' these creeks hain't. An' trout is durn particular boarders, I'm a tellin' ye. They want the best th' is, and they're goin' to have it. They've had it in these creeks from the beginnin', an' now w'at do they do. Fur better'n ten year they've been quietly packing up an' quittin'. They've been a goin' away, the Great King only knows whar, without givin' ther boardin' places no notice, till w'at's left of 'em hain't enough to make it worth w'ile fur the creeks to run. But if the trout go on a quittin', year in an' year out, the creeks they keep gettin' madder an' madder, jes' like a feller as gits discouraged like, an' goes off an' gits bilin' drunk, an' hoops it up 'round town like a wild Injin, to drownd his sorrer. That's jes' w'at these creeks is doin' now. They're on a grand ole spree, an' they don't care the pin-feathers of a dead crow who knows it.

"Wall, the little creek that's tearin' away over yender like a flattened-out Niaggery, that's the maddest durn creek o' the hull caboodle. Why? 'Cause it had more boarders, an' better ones, wunst, than any o' the rest. The big guns usety stop over thar—the ole moss-backs—the fellers that it took a durn cute rooster to knock the spots off of. The smart rascals that'd waddle up to yer fly, smell of it, an' cock ther eye up at ye ez much ez to say, 'Thurz a l-e-e-tle too much sun today. I kin see the thread ye made it with. Come agin w'en it's cloudy. So long. An' then they' turn away an' wiggle ther tail at ye, az if t'were a thumb they had to ther nose. I never see setch smart trout az usety put over yender in that creek.

A Flint-Coated Fact

that wunst I coaxed a big trout in that creek fur more'n an hour to come an' take a fly I were willin' he should git. I show'd him th' wan't nothin' mean 'bout me by puttin' six differ'nt flies on my leader. They was good uns, too, fur I made 'em myself. I had a black gnat that was so nat'ral that wunst w'en I happened to lay my rod down in a medder to do sumpin' the snell w'at the gnat were tied to ketched in a stalk o' timothy an' hung kinder in the air. I turned 'round suddent an' see it, an' says to myself, 'Thar's jes w'at I ben lookin' fur, one o' them big black fellers, to see what my bug is lackin in.' So I sneaks up on my hands an' knees, with my ole hat in my hand to slap it over the gnat. An' I done it, an' slipped my hand under the hat to keep the fly from gettin' away. W'en I diskivered that I had ketched my own gnat w'at were tied to my line I'm a swan's tail feather if I didn't drain my flask at one settin'.

"Wall, I were speakin' 'bout that big trout I were coaxin' to take one o' my flies. Now, ye'd nat'rally s'pose that any fly that fooled me would git away with a trout. But not much it didn't. I trailed them flies over that hole—I could see two trout in it, an' the littlest one must a weighed four pound—fer an hour, but them fish didn't pay no more 'tention to 'em than if they'd ben wooden fish kep' down with sinkers. I were hid ahind a big elm tree, an' jes' peeked 'round it enough to git a peep at the fish. By and by I see the both on 'em put their heads together. They talked awhile—kin fish talk? Wall, you git a passel o' fish together, an' th' hain't no sewin' society that ever gabbled ez kin hold the butt eend of a taller dip to 'em fur postin' one another on w'ats goin' on in the deestrick. An' they don't only talk, but they kin swear. Didn't you never notice wa't a cat fish says arter ye yank him in and chuck him down in the bottom o' the boat? Jes' you listen some time, an' if you won't hear yerself called names, an' don't git some lessons in cuss words, then my name hain't Andy Piper!

"Wall, these yer two trout they gits thar heads together. I could see 'em discussin' the matter, an' kinder thought I could hear the old man say—they was man an' wife—I kinder thought I could hear the ol man say:

"'See here, Jane, I'm gummed if I hain't gittin' tired o' seein' them air bugs waltzin' on that ceilin'.'

"'So be I,' says Jane, an' if this is the best room we kin git in this h'yer place, we'll pack up an' go some'rs else.'

"'I've a Durn Notion, Jane,'

says the ole man, to jes' sock my gums onter one o' them bugs, jes' to give 'em a hint that w'en we want comp'ny we'll send out keerds.'

"That's w'at I thought I heerd 'em say," continued Uncle Andy, after looking into the bottom of the blue tumbler, while the top of it was in his mouth. "That's w'at I thought I heerd 'em say. But w'ether they did say so or not, all of a suddent the ole man shot up to the top o' the water like a sky-rocket an' grabbed that black gnat. Then he give a jump, ketched my line jes' whar it j'ined the leader, an' chawed it off ez slick ez if it 'd been done with a pair o' shears. Then he went back with all o' my six flies. The hook in the black gnat were in his upper jaw. But did that hurt his feelin's much? Not to no alarmin' extent. He jes sails over to Jane, flops over on his back, an' Jane goes to work with her teeth an' unhooks that gnat out o' the ole man's jaw ez easy and skientific ez if she'd ben born an' brought up a dentist. I tell ye, a feller had to have two eyes in his head, an' both on 'em open ez wide ez they'd go, if he had any idee o' makin' a supper ou any o' the trout that patternized that creek over yender in the ole times, say fifty year ago.

"Jim Porter never got tired o' fishin' that creek. I say Jim Porter, but mebbe you'll 'member him better ez Jedge Porter. He usety be Jedge o' this deestrick, an' arterw'd was sec'atary o' sumpin' or other w'en Pierce was President. He lived down in Naston. He were a stiff, ole line Dimmycrat, but fur all that he never brought nothin' but the best, kind o' whisky with him w'en he came up here. Say, did ye ever notice how ye kin tell a feller's politics the fust time ye see him! I'll tell ye. I've got a rule that ye kin bet on an' win nine times out o' ten. Lots o' fellers ez I never see afore comes up here a-fishin'. W'en one drives in an' gits out'n his wagon, puts his hand in his inside coat pocket, pulls out a shiny flask, an', handin' it to me, says:

"'Andrew, try a little o' this'—

"I say w'en a feller comes in an' does that, I know that I'm gointer git a hoot o' the bes' brandy th' is top o' the footstool, and that the feller ez gives it to me is an up-an'-up Republican. W'en a feller drives in to the pond an' fetches his horse up with a voop, jumps out o' the wagon, reaches inter his coat-tail pocket an' brings out a sas'prilly bottle, takes a long pull an' a strong pull at it, an' then hands it to me an' says:

"'Andy, ole man, put yerself outside some o' that'—

"I say, w'en a feller comes in an' does that, I know I'm likely to get a swig o' whisky that it won't do to take as a steady bev'ridge, an' that

I'm a-Drinkin' with a Dimmycrat

that's bound to win if him an' his friends has got to vote twicet apiece to do it.

"But Jim Porter wa'n't that kind of a Dimmycrat, an' w'en I think back on that dimmyjohn he usety fetch up here, an' on w'at it were in the habit o' carryin', I tell ye, Bub, that I can't help feelin' that life haint much better than a burden these days. That were the kind o' stuff that made ye monarch of all ye surveyed. More than wunst I've clim out'n the brook, wet an' hungry, an' laid down under a tree in the shade an' looked up at the sky, ez blue ez blue could be, with here an' thar a white cloud scuddin' 'cross it, jis' ez if it were goin' on a errand some'rs an' were in the biggest kind of a hurry. An' w'ile I were gazin' up I couldn't help but see the swallers dashin' an' cavortin' here an' thar, chasin' one another up an' down an' high an' low, an' never restin'. An' I couldn't help but hear the brown thrasher gittin' rid o' a hull lot o' gushin' music off in the bushes that grows 'long the ole stone wall ez keeps the medder clear o' the woods beyond it. An' though I were lookin' up all the time, th'wa'n't no nse o' tryin' not to see the great cool grove o' maples that clum the hill off to the right, an' the ole road that led 'round the lower side of it, so shady and smooth that no wonder people come for miles to walk in it, and nobody's hoss were ever made to trot under the cool o' the trees that alluz dropped ther shadders thar. An' the medder str tchin' away so green and leve, with the cows standin' in bunches under the big ches'nut trees, chawin' with ther eyes shet, an' ther breath n-i glin' with the scent that even the bees couldn't rob the clover blossoms of—no matter if they did work like mad all day, till ther hummin' made yer wish th' were nothin' in the world but bees an' sun an' clover—that medder! d'ye think I couldn't see it ez I laid in the shade looking at the sky? An' couldn't I hear the brook as it went singin' down through the medder, hidin' itself wunst in a w'ile under some alder thickets, an' then jumpin' out laughin' like, ez if it were a child playin' peek-a-boo, an' by an' by going off by itself in the woods, an' not comin' back no more, like the little child that's played its play an' gone away forever? Don't ye think I could hear that ez I laid thar in the shade lookin' at the sky? Wall, I could see an' hear 'em all. 'Sky, birds, trees, fields, hills, an' stream,' I'd say to myself. Then I' slip the flask out'n my pocket—the flask that had some o' Jim Porter's golden dew in it. Then I'd put it to my lips an' I'd let it run slow. 'Sky, birds, trees, fields, hills, an' stream,' I'd say again. Then I'd let the golden dew run wunst more, slow and steady. Then I'd raise up an' look natur' over from blue to blue.

"'Sky, birds and trees,' I'd say—'sky, birds, trees, fields, hills an' streams—an' they all mine!'

"That's the way the stuff Jim Porter brought up here use to make you feel, Bub, an' th' hain't b'en nothin' like it in Pike county sence he were called away.

"I were gointer tell ye 'bout the ole times w'en me an' Jim fished fur trout in that mad little creek over yonder, but I jes' see a flock o' ducks drop inter the pond up thar by the inlet, an' I guess we'll go an' knock a couple over."

And we did. PISCATOR.

LUCKY MAN.

How a Young Doctor Became Suddenly Famous.

[Chambers' Journal.]

About twenty years ago a young doctor, who had been established three years in London without making an income, lost heart, and determined to emigrate to Australia. He sold his small house and furniture, paid his passage money, and a week before his ship was to sail went into the country to say good-by to his parents. Having to change trains at a junction, he was waiting on the platform, when a groom in a smart livery galloped up to the station, and calling excitedly to a porter, handed him a telegraphic message for transmission. From some remarks exchanged between the two men, the young doctor understood that the Duke of ——, a member of the cabinet, had fallen dangerously ill, and that an eminent physician in London was being telegraphed for. The groom added that he had ridden to the houses of three local doctors, who had all been absent, and that "her grace was in a terrible way." The young doctor saw his opportunity, and at once seized it. "I am a medical man," he said to the groom, "and will go to the hall to offer my assistance till another doctor arrives." The groom was evidently attached to his master, for he said: "Jump on my horse, sir, and ride straight down the road for about four miles; you can't miss the hall; any one will tell you where it is." The doctor went, was gratefully received by the duchess, and happened to be just in time to stop a mistake in treatment of the patient, which might have proved fatal if continued for a few hours longer. The duke was suffering from typhoid fever, and when the eminent physician arrived from town he declared that the young doctor's management of the case had been perfect. The result of this was that the latter was requested to remain at the hall to take charge of the patient, and his name figured on the bulletins which were issued during the next fortnight and were printed in all the leading newspapers of the kingdom. Such an advertisement is always the making of a medical man, especially when his patient recovers, as the duke did. Our penniless friend received a fee of five hundred guineas, took a house at the West End, and from that time to this has been at the head of one of the largest practices in London.

HE WAS A CONSTABLE.

The Mean Trick He Played On a Little Man With Pugilistic Tendencies.

[Through Mail.]

"You're a liar!" said one Bloomington man to another the other day. "You're a constable, or you wouldn't dare say such a thing."

"Oh, well!" replied the officer. "You needn't mind that."

"Yes. It's all very well for you to talk, but I don't want to pay a fine for assaulting an officer."

"If you're fined, I'll pay it for you; so go in and do your worst."

"I don't want to lie in prison for whaling you."

"No danger of that. I take a solemn oath you will not be prosecuted, and here's a $5 bill if you'll lick me." The constable was a big man and the other fellow was a little one, and the crowd that had gathered cheered lustily in response to the constable's magnanimous offer.

"You just want to get me into trouble; that's what you want," said the little man.

"Oh! no! I'll pay you well for your trouble. Here's twenty-five dollars. Take it and lick me!"

The little man took the money and pocketed it, and peeled away with his right hand and hit the constable in the eye with his left and was jumping up and down on his stomach when the crowd pulled him off and the officer jumped up and ran away, yelling at the top of his voice:

"I'm a constable! I'm an officer of the peace! I warn you to keep him off or I'll kill him!" and he continued to run and yell until he disappeared in an alley four blocks away and sneaked over to a justice's office and swore out a warrant for the little man for rioting and had another constable sent out to serve it.

A Square Boy.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Two or three weeks ago a pedestrian who was passing a house on Riopelle street heard the sounds of a terrific struggle going on, and as he looked in at the front door a boy about 12 years of age, who sat in the hall, quietly observed:

"It's only the old folks having a little row, stranger."

"Do they have 'em often?" asked the man.

"Almost every day."

"If I were in your place I'd stand at the door here and charge ten cents admission fee. It's worth the money to see a family riot like this, and you might as well make a few dollars as to let the chance slip."

The boy said he would think of it, and the pedestrian waited until the man had choked the woman as black as a plum and then passed on. Yesterday he chanced that way again, and there was another row going on, and the same boy sat on the doorstep.

"I'll see the show," said the man as he pulled out his wallet. "Has my advice profited you?"

"Stranger, I can't take your money," replied the lad.

"Why?"

"Because I'm a square boy. For a week or so every fight in there was as square as a dice and worth the price of admission, but as soon as a crowd began to come and the gate money began to run up to eighty or ninety cents, dad and mam began to hippodrome on the public. That blood on his nose was put there half an hour ago, and mam's black eye is three weeks old. They want me to stand in with them and deceive the public, but I can't do it. Let the best man win or quit the business, is my motto. Pass on, stranger, for this is a put-up job to gull the confiding public."

The Beaver in Michigan.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

The quickness with which a colony discovers a wholesale attempt against their peace is astonishing; yet if their numbers are undisturbed, or diminished but gradually, even the presence of civilization will not drive them from their haunts. Today beavers are returning to streams in Michigan, long ago abandoned by their race, simply because they find themselves unmolested, the demand for beaver-peltry being slight, and the prices paid out of all proportion to the labor entailed in trapping. It has been said that, if a dam or house be once injured by the hand of man, the colony at once disappears. But that this is fallacious is proved by the following: Twenty-two miles from Marquette, Mich., on the Carp river, a beaver colony began the erection of a new dam. Though the embankment of a railway ran nearly parallel with the stream, and trains passed backward and forward daily, they seemed in no way disturbed, and worked steadily on until the water had risen a foot or more. The trackmaster, observing that this endangered the line—for the embankment had been utilized as a wing of the dam—ordered the water drawn off. The following day the beavers had repaired the damage done them, and the water was at its former height. Again and again was the dam cut through, and as often would be repaired, All in all it was cut and repaired some fifteen or twenty times ere the beavers were sufficiently discouraged to abandon their attempts.

ABOUT JACK TAR.

Some Curious Superstitions of the Sailor.

His Method of Measuring Time and His Profanity During a Storm.

Instances of His Superstitions—Language of the Forecastle.

[New York Times.]

An incident which occurred a few years ago on an American vessel, which was nearing port after an extended voyage around Cape Horn, illustrates the superstitions that are held by sailors. Among the crew of the vessel was an old sailor who was noted for his meanness, and who had openly expressed a desire that the voyage might be prolonged, in order that he could have more wages when port was reached. The other seamen were satisfied with the amounts due them and were anxious to get into port as soon as possible. One evening, during the dog watch, the penurious sailor went on to the forecastle head and began to whistle. He then beckoned to the various points of the compass ahead, as if to charm up a head wind. While the old sailor was occupied with his incantations he was observed by one of the ship's boys, who immediately rushed into the forecastle and informed the men that "Patsey" was on the forecastle head, engaged in a diabolical attempt to charm up a head wind. Intense indignation took possession of the men. Curses were heaped upon his head, and some of the bolder ones proposed throwing the objectionable wizard overboard. He had committed a sin which his shipmates could not forgive. And yet the same men had a short time previously expressed themselves as firmly of the belief that whistling or any other action on the part of mortals could have no effect whatever upon the wind.

Even old sea captains, who have risen from foremast hands, are not entirely free from these prejudices, although they deride them in theory. An old ship master, who had abandoned the religious beliefs that he had been taught in his youth, was once induced to take on a voyage a clergyman's son, who had sown such

A Liberal Crop of Wild Oats

on land that it had become necessary for him to take up his residence for a time on the sea. The voyage was a very long one, and in several respects did not prove satisfactory to the captain. The latter conceived a strong dislike for the prodigal son, whom he seemed to fancy was in some way the cause of his misfortunes. Toward the close of the voyage the ship was becalmed for nearly a fortnight. Once during this time, while the captain was on deck, it looked as if a breeze was about to spring up, but no wind came. After his hopes had been dashed, the captain happened to look around. The unfortunate prodigal son was scrubbing the deck near him. The captain gave the youngster an angry look, and exclaimed: "I never will have a fair wind as long as I keep such a fellow as you on board. I believe you are the Jonah of this ship!"

Jack has a peculiar way of measuring time. If he ships on the 15th of August he imagines that his first month of labor is completed on the 14th of September. He holds that from the 15th of August to the 15th of September is one month and one day, and no amount of argument or figures will convince him to the contrary. But he readily admits that his second month of labor is from the 14th of September to the 14th of October. All the subsequent month of the voyage he counts in the same manner. If asked why he does not apply the same rule to the other months which he does to the first one, he replies that he reckons the first month correctly, but that "it is different with the other months." Jack holds a number of other peculiar views with which he stubbornly refuses to part. It is generally believed that the deposits of guano on the islands situated off the Pacific coast were left there ages ago by sea bird. But Jack has an entirely different opinion. He insists that guano is a substance which was formed beneath the surface of the earth, and was thrust upon mankind by volcanic disturbances. Some of the ignorant natives and men who have shovelled this fertilizer assure Jack that his opinion is the correct one, and with this weighty backing he considers himself justified in defying the opinion of the scientific world.

A Sailor's Style of Expressing Himself

is as peculiar as his mode of reasoning. He is very much given to profanity, but his oaths are different from those used by landsmen. His curses are usually directed toward the eyes of the person who has aroused his indignation. He will curse his own eyes with the same energy with which he calls down anathemas upon those of his enemies. The fact that an inanimate object which has drawn upon itself his displeasure does not possess organs of sight will not prevent him from earnestly cursing its eyes. When the sailor desires to request a fellow-being to go to a certain very hot climate he does not say, "Go to ——," He prefers the expression, "Get to —— out of this!" Nearly every one of Jack's favorite oaths has some strange peculiarity about it. He does not indulge in profanity to a very great extent during his hours of relaxation. It is during the fury of the gale, when all his exertions are needed in taking in sail, that the sailor comes out strongest with his oaths. At such a time he seems to consider it his duty to curse. The roar of profanity which arises from a yard-arm full of sailors engaged in frantic efforts to furl a heavy sail is sometimes nearly enough to drown the howlings of the tempest. At such times every one on board ship, from the captain down to the cabin-boy, curses. Even stewardesses of acknowledged respectability have been heard indulging in the genuine sea oaths. Yet with all his superstitious prejudices the sailor has never appeared to have any fears that indulgence in profanity, even in times of imminent danger, might bring down some misfortune upon his head. Some sailors indulge in the expression "Strike me lucky." Other seamen have been known to condemn this imprecation as calculated to tempt Providence, besides being in very bad taste. It is perhaps needless to state that these critics were men who indulged to a shocking extent in other forms of profanity.

There is a technical name for everything on board ship, but the sailor has succeeded in inventing corruptions for many of these terms. Instead of saying "abaft" he prefers to say "beaft," and "fornst" does duty for "forward of." The proper term for an implement used in cleaning the decks is "squegee," but this is usually known to the sailor either as a "sreegee" or "scootagee." The carpenter is spoken of as "Chips," while the lord of the galley has his title added to his Christian name. If his name happens to be Joseph he is known as "Joe, the cook." No other functionary on board ship has his title used in connection with his name on ordinary occasions. The captain is invariably

Known as the "Old Man."

To each sailor's Christian name is prefixed either the name of the port from which he halls or an adjective expressive of some peculiarity of his. If a sailor coming from Liverpool is named James his shipmates are apt to speak of him as "Liverpool Jim." Jack often speaks of his bunk as his "pew," and when about to retire expresses his determination to "turn into his pew." The officers frequently speak of an old sailor as a "whale." A drunken man is described as being about "three sheets in the wind," because his motion then somewhat resembles the staggering movement of a ship which has been forced by a gale to shorten her sail to three sheets of canvas.

Many of the expressions, however, which the ideal sailor is popularly supposed to use are obsolete. The stage sailor calls his wife his "figure-head," and speaks contemptuously of landsmen as "land-lubbers" and "swabs." The real sailor never uses these expressions in the senses referred to. He speaks of being married as "getting spliced" or "getting switched," and women he regards affectionately as "the Judies." When he wishes any one to move he requests him to "slew round."

On sailing vessels, as a rule, the captains and officers express themselves in a manner similar to that of the common sailor. On men-of-war, however, the superior officers use more elegant language and leave the common terms to the boatswain and other petty officers. An officer who had obtained nearly all of his knowledge of navigation from books was once superintending the hauling home of the maintopsail sheet when its progress was suddenly checked. Calling a seaman, the officer gave him the following order: "My man, ascend the shrouds and proceed outward until you gain the starboard extremity of the main yard. Ascertain the cause or causes which impede the main sheet."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the sailor, who rushed up the rigging until the mainyard was reached. Here he paused and gave himself up to reflection. It was quite evident that he did not understand the officer's order. The boatswain's mate approached the officer and, touching his hat, said: "I fear, sir, the man did not understand your order; had I not better give it to him in language which he can understand?" The officer gave his sanction to the proposition, and the boatswain's mate exclaimed:

"Here, you soup-swilling son of a sea-cook, lay out on the starboard yard-arm and see what in the flames of blazes is the matter with the top-sail sheet." The sailor then understood the order, and, after bestowing a look of gratitude upon the boatswain's mate for having voluntarily become his interpreter, he proceeded to obey his instructions.

A Romance of the Train.

[Chicago Herald.]

The familiar and kiss-emphasized "Good-by! Now write as soon as you get there!" rang out on the morning air at a small station, when a gentleman remarked: "Do you know, I never see any one kissing good-by at a railway station but I think of how I first met my wife."

"Now, don't tell that silly thing again," interrupted his life-companion, as she blushed a little, and suddenly became interested in the scenery. But the unheeding husband continued:

"It was at Indianapolis. In the union depot there one night she was bidding her brother good-by just as he was starting for a long trip to the West. He stood on the car steps and she on the depot platform for their last kiss; but just as he turned and went into the car I stepped down to the platform. Immediately I felt a pair of arms around my neck, and a pair of soft lips rained kisses on my face and mouth before I had time to protest. You see, she had mistaken me for her brother, but the result was that I fell in love with her kisses, and——"

"I think," interrupted the lady, "that you and your friend had better go into the smoking car if you want to talk such nonsense." And so another little romance of the rail ended in smoke.

BILL NYE'S TROUBLES.

Willing to Make Any Sacrifice for the Improvement of Art.

[Puck.]

No man knows how much the human heart can endure and yet not burst until he has seen his portrait published a few times. Then he realizes the wealth of woe that one soul may wrestle with, and yet not become unhinged and loosened from its frail tenement of clay. Men go on, year after year, gaining the esteem of their fellow-men by an upright course, only to lose it all by forgetting themselves at an unfortunate and weak moment, and permitting their portraits to be published and their shame proclaimed upon the housetops.

Some years ago an alleged engraving was made from one of my photographs, but the proof was sent to me in time, so that I could by telegraph prevent its publication.

In that portrait the wood engraver had taken the liberty to tamper with the face, and put in little improvements here and there, according to his own ideas of beauty.

Among the rest I remember that he had unscrewed the lower jaw, and let it fall down about an inch, so that the face had the expression of a vacant lot in the early spring.

You pull any man's lower jaw loose, and lay it on his heaving breast, and then turn his eyes up toward the star-studded sky, and he seems to lack force of character, somehow.

So I wired the house to "kill" that portrait and bury it with the engraver when the violets bloomed.

Then another engraver took his life and his cold-chisel in his hand, and blocked out a second one. He thought I might be sensitive about my late front hair, so he put some on in the engraving without additional charge. It looked like the bunch of grass that springs up around an old buffalo bull's skull.

I do not care to wear improvised hair even in an engraving. I am not proud. If nature intended that my Scandinavian hair should fall early in the fight I cannot help it. I cannot ask the engraver to help me out.

This portrait was averted by the use of electricity, and the widow of the engraver was asked to send her bill in to me for adjustment.

Later on, another engraver took hold of the matter.

He went at it hopefully and even hilariously, singing anon as he put his sheet-iron shade over his eyes and adjusted his boiler-iron corset that he might be ready in case I should come in on him while he was at work.

He made a specialty of the Adam's apple.

He made a portrait that wasn't so terrific if he hadn't thrown in an intellectual waste of Adam's apple that would inspire a giraffe with awe.

He fooled along with the engraving until time to go to press, handed it in with his resignation, got a copy of the paper so as to be sure that he had done his horrible work well, and then went to interior Africa to make a home.

For a long time after the paper was published my wife would not recognize me on the street, and the children were bathed in tears. I suffered a great deal mentally, but resolved to live it down, and to aid me in this great undertaking a friend offered to publish a fine, life-like engraving that would be certified to as accurate, and all former ones denounced as base infringements.

I agreed to it, and he went at it.

After a good deal of delay he sent me a proof which bore a striking resemblance to me. I admitted to him that it favored me, and we decided to let it go forth with my name attached to it.

Gaily the press went on with its low rumble and grumble, grinding out its thousands of copies of damp papers, heralding to the English-speaking world that the subscriber wore his brains open to the inclement weather, and pulled his scalp down over his eye to be facetious.

The first copy of the paper was a good one, and the portrait loomed up like the Turkish towel moustache of the young man, but the next revolution of the press disturbed an em quad or a loose canard or something about the make-up of the paper, and in the onward march of the machine the whole top of my head was removed and piled up over the off-eye, like a study in olive-green or navy-blue after an election fight.

Still, we are getting a better class of engravers than we had five years ago. It seemed pretty harsh to kill off the bad ones, but I am willing to make most any sacrifice for the advancement of art.

A MARVELLOUS MACHINE.

One Lemon Made to Furnish a Refreshing Drink for Thirsty Thousands.

[Philadelphia Record.]

"Come with me and I'll show you the greatest curiosity about this show—something that beats the sacred elephant and the ethnological congress all hollow," said one of the managers of the great Barnum circus yesterday afternoon as he met a Record reporter who was wandering about the tents in search of a novel item. He then led the way under the canvas of the museum tent and across an open space to a small tent which was situated in a corner of the circus grounds, and which was guarded by ropes stretched around at a distance of about ten yards. Signalling that it was all right, the circus man lifted up the flap of the tent for the reporter to enter, and quickly followed him inside.

"This," he said, "is where all the circus lemonade is made, and," glancing at his watch, "if you will wait a few moments you will see it done."

In the centre of the tent stood a large box, and on one side two huge barrel-shaped tanks. Each with a spigot was placed on strong rests somewhat similar to a saw-horse. In a short time three men entered, and one of them proceeded to unlock the box, the sides of which at once fell apart, disclosing a very compact and solid-looking engine, the steam for which was conducted through a pipe leading to one of the boilers in the cooking tent, while the other two brought a large tub, which they laid on the ground and nearly filled with filtered water drawn from one of the tanks. A steel lemon-squeezer was then attached to two iron arms of the engine, and a very worn-out and dilapidated-looking half of a lemon placed in it, the squeezer being then lowered into the tub. Steam was turned on, and the squeezer began its work, the lemon emitting the most harrowing moans of agony from under the water as the pressure became more and more severe. Gradually these doleful sounds ceased, and the liquid assumed an amber-like hue, while a faint odor of lemons filled the air of the tent.

"That'll do; take it out," said the engineer, shutting off steam, and the dripping squeezer was withdrawn from the tub, the unhappy half lemon being carefully dried in a clean cloth and placed in a small iron safe which was then locked. The liquid in the tub was then stirred vigorously with an hermetically-sealed glass bulb fastened to the end of a stick, the bulb being filled with the best white sugar. The man who stirred the mixture stopped at intervals to taste it, and, after about five minutes' work, ceased his labor, and remarking "there, I guess it's sweet enough, let's get it out, Bill," with the help of his companion carried the tub away.

"This machine is the only one in the world," said the engineer proudly, as he patted the engine in a loving way, "and its secret couldn't be bought for $50,000. Why, with this here machine I can make more lemonade with one lemon than any other circus man can with 500 bushels of 'em. The pressure on that squeezer can be graduated from one pound to 250,000 pounds to the square inch, and one lemon will make lemonade for six months at the rate of 100 gallons a day. Of course, at first I don't need nearly that much pressure, but as the season gets on and the lemon gets kind of played out I slap on all the pressure I've got, and the juice comes flowing out just as if you had picked the fruit from its parent tree ten minutes before. Now, I bought that lemon for one and two-fifths cents—wholesale price, you know—on the 10th of March, when the show opened in New York, and I calculate to use it steadily until the middle of June, when I'll throw it away and use the other half until the end of the season. Hard on the lemon? Well, yes, perhaps so; but then, you know, it gets a rest every Sunday, for we don't show on that day," and the engineer locked up his machine, and went off to Third street to purchase a few government bonds.

They Had Met at Last.

[Buffalo Times.]

"There," she said, as she raised a window in a Pullman car the other day; "now I can breathe. The air in the car is stifling. Why don't they have better ventilation? If I couldn't sit near an open window I believe I should die."

Presently a slender female sitting directly back leaned over and asked her if she wouldn't just as lief close that window now, as the draft was more than she could stand.

"No, madam, I shall not close this window. I could not live with it down. I was just thinking how delightful it was with it open, now you want it shut, but I shall not shut it; so there."

"Then you are a selfish thing, and I shall have to change my seat."

Just then a gentleman sitting close by reached over and said: "Ladies, that window being raised makes no difference, as this car has double windows, and not a breath of air can possibly get through the one that is still down."

Then the one that had raised the window turned to the other and with a crushed look on her face, said: "Madam, I beg your pardon, but I think two fools have met at last."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Midnight Quiet.

[Paul Hamilton Hayne.]

Her face drooped low on her unconscious breast,
Veiled Quiet sinks from rest to deeper rest—
By such enchanted peace is nature bound,
No faintest pulse-beat stirs the heart of Sound!

Sometimes it Don't.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Life is like a game of Copenhagen. Men work themselves half to death for an unwilling kiss, and the kiss does not turn out such a great thing after it is won.

Our City Daisy.

[Exchange.]

The daisy on the grass
Is not so sweet
Or half so neat
As the bonny blue-eyed lass
Who trips the street
With fairy feet,
Bewitching all who pass.

Good Advice.

[Indianapolis Scissors.]

"Are you sick?" asked the old physician of his eldest son, who appeared dispirited and ill at ease.

"Not exactly," said the young man, "only an Eastern house has drawn on me unexpectedly for $400."

"How often have I cautioned you," said the angry father, "not to expose yourself to a draft?"

A Kiss.

[Lee C. Harby.]

The moon had crept adown the western skies,
The mocking bird trilled low a trembling note
Of liquid sweetness from his swelling throat:
I turned and looked within her deep, dark eyes—
Looked long until her heart sent up a flush
That dyed her pale cheek with a crimson blush.
I prisoned in my palm her finger tips,
While close I drew her rounded, yielding form,
That thrilled my being in its contact warm—
Then bent—and told my love upon her lips!

Sufficient Proof.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"My son, you must not read that sensational weekly."

"But this is not a sensational weekly; it is a religious paper."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"But it is, and I can prove it."

"Well, how?"

"It must be a religious paper, because all its humorous matter is stolen."

The Tomb and the Rose.

[Victor Hugo.]

The Tomb said to the Rose:
"With the dew that o'er thee flows
What dost thou, Love's own Flower?"
The Rose said to the Tomb:
"What dost thou with those whose doom
Is thy yawning gulf each hour?"

The Rose said: "Sombre Grave,
Heaven's tears, transmuted, gave
A perfume sweet and rare."
The Tomb said: "Tender Flower,
Each soul that feels my power
Becomes an angel fair."

Just from Boston.

[Hartford Post.]

"Do, Imogene, keep away from the piano, please. Your attempted playing tires me."

"Why, now Clotilde, you said only week before last that I was playing remarkably well."

"I know, Imogene. But my judgment was immature. You do play some of Liszt's simple music quite well, but since I was in Boston my soul cries out for Wagner. I would learn the 'Wedding March' from 'Lohengrin' if I were you.'

"I'll learn my wedding march from this house before you will. Yours will be music of the distant, very distant future."

Conversation followed by true sisterly silence.

The Baby's Name.

[St. Nicholas.]

In search from A to Y they passed—
And "Marguerita" chose at last—
But thought it sounded far more sweet
To call the baby "Marguerite."
When grandma saw the little pet
She called her "darling Margaret."
Next, Uncle Jack and Cousin Aggie
Sent cup and spoon to "little Maggie,"
And grandpapa the right must beg
To call the lassie "bonnie Meg"—
(From "Marguerita" down to "Meg!")
And now she's simply little "Peg."

Nautical Little Jack.

[Philadelphia Call.]

NAUTICAL DISCOURSE.

Little Jack—"What did pa mean by saying he was captain of this ship?"

Ma—"Oh, that is only his way of saying that he is the head of the house."

"Little Jack—"If pa is captain, then what are you?"

Ma—"Well, I suppose I am the pilot."

Little Jack—"Oh, yes, and then I must be the compass."

Ma—The compass? Why the compass?"

Little Jack—"Why the captain and pilot are always boxing the compass, you know."

Not This Spring.

[Peck's Annual.]

I think I'll move. These rooms are small;
The paper isn't nice at all;
The service is not just the thing;
The bell's not answered when I ring,
And frequently I have to call.

Yet all my traps—that book-case tall
The stoutest carman would appall;
It's not without some shuddering
I think I'll move.

O bachelor's accursed hall!
A mistress here would change it all—
A grace—a charm would surely bring.
Not that I think of marrying.
But I'll postpone it. In the fall,
I think, I'll move.

The Minstrel's Astonishment.

[Wasp.]

Backus, the minstrel, had an enormous mouth. One summer he and his fellow-minstrel, Birch, parted—Birch to go fishing and Backus to go to Chicago. When Birch one day had had fished for a short time there came a tremendous yank at his hook. Using all his might he pulled to the surface a fish of surprising proportions and with the largest mouth he had ever seen in any member of the finny tribe. "Great golliwhopper, Backus," cried the burnt-cork angler in amazement, dropping his tackle and springing to his feet, "I thought you were in Chicago."

Two Sides of a Sentiment.

[Sheltering Arms.]

When two-year old May Blossom
Comes down in clear white dress,
And runs to find "dear Auntie,"
And claims her sweet caress,
Then Auntie takes up Blossom,
And her eyes they glow and shine,
Oh! pretty baby Blossom,
If you were only mine!

When Blossom, in the pantry,
High mounted on a chair,
Has nibbled at the icing
Till half the cake is bare,
Then Auntie puts down Blossom,
And her eyes they glow and shine,
Oh! naughty baby Blossom,
If you were only mine!

Remarkable but Sad Coincidence.

[Oil City Blizzard.]

A middle-aged man, with a red nose and white necktie—or one that had once been white—staggered up to the religious editor of the Blizzard on the street today and remarked: "See 'ere; you're a gentleman, ain't you?" "Partially," replied the ministerial-looking seeker after advertisements. "Well," continued," the red-nosed man, with a lurch to leeward, "I'm a barber, an' I knew you was a gentleman. Lend me ten cents, will you?" The newspaper man, though well pleased with being called a gentleman to his face, nevertheless considered ten cents an exorbitant price to pay for it, and therefore replied: "I haven't got a cent." "Do you know," answered the man with the peach-blossom countenance, "that's a mighty strange coincidence. I haven't either."

The Evening Procession.

[Margaret E. Johnson.]

Eight times the clock has struck;
The stars peep out o'erhead;
Across the air there comes
A sound of marching tread:
In city and village and town
The children are going to bed.

With footsteps swift or slow,
With faces grave or bright,
By twos and threes they go,
All robed in gowns of white:
And each with a backward glance
Calls cheerily out, "Good-night!"

Now darker grows the sky,
The stars their watches keep:
When next the clock shall strike
With hollow voice and deep,
In city and village and town
The children will be asleep.

THE SILVER QUEEN.

A Story of New York and Colorado.

BY PAUL DRAYTON.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

WHAT THE WIDOW SAID.

The arrival of the two ladies, and the ringing of the street door-bell, caused a cessation of hostilities between the two men, expectancy taking the place of belligerency, each watching the door that entered the parlors with eager look. On the one hand, that of Jim, this curiosity was soon satisfied, when he saw entering, not the plain, business-like widow of Denver City, Mrs. Pepsin, the very wealthy but democratic owner of the Tin Pot mine, but the brilliant, flashing, dashing, fashionably dressed, handsome Amelia Du Solle, now of New York, followed by the little French Adele, as pretty as ever, and as happy looking. It took Jim but a moment to grasp the situation, and to realize that without some extra intervention, the widow with a single word, that of calling his real name, could overthrow all his plans with Charley, and leave him miserably stranded.

Jim's plans were formed in a moment. The widow advanced toward him, with outstretched hand, but before she could speak Jim rushed forward and caught her in his arms, giving her a hearty embrace, and whispering, "Don't call me by my name." The widow caught the idea at once, and, without questioning in her own mind, returned Jim's embrace as thoroughly as it was given, and said in response to his words spoken aloud of:

"My dear madam, how glad I am to see you!"

"Yes, and I haven't let an hour go by without coming to you, my friend."

Jim shook her hands cordially, then little Adele's, who only murmured the single word "Monsieur," and Jim turned to introduce Charley, but it was too late; the shock had been too much for the nerves of the latter, and he had fled, fairly rushing out of the house at a running pace, with his mouth wide open, eyes starting, and face flushed to an apoplectic scarlet, slamming the door behind him, and disappearing up the street with a celerity that Jim had never seen him exercise before. The widow stared in wonder, and Jim burst into a laugh, in which, when she recovered a little from her astonishment, she joined him, for there had been something irresistibly comic in Charley's action, no matter what the occasioned it, and they were in the very midst of this laugh when Ethel ran quickly into the room and threw herself into the widow's arms, kissing her with a real fervor, and afterward greeting Adele pleasantly.

"I was just about to explain to Amelie the meaning of a scene she has just witnessed," said Jim, with another laugh, "which I think you couldn't have helped laughing at yourself, Ethel, if you'd been here."

"It was droll, my dear, whatever it was," said the widow to Ethel, but seeing the poor girl's sudden solemnity she continued: "But if there's anything painful about it don't tell me."

"Oh! it was poor Charley, I suppose," sighed Ethel.

"Was that Charley?" questioned the widow in astonishment. "I hope nothing unpleasant has happened. I thought he was in Colorado."

"I left him at the Windsor. We've no secrets from you, my friend," said Ethel with a lugubrious look at the widow.

It took but a few minutes to tell her the whole story from the beginning, to which she listened with intense interest and great gravity, and when it was finished said:

"I see, Ethel, that you are looking to me for an opinion. Now, my dear, that is one of the most difficult things in the world to do—give an opinion or advice in a love affair—for unless it entirely coincides with both the lovers it is not accepted by either, and the giver generally loses caste. It is even more difficult than a decision between man and wife, which, no matter if it's given by the most learned judge in this land, is never approved by both parties. No person can go into the homes of every-day married couples and see their daily life; there is always something hidden."

"Why, Amelie, I didn't know you was a matrimonial philosopher," said Ethel, smiling, though she didn't feel at all like a smile. "I thought you were altogether matter-of-fact."

"It's because I am a philosopher, and have had occasion to philosophize, that I am so matter-of fact, my dear, and it's on a matter-of-fact basis that such subjects must be treated, and that's got nothing to do with experiment with regard to Charley. You've started on dangerous ground, little girl, but I don't see what else you could have done. Unless you blunder terribly, hereafter in your operations, you cannot lose Charley."

"Oh! do you think so?" exclaimed Ethel, joyfully, jumping up from her chair and catching the widow's hands in hers. "I'm so glad."

"Why, my dear," continued the widow, "real lovers are much harder to separate than married couples. Yours is a complicated case, and has been brought on by Charley's absurd prejudices, as I may call them, which prejudices, it seems, he is not willing to part with yet. You must play your game out now, no matter what the result. I must get rid of this boy and talk to him myself, I think. I may be able to set him to rights."

This boy that the widow talked so confidently about setting to rights was only three or four years younger than herself, but she looked upon a man who was any years younger than her own almost as she would have looked upon a youth just entering school.

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Ethel. "But how will you get hold of him? Will he come here any more?"

"Come here? Why, of course he'll come here. Where else will he go?" answered the widow, laughing.

Ethel said she didn't know, and the widow went on with her comments.

"As far as regards your brother here, Ethel, and his jealousy of him, I'll put a stop to that."

"How'll you do it?" asked Jim.

"Simply by making love to you myself, so that I'll monopolize all your attentions and leave none for Ethel. He won't be jealous about me, I reckon."

That made Jim laugh heartily, and he expressed himself entirely willing to have it tried, even so far as to let Adele come in on the cape.

"Now, Amelie, both you and Adele must make this your home, and we can all be so happy together—when—when—yes! when Charley—you know——"

"Comes home, laughed the widow.

"Comes roun ," added Jim.

"Poor Charley, sighed Ethel. "I wish there was some way of making him understand."

"I bat seems to be the most dangerous part of it, my dear," said the widow, seriously. "For according to your own account, as I understand it, it would be ruin to let him know how rich you are, as he would not, then, perform his obligation to marry until he was richer than you, and at the same time that he comes all the way from Steeprock to keep his friends here from carrying off his promised bride, he seems to still wish to defer wedding her himself. He's a queer lover, my dear. I'm afraid you'll have to adopt my plan at last. Ask him, bluntly, to marry you, and then do as I would have done with your brother, if he had consented, march him directly up to the altar and marry him out of hand."

Somehow Ethel felt that the widow had been sent there to do her good expressly and she did not want her to go, but the widow said:

"No, my dear, that wouldn't do. Adele and I have got our queer ways, and a hotel is the best place to show them off in. We'll go back to our quarters and you and your brother will come as often as you can and dine with us. It'll give us an air of respectability, you see. I'll come here in the afternoon and stay two or three hours and meet your Charley."

"And take his measure?" laughed Ethel, but a little, somewhat sickly laugh.

"Yes, my dear," responded the widow, "I never make up my mind on any one, no matter what I hear, until I know them personally or, as you say, have taken their measure. Now I think Charley is, no doubt, a dear, good fellow, and his only trouble is that he is too much in love."

It was therefore agreed between them that the widow and Adele were to come every day in time for lunch, and stay several hours until Charley came, which both she and Jim agreed would certainly occur within one or two days, and after that they were to return all together to the hotel and dine in the widow's apartments; then they were to go to the opera or the theatres. While the widow and Ethel were making out this programme, Jim and Adele had got into a cozy talk in the corner, and the little French girl had been telling Jim all about herself and her early life. Du Solle was about to take her back to France, and she was delighted. She would once more see all the companions of her youth and look upon the delightful scenes of her birthplace, and the grand streets of the city of Paris, where she always spent part of the year. She would rattle on freely about everything and everybody until it came to her father, and then she hesitated, and Jim did not question her. In fact, he soon found out that, beyond her father and her grandfather, the latter of whom was still living, but whose name she did not mention, she knew little or nothing of her family, though she had heard her father say that they were all very rich.

Jim returned with them to the hotel, where he found the widow established in sumptuous quarters, and in response to his remark that she was more than comfortable she said:

"Yes, I mean to have everything that money can give me, and, without being selfish, enjoy myself. I've got over any ideas I might have had on matrimony since I couldn't get you, and I mean to make up for what I didn't have when I was young. I can't spend my income, as far as I can see, anyhow, and I've got nobody to save it up for except Adele here, and I'm only afraid she means to be an old maid, for so far she has rejected every offer she has had, and she had several very good ones, as far as money went, in Denver."

"Perhaps the right one hasn't come along yet," said Jim, smiling pleasantly at Adele, "but when he does there's no doubt that she can have him. He'll have to be clad in love-proof armor to resist her."

"Oh, Messieur Bennett!" exclaimed Adele, blushing and smiling. "You always do say such funnee tings, and so good."

"Or, maybe," continued Jim, "the favored one is over the seas waiting for her."

"Ah, ha! Yes!" said the widow, jovially; "that accounts for the Paris letters Adele always reads over two or three times, and is always so happy over. Well, my sweetheart, we'll soon be in Paris, and if he's all right there'll be wedding bells."

"Oh, madam!" exclaimed Adele, bursting into tears, rushing to the window and kissing her hands wildly, "You are too, too, good to me, you will spoil me."

"That's the secret," Amelia," said Jim, aside to the window, as he was taking his departure. "She's in the same boat with me. She's left her love behind her."

CHAPTER XXX.

JIM GETS ANGRY.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Charley to himself, as he rushed from the presence of the widow and Jim, while they were going through their embrace. "That fellow is a Mormon, or as good as one, making love to half a dozen women at once. Who the deuce has he got hold of now?"

In his excitement Charley had forgotten all about Jim's Denver widow, of whom he had often heard Jim speak; and even if he had thought of her he would not have expected to see her there. And as to Adele, of her he had never heard, she being a revelation that had occurred since Jim had left Steeprock. More than this, he had formed an idea of the widow such as did not accord with the handsome, stylish woman he had just seen—an idea that would have been filled by a commonplace female, such as flocked into the mining towns of early Colorado.

"She couldn't be his Lady Mary?" he questioned. "No! that's impossible. She is under 20, according to his account, supposing that any such woman ever existed, while this woman is at least 30. The other one, though, might be Lady Mary; she is of the right age. No! that can't be, either. She didn't answer his description. Lady Mary's a blonde, tall and blue-eyed, and that girl was petite and dark-eyed. Who the deuce can they be? I'll find out."

And through Charley's brain coursed various schemes of dismay and destruction to Jim's plans, whatever his plans might be. He would have revenge. He would denounce him to the whole world and hold him up as a monster of perfidy. Then, while he was striding up and down the corridor of the hotel, and muttering all this to himself, he cast his eyes toward the street and became instantly aware that the very party he had left an hour or so before were alighting from a carriage at the ladies' entrance, accompanied by his dark shadow, Jim Barton. With eager eyes he watched them go into the house, and then, with feet as eager, he rushed to the office of the hotel, where he described the ladies to the clerk and asked who they were.

The clerk turned to the register and found there "Mrs. Amelie Du Salle and friend, of Chicago," this being the mode the widow had chosen to enter herself, rath r than from Colorado.

"Do you know anything about her?" asked Charley.

No, nothing. She had only come in that morning; but she must be very rich, for she had taken the finest suite of apartments in the house, and had deposited $100,000 in the safe. Charley had never heard the name; but now he had a chance of talking to Jim, away from the protection of Ethel's house, and he meant to watch for him coming out, which he did, and, as Jim was emerging from the hotel, he met Charley face to face, volumes of wrath glaring from Charley's eyes, and floods of unspoken words trembling on his tongue.

"Ah! Gregory, how are ye again?" said Jim pleasantly, as though nothing had occurred between them.

"Perhaps," said Charley, endeavoring to keep very cool and speak very slow, "you will now offer me some explanation of your very extraordinary conduct, Mr. Barton."

"Upon my word, my dear fellow," Jim responded, "I am not aware that my conduct is very extraordinary, or that it requires any explanation. Be most explicit, won't you?"

"Well, I will be more explicit, then," said Charley, with a sneer that ought to have withered Jim, but did not. "You've heard of cheek, haven't you?"

"Cheek! cheek!" with a smile of questioning on his face. "I believe that is what nights e called slang for impudent confidence, isn't it?"

"Yes! and allow me to say that you possess it in a most eminent degree."

"Thank you! thank you! my dear fellow. I've never been so complimented before. My friends have always been inclined to tell me that I lacked confidence in myself, and, consequently, could not get along. So, when I went to Colorado, I determined to shake off all bashfulness, and must have succeeded, according to what you say. Thank you for the compliment, at all events."

"Who were those two women whom I saw at Ethel Bennett's a few hours ago?"

"Ladies, you mean, Barton," said Jim, gravely.

"Very well, ladies, then, if you choose to call them so. Who are they?"

"I do choose to call them so. Don't allow your tongue too great a license, Gregory, or it may drag you into difficulty," said Jim in a sharp tone.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of your threats, Barton," said Charley, his tone a little more subdued from from the fact that he realized that he was going a little too far, perhaps.

"I am making no threats, Gregory; I am only warning you. Say anything you please regarding myself, but do not throw the slightest stur upon any one incapable of defence. You have demanded to know who the two ladies were you met at Ethel's, and you also talk about cheek. Now, don't you think, my dear fellow, that your demand savors something of that article—cheek?"

Charley was silent for a few moments, but boiling over with indignation. At last he blurted out:

"I have a right to demand their names and business at Ethel Bennett's house."

"Oh, no, you haven't!" said Jim, coolly. "You have no such right. I have no objection to tell you not only their names, but who they are and all about them; but I do not tell it to you on your demand, but simply as a matter of friendly complaisance."

"Friendly complaisance! Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Charley, wildly. "Friendly! There's nothing friendly between us."

"Oh, yes, there is, my boy. I am your friend—the best friend you've got in the world, and you are my friend, or will be in a little time, as soon as you have time to think it over."

Never, sir! never! You are a traitor! You have betrayed me."

"Well, my dear fellow, we'll leave that an open matter and go back to the question of the ladies and who they are. The eldest is one whom I esteem more highly than any woman I know, except only my Mary and your Ethel. She is a widow, very rich, a native of this city and named Amelie Du Solle. The other is a young lady of French birth named Adele Fontaine, is, as you saw, very handsome, highly educated and will be rich, I think, some day. Both these ladies are on their way to Europe and came to Ethel's house on her invitation and on mine, where I hope you will meet them and be very good friends with them, as I am."

All this seemed reasonable enough, but it did not satisfy Charley. There was an impertinence and assumption on the part of Jim that in his (Charley's) surprised state of mind he ever knew. Why the fellow talked as intimately of Ethel and of her home as though it were his own. He could not talk more so himself, and Ethel almost his wife.

"Then because you like these people and because they are rich," said Charley, still sneering, "Ethel must accept their acquaintance, eh? I think if she had been present and seen your reception of this Mrs. Du Solle she would hardly have esteemed her as highly as you would have wished."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jim. "Well, that was the inspiration of the moment, and I should not have minded in the least if Ethel had been there. She would have understood it and approved it."

It was plain that Charley did not recognize in Mrs. Amelie Du Solle, Jim's Denver widow, even though Jim had been in the habit of speaking often of her to Charley at Steeprock, though not so that she could be identified, for the simple reason that it might possibly have given a clew to themselves. Charley was about turning from Jim in disgust, as from one who is not open to reason, to right, or even to decency, when he thought he would try once more to see what admission he could get as to his own position with Ethel. So he said: "I would like to ask you one question, sir, if you have still got enough of brains to answer it."

"I don't know much about the brains, Gregory, and sometimes I feel inclined to doubt whether I've got any left at all when I find myself bearing your impertinence and abuse as I do. But, however, we'll ignore all that, and I am ready to answer your question. Go on."

"Very well, sir! Now, will you be pleased, since you seem to have assumed a proprietorship and interest in Miss Ethel Bennett—"

"Stop right there, Gregory!" Jim any your assertion. I have assumed no proprietorship, though I feel an interest, but it is generated by Ethel's unprotected position. She has no brother, no husband, no relative to interest themselves, and I have somehow fallen into that position. Had you been here it would have been different."

"But I am here now. Why do you stand between us?"

"There's where you are again mistaken, and I have told you so. I do not stand between you. I only fulfil the offices that you ought to, and do not. As to your being here, there is no doubt about that, but of what use is that, coming as you do with a heart boiling over with bitterness toward her, and everything connected with her that does not bow down to the arrogance of your love. I don't blame her for having that she has pride, which she can exercise as well or to better purpose than you can exercise your own."

"All this is simply shirking my question, sir!"

"What is your question, Gregory? I have heard none yet."

That was true, but Charley, in his wrath, had forgotten it, and was now embarrassed to recall what he wanted to say. At last, after several moments of awkward silence, he said:

"I would like to know what position you recognize I hold toward Ethel Bennett?"

"Well, certainly, Gregory, that is a queer question to put to me. I would first have to ask you what position you recognize I hold toward her?"

"You admit that you are her admirer?"

"I am; but that would not give me the privilege of defending her beyond that certain point where every gentleman is obliged to defend a lady, unless by her special permission. If, now, to make impossibilities case, you could imagine me her brother, and then ask me me that question, I could readily answer you. Try the experiment."

"Very well," answered Charley, sharply and angrily.

"I'll accept the question then. What position do I recognize you hold toward Ethel Bennett? Well, then, I have heard both Ethel and yourself say that you were lovers, and were affianced. Of the lovership, I have had ample evidence; of the affianced past, I have no evidence, but as her brother, which position you have allowed me for the nonce, I should say simply that the contract, if any exists, should be made good, there being no reason that she can see why it is not, and if not, a reasonable cause should be given, and you should not go back to Colorado and leave her here unprotected."

"And if I do," snarled Charley, "you will do your best to supplant me."

"As her brother, no! as her admirer, yes!" said Jim, gravely.

"I'm glad I understand you, sir," said Charley, in as calm a tone as he could muster up. "I must then look upon you as my rival, for I do not choose to make the distinction between my presence or my absence."

"It is a rivalry very easily removed," answered Jim, coldly. "At the present moment you have every advantage of me, or of any other admirer that may come forward within seasonable time, and Ethel is ready to seal that advantage with her hand. Now, since y u have given me the position of a brother to her, then, as a brother, I say do not go away and leave her again. Make her your wife. Take her with you, or, what would be more sensible, stay here. You are rich enough and will be richer. She is rich enough and will be richer. The want of wealth is no impediment, and certainly the want of love is not. I hope, Gregory, we shall have no more talks on this subject. Good afternoon." And for the first time since the beginning of the affair as Jim walked away he felt that he was angry.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHARLEY TRIES.

The next day, as though he was simply carrying out the programme laid down by Jim and the widow, Charley called upon Ethel, and found the whole party—the widow, Adele, Ethel and Jim—in the parlor expecting him, though he did not know it.

Jim had related the interview of the day before to Ethel, and had simply expressed to his sister his anger at Charley's obstinacy and irritating manner. She admitted all that he said, but love brought forth excuses, and she had them ready at almost every point.

"Poor Charley," between a laugh and a cry; "you know, Jim, he's received terrible provocation."

"And given it," said Jim, sharply. "I've lost patience, with him, Birdie. He knows better, and ought not to require this lesson. I believe Charley to be an honorable man, and as an honorable man he ought to perform his obligations with you as with me upon the Rainbow."

"Well, Jim, I don't fret any more as I have done," and Ethel's voice trembled as she spoke. "I have confidence that Charley will be all right in the end."

"I'm not so sure of that, sis! Charley almost comes in under the head of cranks. You can't tell where to have him exactly. If he knows you to be poor, or comparatively so, he wishes to defer the marriage until he gets rich. Then, when he gets rich, beyond all his first hopes, he would put it off indefinitely until he gets richer. He would not take your money when you had $25,000, and now you seriously fe r that he won't marry you at all if he knows how rich you are. If that isn't cranky, I'd like to know what is."

"Poor Charley!" exclaimed Ethel, laughing, in spite of her trouble. "It's only because of his independence, Jim."

"Yes! confoundedly independent; so independent that he doesn't think that there's anybody else in the world to be suited but himself, Birdie. That isn't independence, that's selfishness, and now, with nothing in the world between himself and you, he absolutely refuses what he admits would be his greatest happiness, on the pretence that he won't be dictated to on a subject which he says concerns only himself."

"Oh, he doesn't think, Jim," said Ethel, deprecatingly.

"No! doesn't he?" said Jim, with a sneering laugh. "Now, there's just the mistake you make, little woman. He does think, and thinks too much, but it's all one way. Read that letter."

"Why, it's from Uncle Saul," said Ethel, seizing the letter eagerly. "Is he coming home?"

She read the letter while Jim puffed away at his cigar and watched her. When she had finished she said:

"Oh, Jim! if we only could wouldn't it be delightful."

"If we only could," said Jim quietly. "What's to prevent us but the antics of this lover of yours? Uncle Saul says he has been so pleased with his tour of Europe, though burdened with the cares of business. Ha, ha! Good joke that, that he proposes to repeat it. That Wilcox and Jones will leave him on the 15th of next month to return to the United States, and that after that he would like to meet him in London as soon as we please to join him, and that, in the meantime, he intended to put himself in the hands of Lord Alfred Dykers and Lady Mary and look around England, Ireland and Scotland. Ha, ha! and buy 'em if he likes 'em, eh! The old lord will keep Uncle Saul lively till we get there, sis."

"Oh, Jim! how can you go and leave poor Charley?" sighed Ethel.

"I don't want to leave him here," answered Jim, "unless he's a fool and will stay. I shall write to Uncle Saul and tell him that we mean to join him, but that in consequence of my being engaged in an important business operation I cannot state the exact day we shall leave here, but will notify him. Tomorrow Charley will be here, or I am much mistaken, and he will meet the widow and Adele. You must break the intelligence to them that Uncle Saul has sent for you, and that you are to meet him next month in London, and I will arrange with the widow as to what she will say. If we spring all this on Charley, and he don't come to his senses, I will despair of him, and I'll turn him over to you, Birdie, to do what you like with."

"Oh, Jim, it seems almost cruel with Charley. He will think, then, that I am really going to leave him."

"Very well, little woman; he knows how to stop it. He can keep you here, or he can go with us. If he chooses, in his obstinacy, to do otherwise, then let him take the consequences. You know, sis, that I have liked Charley from the very first, and I say now that I have shown it, practically; and if I had not liked him I would not have put all the trouble I have for him. I want him for a brother, and am doing my best to get him, and think I shall succeed; but it's dreadful uphill work, Birdie."

"Ah, Jim, you'll be rewarded some day by seeing Charley and I so happy," and Ethel threw her arms around Jim's neck and gave him such an embrace and kiss as only a loving sister can give a loving brother. And with this European trip as a new weapon against Charley they waited for him in Ethel's parlor, each posted in the part they were to play. It was Ethel's part to introduce him, which she did after welcoming him with all the warmth she could show before others, taking him by the hand and leading him first to the widow. Charley could not help showing that he was attracted by the appearance of the two ladies, and he was soon engaged in an animated conversation with the widow, but without any mention on her part of Colorado, as had been agreed on between her and Jim, or giving any clew that would make her known as Jim Denver's widow.

Then came Ethel's breaking of the letter of Uncle Saul, as if it were written to herself, and the proposed European trip.

"How charming!" exclaimed the widow. "Why, Ethel, you can go with Adele, and I—and I—can chaperon you and deliver you safe and sound to your uncle in London."

"And how delightful it will be!" said Adele, "that we shall go to Paris together. And Monsieur Barton, he shall accompany. You will, monsieur?"

"Of course," said Jim, quickly. "I did not intend to go so soon; but if you are all going, I can't be left alone here."

"Now, Mr. Gregory, why can't you join? Instead of going back to that horrid Steeprock hole, which Mr. Barton here has told me all about, how much better it would be for you to make one of our party and go to Europe," said the widow.

"Oh, yes; do go, Monsieur Gregory!" was Adele's appeal. "You have not been to Paris. It will be a new life to you, monsieur."

"I am afraid, ladies, your party is made up already, and I will be an intruder."

"How can you say that, Mr. Gregory?" exclaimed the widow, strongly. "You know it isn't so. I am certain that Ethel wants you, and as to Mr. Barton, if I say so, he's got to want you"; and she laughed merrily and looked at Ethel. "What do you say, Ethel?"

"Mr. Gregory needn't want an invitation from me," she quickly observed. "He knows that his presence would be welcome. There is nothing definite yet, and Uncle Saul has said nothing about who I was to go with, nor anything more than that he would meet me in London. I suppose Mrs. Larrabee would go with me."

"Oh! you'd better not take Mrs. Larrabee away from her comfortable home. The old lady will look upon it as a great hardship. Your Uncle Saul, of course, didn't know that I was coming over, and then if he knew that Mr. Barton and Mr. Gregory would be on the same ship, why that would settle the matter at once."

"Oh! Monsieur Gregory, you must go," said Adele, casting an appealing glance at Charley that under ordinary circumstances ought to have melted a heart of stone.

And then, at this very moment, there entered into Charley's heart a wicked idea, an idea that he would do with Ethel as she had done with him—arouse and excite her jealousy. Here was a very beautiful girl, young, accomplished and evidently impressible. Why should he not flirt with her? Ethel had been flirting with Barton—that was the way Charley read it—and certainly she could not object to his flirting with this little French beauty. It would make her understand that she could not have everything her own way, and so he began it by saying with a most tender glance at Ade :

"Ah, mademoiselle, it seems impossible to resist when you request."

"Then you will go, monsieur?" cried Adele, in accents of joy.

"If I do, madamoiselle, it will be at your solicitation, and I shall expect to monopolize you during the voyage."

"Oh, certainly, certainly, monsieur!" said Adele, innocently. "We will be happy."

"That's very good for a beginning," whispered the widow to Jim. "He's waking up."

Jim laughed, but to him it was as transparent as though Charley had told him exactly what had passed through his mind. Ethel heard it, and laughed, too, pleased to see Charley apparently pleased. It would require more than that, Jim thought, to arouse her jealousy, after her experience as Maggie Barton at Steeprock.

CHAPTER XXXII.

COUNTERPLOTS.

Then Charley made great effort and finally succeeded in cornering Adele and making a positive attempt at flirtation, but firstly, he was out of practice, not having tried it since he had known Ethel, and secondly, he had a bad subject to work on, for the little French girl was innocent and had never flirted in her life. She only looked upon Charley as she seemed to look upon all the men who paid her attention. She knew Ethel's story and sympathized with her. She knew that she loved Charley, and consequently she looked upon Charley as positively Ethel's property as the ring upon her finger, and was as really in earnest in being glad that he would accompany her to England as though she had helped make up the trouble between them.

But while Charley was bending his energies on this flirtation with Adele he was terribly disturbed by Jim, who was devoting himself equally to the widow and Ethel and delightedly making up their anticipated European trip, the hated Jim being always prominent in all the plans. It was very plain that, whatever the programme might be, he would be in it, and that his Marie would not be allowed to interfere with anything he wished to do, as far as Ethel or the widow was concerned. But presently the widow broke up the action of the plan by springing to her feet and declaring it time to go, inviting all to return to the hotel with her and dine. This, with a "wait for the future" glance at Adele, Charley declined, but accepted an invitation to call on her, and then Ethel, knowing that Charley expected to remain, also declined, and the widow and Adele took their departure, Charley making his adieus to the little French girl as impressive as he knew how. As soon as they were gone he said to Ethel, with an assumed smile of admiration:

"That's a charming girl, that Mademoiselle Fontaine. She is worth cultivating."

Ethel agreed to this, declaring that she was as amiable as she was pretty, and that her history was quite a romance. Then Charley got off a few more admiring re arks about Adele; but they were not well done, and fell flat, as far as the purpose went, which was to excite Ethel's jealousy. Finding he did not do this, but believing he could at some other time, Charley branched on to another subject.

"What is there, Ethel, about this story of going to England?" was his query, rather brusquely put.

"Nothing more than what I have said," was the quiet reply. "Uncle Saul wants me to come as soon as I can, and write him by what steamer I will leave."

Then she took Jim's letter from her pocket, minus the envelope, and read him passages from it.

"And are you going?" he asked.

"I must obey Uncle Saul; even if I did not wish to go, and I am very lonely here."

"Do you propose to go with Madame Du Solle, Mademoiselle Fontaine and—and—Barton?"

"I'm sure that will be pleasanter than going alone, or with Mrs. Larrabee, who is not accustomed to travelling, as a com anion."

"Does your Uncle Saul know Madame Du Solle?"

"And, but he will not disapprove of her."

"You speak very confidently. Perhaps you can speak as confidently of Barton?"

"I think I can. You know that Uncle Saul has always given me unlimited discretion in making my acquaintances, and as I made Mr. Barton's in a way that I suppose proper, unless you tell me that you know something disreputable about him, I don't think Uncle Saul will object."

"And you think it will be right for you to go traveling over Europe with Barton, and he, if he tells the truth, engaged to be married to a lady in England, with whom he ought now to be?"

"That will be for my uncle to decide when I get to England," answered Ethel, gravely. "Uncle Saul has always managed to take good care of me, and I think he will."

"And you can go, Ethel, and take pleasure in travel with Uncle Saul and your friends, and leave me to go back and toil, as I shall, at Steeprock?"

This was said half reproachfully and half angrily, and Ethel, almost ready to burst into tears, said:

"You said just now you would go with us. I know that Uncle Saul would be glad to have you, and you have told me that you are rich, therefore you can afford it. There is no occasion for you to return to Steeprock and toil. You only choose to toil. I know differently, Jim."

Charley had exhausted his defence and could say nothing that contradicted the plain assertions of Ethel, no matter how she had got her information, outside of what he had given her in his own letters, though of course he knew it was from Jim. He saw his position plainly, and construed it in this way. Either he had got to come squarely down, and admit himself wrong in Ethel, when he did not think so, give Jim the satisfaction of thinking it was his work and that his advice had been taken, or, on the other hand, fight it out and endeavor to bring Ethel to his way of thinking.

To this last plan he inclined most, but how was he to do it? Not by the fact of his suddenly-acquired wealth, even if such a foolish idea had ever entered his mind, for Ethel never had shown any regard for money, and this very visit only proved to her the fact that she had said and done all she could to prevent him from going, and to convince him that they could be very happy without it, before he went to Colorado, and that now she continually sought to impress upon him that he had enough. No, money would have no bearing on it, and therefore it seemed strange that Barton's should make such an impression.

But was it Barton's money? No; Charley could not bring himself to believe that, for if he had he would have wanted to resign Ethel at once in disgust, but he knew it was not her nature. She did not love Barton, even though her love for himself was cooling; of that, also, Charley was certain; and yet there seemed to be a certain attraction about the man to Ethel which he could not understand, and he was not sure that she might not marry him after all, and that more likely when they came to meet Uncle Saul; for Charley knew well that Ethel's uncle was like most old people—fond of money—though he might be generous, and though he never opposed the match, would have liked him (Charley) better if he had been rich. Therefore it was that Charley felt a little afraid of Uncle Saul's opinion and influence when once they were with him.

No! the matter must be settled before then; that was absolute, but how was it to be done? Then Maggie Barton flashed up in his mind. She was the only woman he had ever known, except Ethel, that he could open his whole mind to and ask advice. If he only had her now to appeal to, but, as he had not, he must do the next best thing, and that was to fight Ethel with what he thought were her own weapons, jealousy aroused. All this coursed through Charley's brain while he talked to Ethel, and, in it all, he felt he was right. He left her without any softening on his part or any promise that he would make one of the party to Europe, though he had fully determined that Ethel should not, Jim being along, go without him.

While Charley and Ethel were discussing this matter, the widow and Jim were discussing Charley.

"He is losing whatever judgment he may have once possessed, or is an instance of a heart caught on the rebound," said the widow, laughing, though not jovially.

"Don't you understand it?" said Jim, with a half sneer, half smile.

"He is trying on Ethel the same treatment which he thinks has been tried on him, and, what is more, he will continue it."

"There's not much danger of his making any real impression on Adele," said the widow, laughing, and then she explained to Adele the meaning of Mr. Gregory's special attentions to her. "He will make love to you, Adele," she said.

"He shall not dare!" exclaimed Adele, with a flushed face and an earnest tone. "He makes love to me I shall tell Mademoiselle Bennett."

"That's just what he wants you to do, my dear," said the widow. "No! No! Adele, if you want to do Ethel a service you must encourage him some and we will tell her all about it. Then, when he sees that Miss Bennett does not mind it, he will be ashamed. Do you understand?"

Oh! yes; Adele did, and would do so, if madame wanted her to, and it would serve Mademoiselle Ethel; but, at the same time, she could not help thinking that Monsieur Gregory was "perfidious," and did not really love Mademoiselle Ethel.

"It's just because he does love her that he does such foolish things," said the widow. "Men in love always make fools of themselves."

At which sentiment both Jim and Adele laughed, and then they entered into an agreement that, if Charley undertook to make love to Adele again, which Jim said he was sure to do, especially in Ethel's presence, Adele was to encourage him and flirt with him, if she knew how, and in the end be the means of punishing him.

This arrangement made, Jim went home to tell Ethel all about it and make her a party to the plot.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MORE TROUBLES.

On his return home Ethel told Jim all that Charley had said, and Jim laughed quietly.

"He's coming round gradually, birdie, and will soon begin to reason," and then he told Ethel what he believed to be Charley's plot to make her jealous, and what they were going to do to punish him and make him understand that he was doing wrong.

"Poor Charley!" was Ethel's usual exclamation, and yet she couldn't help laughing at poor Charley's doings. "If that was flirting which he attempted this afternoon with Adele it certainly was the worst effort I ever saw."

"And I don't say that Adele is any better hand at it," said Jim. "She is so much of an amateur that she didn't even know that Charley was paying her special attentions, but only thought that in persuading him to cross the water with them she was benefiting you."

"Poor Adele!" sighed Ethel, "I think she is in as much trouble as I am, really, and feels very little like flirting with anybody."

"Yes," said Jim, "that is why she has left behind her, Amelie says, she has never questioned her on, but she thinks, from little words the poor girl has let fall, that it is not only a question of her having loved above her station, but there is an undying enmity, from some cause, between the fathers, and in France no marriage is legal if opposed by the parents, unless the parties have reached an age which neither Adele nor her lover have, and therefore they must wait."

"Yes," said Ethel, "and as eager as the poor girl is to return to France and to the home of her childhood, she trembles whenever she speaks of it."

"There is some mystery, which will be unravelled in time," said Jim, "and that without any effort at unravelling it. Whatever it may be I am sure that Adele is not in fault, and the lovers are faithful to each other. Ah! here's a letter from Steeprock. I wonder who writes to me from there," said Jim, taking the letter from the servant, and breaking the seal of the one he had selected. Um! um! um! Ah! oh! it's from Tom Gregory.

"MR. JAMES BARTON—Dear Sir: My brother has requested me, during his absence, to make my reports as manager of the Rainbow mine directly to you, and I proceed to do so. I am sorry that the mine has not been as productive the last month as I could have wished, the total yield being only $8000. I am sorry for this, as Charley, just before he left, went to heavy expense for machinery, including two crushing mills, and also for various other improvements, which leaves the mine $40,000 in debt. I advised him not to do this until the mine was on a solid foundation by lapse of time, but he said you had left it in his hands to do as he pleased, and he disregarded my advice. I shall keep you informed by telegraph from Denver of any important change, and in the meantime solicit your advice."

"Yours, THOMAS GREGORY.'"

"Oh, Jim, that looks bad for Charley's $100,000! Don't it?" questioned Ethel, looking anxious.

"You don't say a word about you and I?" said Jim, laughing.

"Oh! that's no consequence to us," responded Ethel, lightly, "but the failing off will be dreadful to Charley."

"And you don't say anything about his mismanagement?" Jim put in again.

"Was it?" queried Ethel, almost with a gasp.

"Was it! Certainly, birdie. From the first I tried to show Charley that he must not look upon mining operations as he would on any permanent business, and only to lay out as much money on a mine as could be comfortably got along with until it paid for itself, as, in case of the mine failing, it would be bad enough to lose the mine without losing a heap of money or getting in debt besides."

"And has Charley done that?" Ethel whispered.

"Of course he has," answered Jim, "though it may be all right yet. The Rainbow hasn't failed, and even at $8000 per month will soon pick up."

"And what do you think Charley will do, Jim?" asked Ethel, tremblingly.

"The plague only knows what the foolish fellow will do," said Jim, gravely. "Perhaps want to go immediately back, as if his presence could help the matter, when his absence would be better. Against this I shall exert my authority, backed by my sister's, and decide that his presence is not necessary, but that the Rainbow shall remain in Tom Gregory's hands. Tomorrow, as early as possible, I shall show this letter to Charley, though I suppose he has already received the same news, and shall send Tom $40,000 to pay the debts; a so tell him to go on working as the yield pays the expenses."

"Oh, I hope Charley will be sensible," sighed Ethel, "and dismiss all thought of Steeprock."

"I hope so, too," said Jim, with a little curl of his lip and nose, "but it's hoping against hope. He has drunk from the deadly cup of gold, and his thirst is unquenchable."

"Oh, dear, I hope not," sobbed Ethel," and I'm sure, Jim, when Charley comes to know how much I've got he'll be content."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jim, bitterly, "and yet you're afraid to trust him with the knowledge, birdie."

The next morning Jim remitted the $40,000 to Tom Gregory, with instructions to pay off the debts of the Rainbow and go on, but say nothing about the mismanagement, or about preventing his brother from resuming control. Then Jim went to the hotel and sought Charley, and found him in his room. Jim greeted him pleasantly, as he always did, but Charley merely nodded, and motioned to a chair, which Jim took, and asked, quietly, if he had heard from Steeprock within the past few days, and was answered in the negative, with a look of inquiry. Then Jim simply laid Tom's letter upon the table and waited Charley's reading. For a few moments after he had finished reading Charley seemed stupefied and gazed at the letter, as though he had not understood it. Then he stared at Jim and said, vaguely, as if speaking into vacancy:

"I must go to Steeprock immediately."

"I see no necessity," said Jim, quietly. "I have remitted your brother forty thousand dollars this morning, with orders to go on as he is now doing, and draw upon me for all the money he wants."

For a few moments Charley was silent. His face flushed, and then he became pale. He looked as though he was about to spring to his feet, and grasp Jim's hand, but the repulsion he had been cultivating prevailed, and he sat still and muttered again: "I must go to Steeprock immediately."

"I have already said, Gregory, that there is no necessity. Your being there will not add a dollar to the yield of the mine, and I am perfectly satisfied with your brother's management."

"But I shall look out for my own interest," said Charley, sharply.

"Very well," answered Jim, calmly. "Of course I cannot prevent you from going back to Steeprock, if you choose to go, but I can prevent you from taking the management of the Rainbow, and I shall do it."

Charley gave one fierce glare at him and hissed out:

"You will take my property out of my hands?"

"

FOR BUTLER.

Continued from the First Page.

the taxes were laid; and in such a case it is unquestionably the duty of the government to reduce them, for no circumstance can justify it in assuming a power not given to it by the Constitution, or in

Taking Away the Money of the People

when it is not needed for the legitimate wants of the government."

Upon other equally important questions of local interest we took a positive and advanced position, and grappled with the living issues of the hour. More than this, when success was achieved we kept the promises we then made, and by honesty and consistency commanded the continued confidence of those who in that year for the first time voted with us. And as it was in Massachusetts, so it must be in the nation. Since the report of the last gun fired in the civil war was heard two-thirds of a new generation of voters has come upon the political stage of action. They care but little for the past, they do care much for the present and the future. The boy born in the early years of the civil war is now a voter. It is to this class of voters we must look for success, and to secure them we must present a platform and a candidate which will command their support. The Republican party appeals to them by pointing with pride to the record of the grand old party in the past; and skilfully seeks to conceal the fact that it has outlived its usefulness, and that the proud old party of Lincoln, Seward, Chase and Sumner has become but a creature of corporations and monopolies, and a machine with which to grind out place and power for the favored few. Under high-sounding declarations in favor of a reformed civil service, it seeks to hide its present purpose to prostitute the power of the Federal patronage to perpetuate its existence; or, failing in that, to perpetuate in official position its creatures; men who stink in the nostrils of every decent man in either party by reason of their participation in and connection with every fraud and conspiracy on the government, from the Credit Mobilier, whiskey rings, Belknap grave stones and down to the Star route rascality. But a few days since the whole country had an exhibition of Republican sincerity in the matter of civil service reform, and we of Massachusetts enjoyed the proud spectacle of our senior senator, the quintessence of Republican reformers who can be depended upon every time, just before election, to discharge through the Springfield Republican his load of dreary platitudes and threadbare arguments in favor of this measure, sneaking behind the privacy of an executive session, and holding the United States Senate for a whole day from the transaction of legitimate business, while he engaged in a squabble with the friends of the newly-elected sergeant-at-arms over the important question whether a Capitol policeman should be removed to make place for one of his own political strikers and henchmen. Alike sincere and honest is the Republican statesman who shouts vociferously for protection for American labor, and in the same breath instructs his agent to secure abroad a supply of ignorant and pauper labor, with which to replace the

Honest and Skilful Operatives

who innocently supposed that they were entitled to share in the benefits of protection. Reduced to an honest and truthful statement, the cry of the Republican leaders for extreme and indiscriminate protection for protection's sake means only protection for the manufactured product, and free trade in the labor which produces it. It is the same old jug, and the handle is always turned toward the vast monopolies and gigantic corporations which own the management of the Republican party, and control it solely in their own selfish interests. Sick and disgusted with the cant and hypocrisy of the Republican party upon these questions, seeing clearly that the glory of its past is recalled and rehearsed only to gild and conceal the nakedness and poverty of principle in its present, this great body of new and independent voters turn to the Democratic party and ask us, "What have you to say?" Upon the answer we shall make at Chicago, and upon the candidate whom we shall nominate, rests the hope of Democratic victory. No hair-splitting declaration upon constitutional questions, unalterably answered and forever settled by the roar of cannon and the shock of war, will avail. No funeral baked meats, kept from a former Democratic funeral, and warmed up for this occasion, will satisfy their appetite. "Let the dead past bury its dead!" A positive and progressive policy will alone gain their support. Great questions confront us, involving the right of labor to its just reward; the abuse of corporate and monopolied power; extortionate and unjust taxation, wringing millions of dollars from the many for the benefit of the few, or to be squandered in reckless and wasteful expenditures and appropriations to perpetuate and maintain the power of the Republican party; the rescue of our public lands from greedy and dishonest railroad corporations that they may become the peaceful and happy homes of a prosperous people; the restoration of our vanished commerce, opening up an inexhaustible field for skilled labor and a nursery for a possible navy; the enunciation and the enforcement of a national policy which shall compel the recognition of the just and legal rights of our citizens when abroad, native born or naturalized, by foreign nations; the final and complete restoration of peace and good will between the two great sections of

Our Common Country.

These and kindred questions are the living issues of the hour and demand recognition and settlement. As we shall answer them so will this great body of voters to whom I have referred answer us. With a platform in which they are answered in accordance with the pure principles of Democracy and with a candidate whose public life and public record are in full accord with such a platform, we may be certain of success. And with such a platform and such a candidate, Massachusetts will for the second time cast her electoral vote for a Democratic president.

THE PLATFORM.

Reform the Watchword in All Departments of the Government.

The Democrats of Massachusetts, in convention assembled, renew to the people of this Union the declaration that the perpetual blessings of self-government are the fountain of peace, prosperity and progress, elevating and dignifying labor at home and in society, spreading education and cultivation, socially and morally, and the highest qualities of manhood. We deprecate all tendencies to produce caste or class distinction, and desire to reform whatever of such tendencies now exist, firmly believing in the political and eternal rights to equal protection from the laws in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in religious freedom and social progress. We also believe that the powers of the government ought to be surrounded by all the guarantees necessary to preserve the fundamental liberties of the people collectively and individually against the encroachments of legislation instigated by the oppression of wealth, sectarian bigotry or chartered monopoly. We believe that inequality of privileges and of the burdens of taxation works a serious injury to the security of honest profits of industry. We therefore advocate not only a strict construction of the powers granted to the State and Federal governments and a thoughtful adherence thereto, both by the legislative and executive authority, but the frequent elections and limited terms of office which our forefathers devised to compel the government to represent the will and pleasure of the people.

The Democracy of Massachusetts reaffirm the resolutions of the last National Democratic Convention, held at Cincinnati, and tender the right hand of fellowship to the Democracy of the Union.

We oppose the extravagance of Republican expenditures in carrying on the Federal government, and denounce the accumulation of a surplus revenue from a taxation of the necessaries of life as a profligate abuse and an infliction on the industry of the people.

We denounce the Republican neglect of the interests in our fisheries and commercial navigation as humiliating to the reputation of our country among the nations of the earth.

We denounce the official abuses of patronage and the rotten condition of the public service witnessed by the unpunished frauds in the Star route contracts and other branches of administration, and demand stringent and searching reform.

We believe that the conservative opinion of the country demands, in the interest of the general prosperity of industry, a reduction in the present tariff, and in behalf of this Commonwealth we desire that reduction shall apply to what is consumed in our own industries and families in order that the cost of cultivating our farms may be reduced, that the mechanic arts may flourish, that prosperity may attend our varied industries, that commerce and shipbuilding may revive in our ports, and the markets for our manufactures be enlarged.

We demand that the Federal and State governments shall recognize their fundamental duty to secure for the working people of this country, in every department of life, the blessings of liberty, education and suffrage, in order that the whole people shall participate in self-government, and continue to develop a progressive civilization and prosperity.

We indorse and commend to all the representatives and senators of Massachusetts the following declaration made without distinction of party by an enterprising body of their constituents:

"Believing that the present enormous surplus in the national revenues is demoralizing and dangerous, that it should be cut down without further delay, not by increased public expenditure, but by lessening the burden of taxation: that this burden should be removed from the necessaries of life, and not from whiskey and tobacco, and that the policy of taxation of imports, not for the purpose of raising revenue, but of obstructing trade, is unsound, and must ultimately be abandoned."

The Democracy of Massachusetts tender their thanks to General B. F. Butler for his able and fearless administration of the duties of governor during his term of office. The largely increased vote given him last fall ought to be an assurance of the confidence and regard entertained for him by the people of Massachusetts. We believe the people of this Union need his energy, firmness and fidelity in public life to reform abuses, to promote the just rights of the working classes and the security of property, and to execute the laws in the spirit of equal rights and personal liberty.

THE DELEGATES.

General Butler, Judge Abbott, Judge McCafferty and M. J. Delaney Chosen.

The convention was called to order again at 2 o'clock, and the delegates were announced as follows: At large, Benjamin F. Butler, Josiah G. Abbott, M. J. McCafferty of Worcester, James Delaney of Holyoke; alternates, Albert Palmer of Boston, Reuben Noble of Westfield, Colonel A. A. Haggett of Lowell, and Thomas F. Devlin of Boston.

A vote of thanks was passed to the chairman, Mr. Avery, and at 2.45 the convention adjourned sine die.

How General Butler is Looked Upon in Other States.

Reports from all sections of the country, particularly the West and South, indicate that the friends and admirers of General Butler are making great progress in his behalf, and that the movement looking toward securing for him the presidential nomination is daily growing stronger. Mr. Thomas Scottron, the colored orator of Chelsea, now travelling through the Southern States on a lecturing tour, writes that the colored people there openly declare their intention of supporting General Butler providing he becomes a presidential candidate, whatever ticket he may be on. He finds that the whites there, while cautious about expressing their opinions, nevertheless state that they will support General Butler if on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Scottron declares that for every white Democrat in the South who would scratch General Butler's name there would be two blacks who would paste it over the name of any Republican or other candidate for president. Letters from whites at the South indicate that Mr. Scottron has not overstated the case. In Louisiana even the feeling of bitterness on account of the hardships of war have given way in great measure to admiration of the genius and pluck of one whose abilities the fortunes of war decreed that they should realize to their disadvantage. The Greenback, Labor and Anti-monopolist organizations of that State and of Georgia and Texas are for General Butler first, last and all the time, as in fact they are in all the States of the Union.

Among the Western States reports from various sources indicate that there is scarcely one where General Butler is not strongly entrenched in the hearts of the people. In the great State of Iowa the movement for him is very strong, especially among the soldiers, the anti-monopolists and the Knights of Labor. Petitions signed by thousands upon thousands of names, asking the Anti-Monopoly Convention at Chicago to nominate General Butler for president are being circulated in all portions of that State. A similar condition of affairs exists in Nebraska, where the Young Democracy and Greenbackers are creating great enthusiasm for the general. In Minnesota, not only is the Anti-Monopoly League a unit in his favor, but the State Farmers' Alliance is actively at work in his favor, an officer of the Alliance writing that "General Butler's pronounced and well-known sympathy with the toiling people, in their efforts against the growing evils of the concentrated moneyed aristocracy; his extended and practical experience in organizing political movements of the people, as well as his present position before the nation, all point to him as being most eminently fitted to advise and assist in directing this needed reform." Michigan appears from all accounts to be the banner Butler State. Reports from every section there indicate that General Butler is immensely popular and that he would certainly carry that State by 25,000 majority at the very least. The Democrats and Greenbackers are enthusiastic in his behalf, while thousands of Republicans would be only too glad to get an opportunity to vote in his favor. The anti-monopoly feeling there is particularly strong and is confined to no section and no party. Prominent Republicans from this State who have recently been to Michigan admit that were General Butler a presidential candidate the Republican party might as well give up at once all hopes of carrying the Peninsula State.

FOR EDMUNDS.

Meeting of the Massachusetts State Republican Convention—The Platform.

Promptly at 11 o'clock Wednesday Chairman Lodge of the Republican State Committee ascended the platform, accompanied by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Secretary Flagg and Henry S. Hyde of Springfield. Mr. Lodge at once called the assemblage to order, and Secretary Flagg of the State Committee read the call for the convention, after which Henry D. Hyde of Springfield, a member of the State Committee, suggested that Chairman Lodge and Secretary Flagg act as temporary chairman and secretary, respectively, of the convention. Carried.

After remarks by Chairman Lodge, permanent organization was effected as follows: Chairman, Hon. John. D. Long; Secretary, George A. Flagg of Millbury; assistant secretaries, E. E. Woodman, Dennis; D. H. Blanchard, Stoughton; H. H. Edes, Boston.

The convention then proceeded to ballot for four delegates at large. It stood as to figures as follows:

Whole number of votes	1118
Necessary to a choice	559
George F. Hoar	1048
William W. Crapo	1034
Henry Cabot Lodge	981
John D. Long	978
Charles A. Stott	221
Francis A. Walker	188
Scattering	28

Hon. Benjamin S. Lovell of Weymouth, as a representative of the soldier element, was nominated and elected as the first alternate. Then, as standing as a representative of the western part of the State, Hon. L. J. Powers of Springfield was named and accepted as the second alternate. Next came to the fore Hon. George G. Crocker, who spoke for the colored brethren's right to a possible representative at the June Chicago Convention. He named Editor A. H. Grimke of Hyde Park, and he, too, was selected. Last in the list of alternates named and chosen, with some slight opposition, was Colonel Thomas W. Higginson of Cambridge. So the question of delegations were settled. Then came the issue as to platform. Hon. W. W. Crapo read the following declaration of principles, which was faintly applauded:

The Platform.

The Republicans of Massachusetts, in convention assembled, declare anew their adherence to the political principles heretofore proclaimed by them, and which have received the approval of the people of the United States in six successive presidential elections. We believe in the national supremacy of the government which has secured the preservation and unity of the republic, developed its resources, stimulated its industries, augmented its wealth and population, and placed it in the front rank of nations. We believe the government to be clothed with permanent authority for the regulation of all matters of national concern, with power to guard its own life and to protect its citizens in the exercise of their civil and political rights.

We regard it as the first duty of the government to secure to every voter in every State the right to cast his ballot freely and without fear, and to have the same honestly counted, and we denounce all laws, passed as in the case of certain Southern States under Democratic control, with the intent to thwart the will of a majority of the legal voters as a mockery of free elections, violating the integrity of the ballot box and striking at the foundation of Republican government. The enactment of such laws and the employment of favoritism and fraud in the conduct of elections whereby certain States are ruled by minorities in defiance of the fundamental rights of the people are a scandal to politics, and deserve the signal condemnation of every honest and fair-minded man.

We advocate tariff laws which, while furnishing necessary revenue, shall favor the labor and industrial enterprise of the country, and not assail them. While we insist upon a reduction of customs duties because of the dangerous surplus in the treasury receipts, at the same time we deem it essential that this reduction should be made with the least possible injury to the labor and manufacturing interests of the country, and we condemn the arbitrary percentage reduction proposed by the present Democratic House of Representatives because it fails to reform any inequalities of taxation, disregards the business wants of the country, and, if adopted, would cripple many industries, and at the same time would probably increase the revenue. We also recognize in the progressive changes in industrial conditions the necessity for an investigation of the tariff upon a scientific basis, to the end that it may be considered as to its real influence upon labor, capital, production and revenue.

We believe that a sound currency, based on specie, in conformity to the monetary standard of the world is of the greatest importance to the permanence of business prosperity and to our industrial interest, especially to labor, which is our paramount interest; that the continued coinage of silver upon the present ratio, and the issue of silver certificates, are fraught with danger to our financial affairs; and we urge with earnestness that the compulsory coinage of silver dollars be suspended. We favor the restriction of the power of Congress over the legal tender money of the country by such amendments to the Constitution as will guarantee that the only full legal tender money to be coined or issued in time of peace shall be of gold and silver, possessing equal intrinsic value.

We rejoice at the improvements in the civil service, which have been accomplished through laws enacted by a Republican Congress and faithfully executed by a Republican President, in spite of the persistent opposition of the Democratic party, and we insist that the practical administrative reforms already gained shall be continued and extended in the nation and promptly applied by law both to the State and its cities, until the highest efficiency, economy and integrity shall have been secured to the public service.

We record our sense of the eminent services of President Arthur, whose able, faithful and dignified discharge of the duties of the executive office to which he was called under trying circumstances has secured to him the cordial esteem not alone of his party but of his country.

Having full confidence in the capacity and integrity of our representatives to the National Convention, we feel assured that they will all act together for the best interests of the country. The Republicans of Massachusetts demand as their candidate for president a man of proved fidelity in public life, whose relations to the party are such that all its members can heartily unite in his support.

We believe the present apportionment to the States of votes in the National Convention is unjust, and this convention requests the coming Republican National Convention to provide that in all future national conventions representation shall be proportionate to the Republican votes cast for president in the last preceding presidential election.

We approach the national election with well-grounded confidence in the success of the Republican party. We believe the people who have so often condemned the Democracy because of its recreancy to public honor, its inability to discern the right, and its hostility to the public welfare, will not place the federal administration under a control which involves financial, industrial and commercial peril. The Republican party has been, and still is, the party of progress and constructive power; it has furnished a record of unparalleled and beneficent achievements, and we believe that the people will continue to repose confidence in its wisdom, patriotism and integrity, and will extend its trust of executive power.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's block, Rochester, N. Y.

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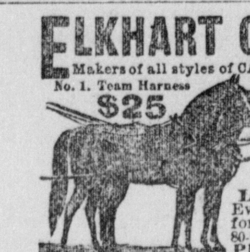

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CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER..................EDITOR

BOSTON, May 6, 1884.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Now Ready,

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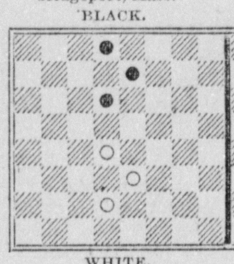
Position No. 1052.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

BLACK.



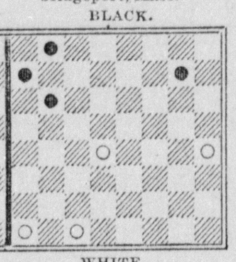
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 1053.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

BLACK.



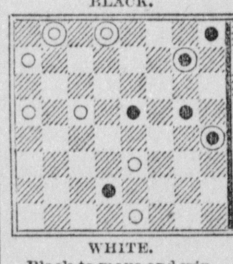
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 1054.

By "Attica," Attica, N. Y.

BLACK.



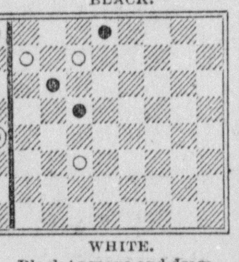
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 1055.

[From Sunderland Echo.] By J. R. Yeoman, Middlesboro, Eng.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and draw.

Game No. 1776—Fife.

Played at the County Forum, between Messrs. A. Jackson of Manchester and W. Strickland of Leeds, Eng. Strickland's move.

11..15	18..27	15..24	3..7	22..17
23..19	32..23	23..18	11..8	14..10
9..14	8..11	12..16	6..10	17..14
22..17	25..22	21..17	8..3	10..7
5..9	4..8	16..20	31..26	16..20
17..13	24..19	18..14	25..21	7..3
14..18	8..12	10..15	15..19	19..23
19..16	28..24	14..9	3..8	3..7
12..19	11..16	24..27	26..22	11..16
26..23	24..20	31..24	8..11	7..11
19..26	7..11	20..27	7..16	23..26
30..5	29..25	17..14	14..7	9..6
15..18	11..15	27..31	2..11	1..10
27..23	20..11	22..17	17..14	B. wins.

Solution of Position No. 1048.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

The above position should have read—"Black to move, white to draw."

2..7	21..17	11..15	23..26	10..17
24..19-1	18..23	19..16	17..14	22..13
7..11	26..22			Drawn.

(Var. 1.)

24..20	11..15	13..9	9..6	6..2
7..11	17..13	10..14	14..17	18..23
21..17	15..19			B. wins.

Solution of Position No. 1049.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

18..14	1..6	14..10	5..14	7..3
7..11-1	22..18	9..14	10..7	18..23
24..19	6..9	18..9	14..18	3..7
				W. wins.

(Var. 1.)

1..6	6..9-2	9..13	13..17	17..22
24..19	22..18	18..15	19..16	15..11
				W. wins.

(Var. 2.)

6..10	22..17	W. wins.

Solution of Position No. 1050.

By E. French, Riley Centre, Mich.

King on 24 should be a black king.

19..15	24..27	26..22	10..6	13..17
11..18	26..31	19..15	13..17	Drawn.
26..22	27..23	22..17	6..9	
18..25	31..26	15..10	17..13	
31..26	23..19	17..13	9..14	

Solution of Position No. 1051.

By R. Marr (from Gould's book).

3..7 A	30..26	15..18	7..11	32..28
19..15-1	16..19	2..7	23..27	19..23
12..16	11..7	18..23	11..15	28..32
15..11	10..15	26..31	27..32	31..26
7..10	7..2	19..24	15..19	32..28
				Drawn.

(Var. A.)

If 3..8, W. wins by—

30..26	8..11	26..23	11..16	23..18 [etc.

(Var. 1.)

30..26	14..17	7..2	25..22	18..14
7..10	15..11	25..30	11..15	12..16
26..23	17..22	2..7	22..17	Drawn.
10..14	11..7	30..25	15..18	
19..15	22..25	7..11	17..13	

CHECKER NEWS.

The International Match Between England and Scotland.

[From the Leeds Mercury, April 19.]

The play in this great encounter began at noon on Monday last in the Ram's Horn Assembly Rooms, 122 Ingram street, Glasgow, eleven players of each country contending. The players were arranged by England for the first day's play; it being agreed that Scotland should arrange them for the second day, and the permission to arrange for the third day was to be obtained by ballot, thus giving no undue advantage to either side. As far as practicable, six games were to be contested by each pair of players, and in the arrangements above referred to it was decided that the same pair of players should not come together twice. Some well-known strong players on both sides could not make it convenient to take part in the play, business absorbing the whole of their time. Messrs. G. Price, J. Price and J. Tonar, Newcastle-on-Tyne; F. Allen of Leeds, and F. Dunne of Warrington are all strong players, who would have done credit to any selection of representatives; while the Scottish team felt the want of such experts as W. Reid, Kilmarnock, R. McCullough, Glasgow, and N. Stewart, Edinburgh. Leeds had a fair share of representatives nevertheless in Messrs. Strickland, Birkinshaw, and Willie Gardner. Unfortunately, Mr. Strickland met with an accident shortly after arriving in Glasgow, by slipping upon the hard pavement, which rendered it necessary for him to be placed under the doctor's attention. We are pleased to find that his being placed hors de combat for a day or two did not prevent him from taking part in the fray; still he must have fought under very disadvantageous circumstances, for he was unable to walk. The Scottish team, too, had some advantage in being aided by the renowned R. Martins, the rival of J. Wyllie, the "Herd Laddie." Mr. Martins, though a native of Cornwall, has for a score of years resided in Scotland, and it was doubtful for a time to which team he would ally himself. The players generously allowed Mr. Martins to his free choice of sides, and he decided to play for Scotland. As it has turned out, his decision to play for the English team would not have altered matters, but would rather have made the defeat more severe. Several of the contestants arrived in Glasgow from England on Friday, and being holiday time, they were well looked after by their draughts-playing brethren in Glasgow. Such a contest had never taken place before, and hence great interest attached to its result.

First Day's Play.

ENGLAND.	Wins.	SCOTLAND.	Wins.	Drawn.
1. Petterson	0	Young	0	6
2. Jackson	0	Campbell	0	6
3. Jewitt	0	Bryden	0	6
4. Strickland	0	Adamson	0	6
5. Beattie	0	Ferrie	1	5
6. Smith	0	M'Innes	0	4
7. Kear	1	M'Lachlan	3	1
8. Birkinshaw	0	Martins	1	3
9. Gardner	0	M'Kelvie	2	4
10. Bletcher	1	Moir	1	4
11. Woolhouse	0	Porte	2	4
	2		10	49

The following shows the details of the play, with the result, name of game, etc., the players of each pair taking the move alternately, whether the result was drawn or won; the number representing the number of the board, as in the above list, and the initial of the player's name showing who moved first—(w) won games, all others drawn.

1. P.—Alma, Whilter, Alma, Whilter, Alma, Whilter.
2. C.—Whilter, Bristol, Whilter, Cross, Whilter, Cross.
3. B.—Laird and Lady, Fife, Laird and Lady, Glasgow, Whilter, Glasgow.
4. S.—Glasgow, Whilter, Glasgow, Laird and Lady, Glasgow, Laird and Lady.
5. F.—Glasgow, Irregular, Glasgow, Centre, (w), Maid o' the Mill, Centre.
6. M'L.—Cross, Centre, Single Corner, Switcher.
7. M'L.—(w), Bristol, (w), Centre, (w), Fife*, Whilter, (w), Bristol.
8. B. Glasgow, (w), Bristol, Glasgow, Bristol.
9. M'K.—(w), Whilter, Fife, Whilter, (w), Fife, Whilter, Whilter.
10. B.—(w), Single Corner*, Old Fourteenth, Single Corner, Whilter, (irregular), Single Corner, (w), Whilter.
11. W.—(w), Glasgow, Glasgow, Glasgow, Glasgow, Glasgow, (w), Bristol.

*Won by the English player.

Second Day's Play.

Disastrous as the first day's play undoubtedly was, that of the second was still more so, the Scottish players having arranged their players alphabetically, the English team did not score a single game. At the close of the second day, therefore, the result of the match was a foregone conclusion, for, under the most favorable circumstances imaginable, it was next to impossible for the English team to fill up the wide gap made by the excellent practice of their Scottish rivals. The attendance of spectators was even larger than on Monday, some of the visitors coming from a considerable distance to witness the meeting of Greek against Greek. Ladies, too, showed by their presence at the gathering that they participated in the general interest of the occasion. The following was the result of the play on Tuesday:

SCOTLAND.	Wins.	ENGLAND.	Wins.	Drawn.
1. Adamson	2	Beattie	0	4
2. Bryden	1	Birkinshaw	0	4
3. Campbell	2	Gardner	0	4
4. Ferrie	1	Jewitt	0	5
5. Martins	1	Strickland	0	5
6. M'Innes	0	Kear	0	6
7. M'Kelvie	0	Jackson	0	6
8. M'Lachlan	3	Bletcher	0	3
9. Moir	1	Smith	0	5
10. Porte	3	Petterson	0	3
11. Young	1	Woolhouse	0	5
	15		0	50

Third Days' Play.

Although the result of the contest was in a manner known to a certainty, the interest was far from waning; indeed, the attendance of visitors from town and country had not lessened. According to prior arrangement, the choice of placing of the combatants for today had to be decided by ballot, each representative committee having had the advantage once. The Scotch committee, however, generously waived their right of equal chance, and permitted the English committee to place their men as they thought best; always provided that the same couple should not contest twice. The boards were then arranged in the order following, the result of the play giving the score as below:

ENGLAND.	Wins.	SCOTLAND.	Wins.	Draws.
1. Kear	0	M'Kelvie	1	5
2. Beattie	0	M'Lachlan	1	3
3. Strickland	1	Bryden	0	5
4. Jackson	0	Martins	0	4
5. Woolhouse	1	Campbell	4	1
6. Petterson	0	M'Inness	0	6
7. Smith	1	Ferrie	1	3
8. Jewitt	1	Moir	1	3
9. Bletcher	0	Porter	3	3
10. Birkinshaw	0	Adamson	0	5
11. Gardner	1	Young	0	5
	5		11	43

The following is the total for

The Three Days' Play:

	England.	Scotland.	Drawn.
Monday	2	10	49
Tuesday	0	15	50
Wednesday	5	11	43
	7	36	142

Forty Years Ago.

Coffins were very plain and burial-caskets were unknown.

Tombstones had larger epitaphs and more verbosity engraved upon them.

Eggs were a shilling a dozen, and butter considered high at eighteen cents per pound.

Much of the silver currency—fips, levies and dollars—was of Mexican and Spanish coinage.

The country retail trade was much better, as people could not so easily run to the city by rail.

Business letters were more voluminous and formal and were written in a precise, round hand.

There was York currency, eight shillings to the dollar, and New England currency, five shillings to the dollar.

The diet was more subcharged with grease, the winter breakfast usually being made of salted ham and hot cakes.

Dinner was simply a hasty lunch at noon, and little importance was attached to the necessity for good digestion or a period of rest after eating.

New Orleans and muscovado molasses, very black and thin, was the common sweetening for buckwheat cakes. Refined molasses was almost unknown.

The bank bills were of State banks, and the further west their locality the shakier they were. Illinois and Indiana bills would barely pass in New York.

Bread was home made. Coffee was freshly ground every morning, and the grinding of the family coffee-mill was a familiar sound hours before the children arose.

People did not live as long as they now do, nor was the average health as good as at present. They ate more meat, more grease, more hot bread, and more heavy dishes, and drank more at meals.

Negro minstrelsy was just cropping out in the travelling circus. There were generally but two performers, who assumed male and female characters. The popular melody was "Jump, Jim Crow."

At funerals the undertaker cried with the mourners, the flow of tears being proportionate to the expense of the funeral. Young couples considered it a privilege to sit up all night with the corpse before burial.

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A ROUND BILLION IN BANKS.

Treasure Laid Up Where Thieves Cannot Break Through and Steal.

[New York Mail and Express.]

"I suppose there are stored in the banks and safe deposit vaults in Wall street and vicinity not far from $1,000,000,000," said Mr. Robert Pinkerton as he sat in a comfortable easychair in his office in Exchange place. "I may be a trifle out of the way in my estimate, but not very much. The protection of all this wealth requires the services of a large number of men in addition to the usual mechanical and electric devices employed for that purpose. The bulk of this large sum of money is stored in the vaults of safe deposit companies. The vaults are built of fire-proof and burglar-proof material and are made as secure as modern invention will allow. They are connected by electric wires with the nearest district telegraph office. Armed watchmen pace to and fro in the rooms upon which the vaults open. These men are required to give a signal over the wire at stated intervals during the night, in order to prove to the proper authorities that they are faithfully attending to their business and that nothing of an evil nature has happened. If the signals are not given an armed posse of men are at once sent to the vault in question. In addition to these watchmen there are other watchmen who patrol the street in front of the building in which the vaults are placed. Private watchmen and detectives are also on the lookout for suspicious persons."

"Are there as many professional bank robbers now as there were formerly?" inquired the reporter.

"I don't believe there is the making of a regular gang of first-class bank burglars among all the thieves of this country," replied Mr. Pinkerton. "Nearly all the old professionals have either died or have been arrested and put away in prison, and the younger men don't seem to have the ingenuity of their predecessors. Look at the noted bank burglars who have been caught and shut up within fifteen or twenty years. The young burglars are now exercising their skill upon jewelry safes in different parts of the country. They have met with such success that the jewellers of the United States have been compelled to organize themselves into a society for the purpose of mutual protection."

Sad Sequel to a Social Sensation.

NEW ORLEANS, May 5.—Eleven months ago the social sensation of this city was a brilliant wedding at the Cathedral of the daughter of Chief Justice Bermudez of Louisiana to Henry Fargas, a lieutenant in the French army. The ceremony was performed by the late Archbishop Perche. The bride was acknowledged queen of Creole belles, and all smiled for the happy couple. But a sad sequel to this happy wedding comes from Paris. The story is that while the lieutenant was on duty at a distant point, his colonel alienated the affections of the young wife, and when the young husband returned he found a state of affairs that in his mind justified him in taking the life of his commanding officer. He cabled to his wife's family to send for their daughter and then fled to avoid the penalty of his crime. Mrs. Bermudez has gone to Paris to bring her unhappy child home. None of the lady's friends harbor a thought of her guilt, while they mourn the sad event that has cast its shadow over her life.

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This elegant solid plain ring, made of Heavy 18 K. Rolled Gold, packed in Velvet Casket, warranted 5 years, post-paid, 45c., 3 for $1.25. 50 Cards, "Beauties," all Gold, Silver, Roses, Lilies, Mottoes, &c., with name on, 10c., 11 packs $1.00 bill, and this Gold Ring Free. U. S. CARD CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN f26 eow13t

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